THE MAN'S MAGAZINE 50 CENTS DECEMBER 1967 A FAWCETT PUBLICATION

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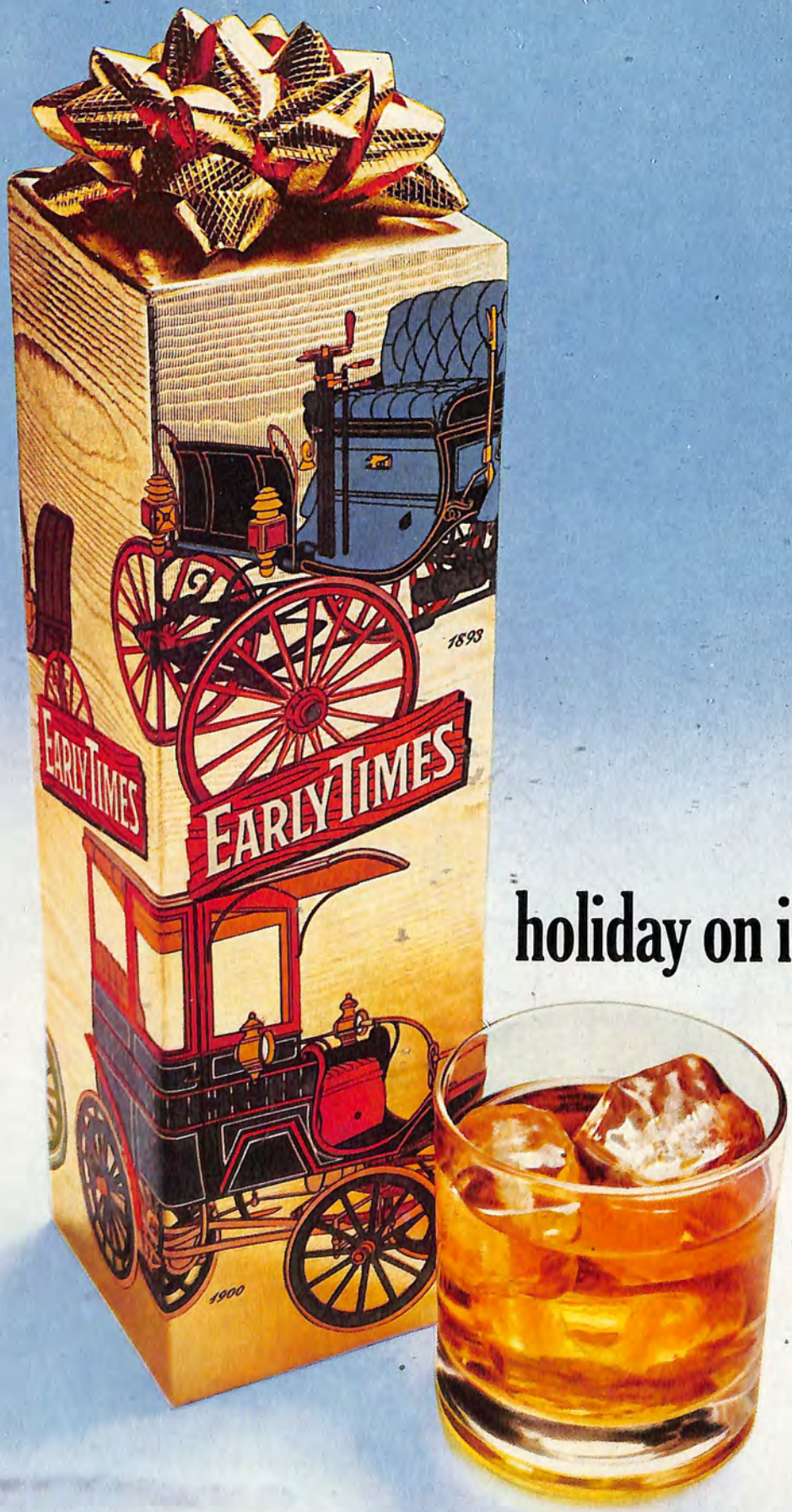
CBS Says: NO!

Portfolio of ANTIQUE AIRPLANES

"IN COLDEST BLOOD"
Shocking Story of The Tucson Murders

Special Christmas Gift Section For Men Only

A MAN AND HIS DOG
By Ted Trueblood



holiday on ice

THE TRUE OLD-STYLE KENTUCKY BOURBON

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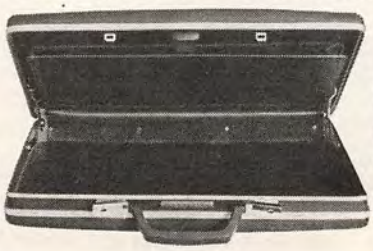

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Vox Feminarum

Immediately discontinue my husband's subscription due to the obnoxious and immoral cartoons in the September issue on pages 65 and 80. We are the parents of seven children and are ashamed to have such an unprincipled magazine in the home. Even our 17-year-old daughter admitted they were in very poor taste.

Editor, I shall do my utmost to have your TRUE magazine taken off the newsstands in Tyler. When we women group get together, that's where it's happening.

—*Mrs. Alice Vreeland*
Tyler, Texas

Alice, it's not happening in Wonderland.

Gold

In reference to the September article *Gold—The Glow That Lights The World,* I would like to make a few comments. As a son born in the California goldfields of a British subject, I recall, in the early 1930's asking my father why France and England could not pay their war debts. He gave me the explanation that, inasmuch as these countries had received American goods and didn't have the money to repay, their only recourse would be to pay in a like way.

Since I notice de Gaulle appears to be long in American dollars and the balance of trade seems to be in France's favor, why shouldn't we deduct for their war debts to us instead of allowing them to call in our American gold?

—*Vernon V. Clarke*
Yountville, Calif.

Max Gunther, whose article about gold appeared in the September 1967 issue, may know all about the balance of payments and the dollar gap, but he needs a little more education on the U.S. Treasury Department's gold regulations. His two Alaska prospectors are obviously working a placer deposit, and Gunther states that the Superstition gold hunters are also looking for a placer deposit, although the Dutchman's mine was a lode gold mine with the gold being located in a wide ledge of a quartz vein.

Placer gold is a free, or loose gold in its natural state and is covered under section 54.19 of the Treasury's gold regulations, which states, in part, "Gold in its natural state, may be acquired, transported within the United States, imported, or held in custody for domestic account only, without the necessity of holding a license therefor."

Please note that the regulation does not state how the gold is to be acquired, also, that it may be held for domestic use, to buy beans, booze or broads, from anyone with the desired goods available.

—*Charles L. Mason*
Whittier, Calif.

Noted.

Goose Girl

"A goose, so far as is known, never gooses." Quote from page 60 in the July issue of TRUE. Geese *do* goose, for I know from personal encounter. Due to the delicacy of this experience, I have only told this fact to close friends, but now I feel pressed to give credit where it belongs. I was strolling through Sarasota Jungle Gardens in Florida, when suddenly from behind I received this poke with adept accuracy. Startled, I turned and there was this feathered creature at my heels. I exclaimed to my husband, "That duck goosed me!" He laughingly answered, "You mean that goose goosed you." He was right, it was a large gray goose, who now stood facing us, emitting loud cries as if it was bursting with pride of accomplishment.

—*E.D.M.*
Bradenton, Fla.

Down With Nit Pickers

As a reader of TRUE, I have been annoyed by the nit pickers who find fault with the small errors in your splendid articles.

Small items such as a tadpole's tail, the launching of a jet backward and misplacing the San Andreas Fault by a 150-mile distance seems to arouse their latent editorial complex.

Perhaps you should enroll them in the professor's *School for Scandinavians* (page 4, September) where they could study the current periodicals you mention.

—*Bert L. Boyd*
Williamsport, Pa.

Alcoholic Proof

In Thomas J. Fleming's *Drink Without Fear* . . . article in September TRUE, he said:

". . . At the age of 40, Harris suffered a mild physical crisis, an attack of trigeminal neuralgia, which is an extremely painful nerve malady localized in the face. . . ."

"A mild physical crisis?" Please know from this victim that there's no such thing as "mild" trigeminal neuralgia; or, if author Fleming knows how this dreadful affliction can be allayed, in the name of suffering humanity, please induce him to let us sufferers know.

More familiarly known as "tic douloureux," the basic cause of trigeminal neuralgia is as little understood by the world's foremost neurologists as the ailment's power to set off stabbing, lightninglike pains which are as severe as any known to man.

Tic douloureux, French for "painful twitch," is a stark understatement. It is utter, unpredictable agony.

—*Walter E. Richardson*
Deerfield Beach, Fla.

The editors of TRUE are probably receiving letters by the thousands in disagreement with jolly Giorgio Lolli's unorthodox opinions concerning alcohol.

I, for one, don't disagree with him at all! But, on the other hand, I can't stand by him on his opinion of handling it by the

[*Continued on page* 4]

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The Safety Shaver. It took the sting out of shaving.

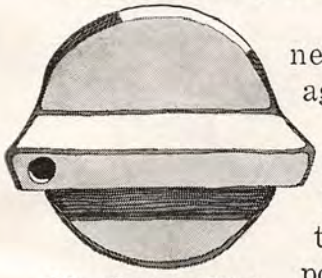
Considering we make our living making shavers it pains us to admit this—but quite frankly, shaving can often be a pain in the face.

We know that many men are afraid of the aftereffects of shaving:

That 11 A.M. blah feeling in the cheeks. The burning sensation in the chin. Irritation written all over the neck.

The fact is, too many shaving instruments are just too close for comfort. And some are just too comfortable to be close.

We can discuss this problem with candor (the safest thing would be to keep quiet about it), because we think we've licked it. With The Safety Dial.



The Safety Dial.

With this dial, you'll never be afraid to shave again.

Because with this dial, you can raise and lower the shaving heads to four different comfort positions.

It works like this:

When the shaver heads are dialed up or down, The Safety Combs (which remain stationary) expose exactly the right amount of cutting surface for your particular kind of face—letting in all of the whiskers and keeping out all of the skin.

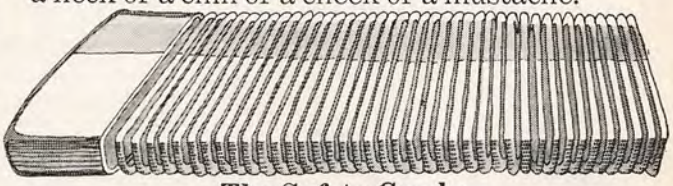
There are thousands of types of faces. We've narrowed them down to four.

Say you have a baby face. So you set the dial at S1 where the head will baby your face. (Without sacrificing closeness.)

And should you have a face tough as nails, you set The Safety Dial at S4.

For the in-between faces, we've got your number as well.

The numbers system also works for the various parts of your face. Your mustache is tougher than your chin. Your neck more tender than your cheeks. So you can custom dial a neck or a chin or a cheek or a mustache.



The Safety Combs.

When you're finished with your face, turn the dial to trim and straighten out your sideburns with the biggest trimmer in the business.

One turn and the head pops up to the clean position. Pffft. And that's it.

This Christmas give the shaver that gives peace of face. The REMINGTON® *Selectro* shaver with The Safety Dial and Safety Combs.

You'll find it really clicks.

REMINGTON
ELECTRIC SHAVER DIVISION / BRIDGEPORT, CONN.

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[*Continued from page 2*]
weight measure. Did he ever hear of the term, "I can drink you under the table anytime"?

After the Korean situation, I and two of my buddies met at my apartment one day and decided to see who was the best drinker. We agreed to eat and drink the same stuff for the fun of it. Breakfast was normal, consisting of black coffee, toast and a little bacon. Afterwards, we started with 10 ounces!

"Shorty" weighed about 135 pounds, "Big Jim" about 200 pounds, and I'm sure of my lifetime 150 pounds.

Don't get me wrong when I say that we all took 10 ounces at a time, all through the day. Wanta know how it ended? Well, "Big Jim" passed out first, I went second, faintly remembering that I noticed "Shorty" filling up his glass.

To this day, we lay off the "hard stuff" as much as possible, but we're three of the healthiest "wino's" you've ever seen!

—*Tex Mason*
Belmont, Calif.

Football Score

I just finished reading Al Stump's article *Give Us Another Shot and We'd Beat Them.* The article was interesting, but I wonder what Hank Stram's excuse was after K.C. lost to the L.A. Rams in the second half in the Coliseum on September 1.

Hank Stram talked about Buck Buchanan bodily picking up Jim Taylor and throwing him on his pants. He failed to mention that on the very next play, Taylor got the ball and ran right over the big Buck Buchanan for very good yardage.

I think K.C. has a good team, but it will be a long time before the top AFL team beats the top NFL team. Any NFL team knows that when it plays Green Bay it has to play for the whole game, not just the first half.

—*Charles French*
Los Angeles, Calif.

One question, and one only, of Coach Stram. If one game, as everyone knows, doesn't prove anything; then what does the National Football League's record of 13 wins and only 3 losses against American Football League competition prove?

—*Ron Mudge*
Chicago, Ill.

Pats On The Back Dept.

Jerry Izenberg certainly did an outstanding job with his story, *A Whistle-Stop School with Big-Time Talent* in your September issue. I am sure the people of Grambling will buy all the True Magazines in North Louisiana.

—*E. G. Robinson*
Grambling, La.

Don't think I've ever written a rave letter to a magazine. But I must thank you for the marvelous suspense spy story (book condensation), *A Man Named Lucy,* in your September issue. Tremendously enjoyed the result of the author's impeccable research and stylistic, punch writing.

While I'm at it, thanks for many other thought-provoking, avant-garde pieces (the diamond "shufflers" of 7th Avenue, the master craftsman of bugging devices, the possibility of a space accident—that appeared a month before the Apollo disaster, a nice feat of unconscious journalistic timing) plus the gold and eland stories in current issue.

Meaty.

—*Pat Meid*
New York, N.Y.

I want you to know that I appreciated the article about the C-123 cargo plane which was described in the September issue in an article entitled *Viet Nam's Flying, Fighting Freight Cars* by Maj. Tom Sherman.

I have a son, Lt. Jeff Dauler, who is flying a C-123, and he is as impressed as Major Sherman is with the duties and performance of this fine airplane.

Unfortunately, very few articles have been written about this plane, and I think it admirable that you came through with such a fine one.

—*Carl Dauler*
Pleasanton, Calif.

Fish Flour Story

Mr. de Keyserling's statement on page 4 in the September issue (concerning our production of fish flour) is not true in several respects. One is that our product contains no chlorinated solvents, as has been established by the Food and Drug Administration; otherwise, they would not have given us approval.

His citing of a sample of product produced in 1950, as related to a product in 1967, is a nice trick if you can get away with it.

It seems to us that he should have told the editors that he spent several million dollars in Quintero, Chile, on a failure, and everyone in Chile knows it was a failure. I will cite Professor Scrimshaw of M.I.T., who states in one of his papers that it represents 10 years of failure.

Nor did he tell the editors that we offered to build a plant for UNICEF in Quintero, at no royalty, and made an offer of a gift of $20,000, in addition, which was rejected in favor of a blueprint process that had never been tried out.

The implication that our product contains toxic hydrocarbons is false and we resent it coming from an official organization like UNICEF.

—*Ezra Levin, Pres.*
VioBin Corp.
Monticello, Ill.

Lake Location

On page 96, October True, you were questioned as follows: "How did the Great Slave Lake, in British Columbia, Canada, get its name?"

You gave the derivation, *but* you failed to inform your questioner that the Great Slave Lake *is not* and *has never been* in the Province of British Columbia, Canada. In point of fact, a glance at the map of Canada, or, for that matter, a map of North America, will show that the said lake is located in the District of Mackenzie—a rather sparsely populated chunk of land immediately north of the Province of Alberta, and many miles from the eastern border of British Columbia province.

Granted, you didn't make an error in your answer to the question, but it might have been advisable to suggest that your correspondent check up on his (or her) geography.

Meanwhile, may I suggest that your column is by far the most interesting one in True, and I have been with that publication many, many years.

—*Harold A. Cole*
Guelph, Ontario

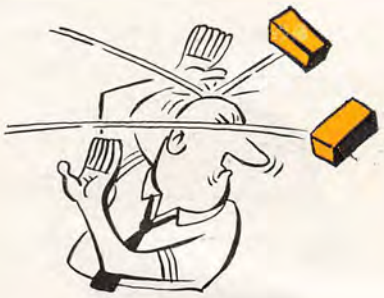
Money Quiz

In your September article, *A Bold Aussie Challenge for the America's Cup,* you state that 300,000 quid equals about $350,000. This got me checking. A "quid" or Australian pound note used to cost me $2.23 in Yankee money a few years back. Checking at the bank, I find the Australian pound note now worth $1.085.

What happened down under there? Fast boat or fast pound?

—*Charles J. Ging*
Pleasant Grove, Calif.

Fast conversion. In February, 1966, Australia converted to the dollar. They now refer to dollars as "quids."



Novel Comment

I await, with bated breath, the second installment of *The Klansman.*

I am curious about the title of the next book by author William Bradford Huie. Could it possibly be *Rap Brown, A Great American,* or *Thomas Jefferson, The Ugly American?*

—*H. L. Lynch*
Bartlesville, Okla.

It's useless to write this, as you will not have the guts to print it. This sordid story is a derogatory, slanderous attack on a Congressional Medal of Honor winner. Pure subversion, that attacks the American war veteran. . . .

—*Johnnie D. Westmoreland*
Boswell, Okla.

True's story of *The Klansman* by Wm. B. Huie was very good. But where is Atoka County, Alabama, which was mentioned so many times? Also, Ellenton, Alabama, was not even on this state's map. How come?

—*G. Kelley*
Phoenix, Ariz.

Like his novel, author Huie's geography is fictional.

A PROPOSITION

A wild new thing is about to happen: the mad, mod scene is about to witness the birth of a fantastic new magazine destined for greatness. Its name is **Avant-Garde**.

As its name implies, **Avant-Garde** will be a forward-directed, daring, and wildly hedonistic magazine. It will report on every aspect of the ebullient new life-style now emerging in America, and it will do so with no put-ons and no inhibitions.

The pages of **Avant-Garde** will explode with biting satire, incisive profiles, audacious reportage, lush graphic art, consciousness-expanding fiction, and poetry that *speaks*. **Avant-Garde** will cover Art, Politics, Science, and every other subject of interest to readers of superior intelligence and cultivated taste. It will be a bimonthly of:

–*beauty*, bringing to graphic art a transcendental new kind of high;

–*truth*, eschewing platitudes and really telling it like it is; and

–*love*, unabashedly reveling in the One Universal Ultimate Good.

In short, **Avant-Garde** will be a hip, joyous, beautiful new magazine. It will be the *voice* of the Turned-On Generation.

Perhaps the best way to describe **Avant-Garde** for you is to list the kinds of articles it will print:

The Dead-Serious Movement to Run Allen Ginsberg for Congress

Homage to Muhammad Ali–High praise by 35 celebrities (including Marlon Brando, Jackie Robinson, and Woody Allen).

Coming: Synthetic (and Therefore Legal) Marijuana

Group Psychotherapy on TV

Radio Free America–A professor's plan (already in motion) to establish a pirate radio station off the coast of California.

The "Bust" of Charlotte Moorman–The gifted young cellist describes her arrest for giving a concert hall recital "topless."

The CIA's Super-Salaried "Super-Spook"–An exposé of an operative who is paid $1 million a year to fink for Big Brother.

The Intellectual Companions of Jacqueline Kennedy

Bob Dylan's Suppressed–and Pithiest–Song Lyrics

Salvador Dali: A New Dimension in Erotic Art–Drawings created especially to celebrate the launching of **Avant-Garde**.

George Romney's Bizarre Religious Beliefs

Toward the Elimination of War–A little-known exchange of correspondence between Einstein and Freud.

Understanding Zowie–A glossary of Switched-On Generation jargon.

The Fugs–New York's most way-out electronic raga-rock nerve-thrill company.

A Gastronomical Guide to the Year 2000

The Writing on the Wall–The emergence of graffiti as a medium of social protest.

Move Over, Lady Chatterley–A preview of several erotic classics soon to be published in this country for the first time.

The Prison Poems of Ho Chi Minh

Mixed-Media Art: The Pop World's Newest "Scrambled Oeuvre"

My Love for You Is Stronger than Dirt–The Madison Avenue dating scene as observed by Dan ("How to Be a Jewish Mother") Greenburg.

Poets at War–Bitter anti-war verse by GI's in Vietnam.

John Lennon as a Master of Prose

Ingenious–and Perfectly Legal–New Ways Around Abortion Laws

Everett Dirksen as "The Wizard of Ooze"–A Pop Impression.

The Emergence of Abstract Expressionist Journalism–As exemplified by the L.A. **Free Press**, N.Y. **East Village Other**, and Berkeley **Barb**.

Aubrey Beardsley's Suppressed Erotic Works–A Portfolio.

A Geneticist's Plea for State-Sponsored Breeding of Supermen

Pornographic Film Festivals at Lincoln Center by 1970–Predictions by an underground film-maker.

In sum, **Avant-Garde** will be a feast of gourmet food-for-thought prepared by the avant-garde for the avant-garde. It will be the quintessence of intellectual sophistication.

The creative director of **Avant-Garde** is one of the most fertile minds in American publishing today: Herb Lubalin, the country's foremost art director (it was he who designed the elegant–and cruelly suppressed–quarterly *Eros*). In addition, the staff of **Avant-Garde** includes several of the most gifted artists, writers, and photographers of our time.

In format, **Avant-Garde** will more closely resemble an expensive art folio than a magazine. It will be printed by costly offset lithography on the finest antique and coated papers. It will be bound in 12-point Frankote boards for permanent preservation.

Avant-Garde will be available by subscription only. It will cost $10 per year. This is not cheap, *but* we have a proposition:

If you will enter your subscription *right now*, before **Avant-Garde**'s first issue is sold out, we will send you eight months–the better part of a year–for *only $3.99*. This is a *MERE FRACTION of its actual value!*

As a Charter Subscriber, you will also be entitled to:

–Buy gift subscriptions for only $3.99.

–Renew your own subscription for $3.99 *forever*, despite any subsequent price increases.

–Begin your own subscription with Volume I, Number 1. *This is not to be taken lightly since first issues of high-quality magazines invariably become valuable collectors' items.*

Since this spectacular offer will be withdrawn as soon as **Avant-Garde**'s first issue is sold out, we urge you to act *at once*. To enter your subscription, simply fill out the coupon below and mail it with $3.99 to **Avant-Garde**, 110 W. 40th St., New York, N.Y. 10018.

Then sit back and prepare to enjoy a completely uninhibited new magazine that really blows the mind.

AVANT GARDE

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I enclose $3.99 for an eight-month subscription to the magnificent new magazine **Avant-Garde**. I understand that I will be entitled to all Charter Subscriber privileges and that *I am paying a MERE FRACTION of the standard $10-per-year price!*

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Oneida...the boot that took Antarctic punishment in stride

Glacier-hopping on perilous Heard Island, this explorer wears Oneida for warmth, safety, comfort.

You probably won't ever sail a small vessel through sub-antarctic waters to a treacherous, weather-blasted island and climb to the summit of a storm-swept volcano.

But it's nice to know Red Ball Oneidas can take that kind of punishment!

That's why Oneida, the fully insulated boot that conquered cold, repelled water, resisted wear, required no maintenance and gave solid comfort to members of an Antarctic expedition —is the best boot for you.

Buy a pair and do your own exploring!

Red Ball Oneida

Look for the Red Ball by Ball-Band, Mishawaka, Indiana

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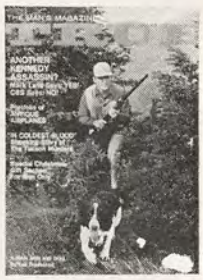

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THE MAN'S MAGAZINE DECEMBER 1967

TRUE

'Tis strange, but true; for truth is always strange—stranger than fiction.
BYRON

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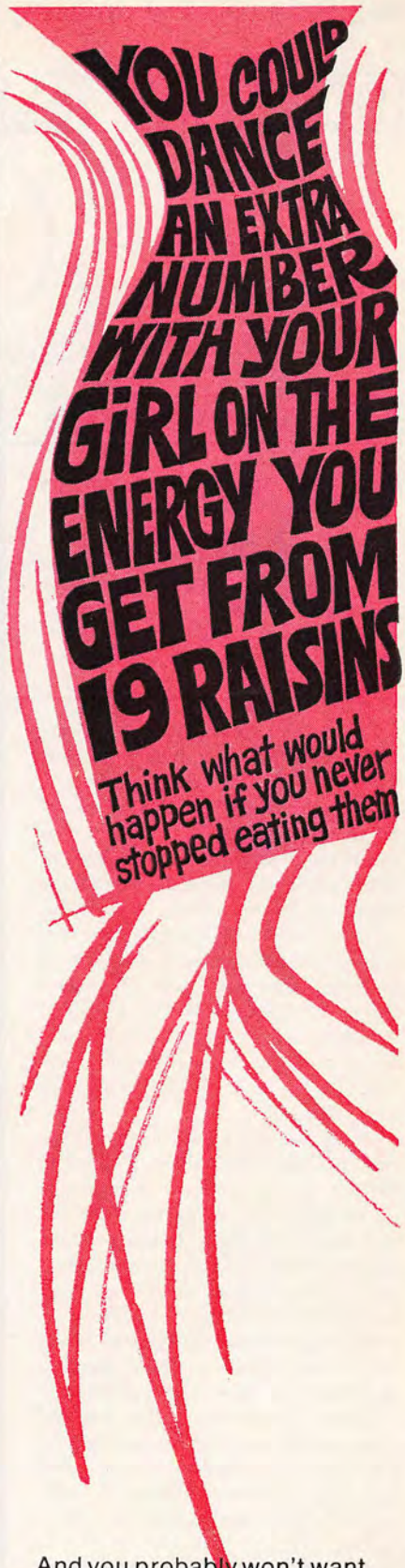
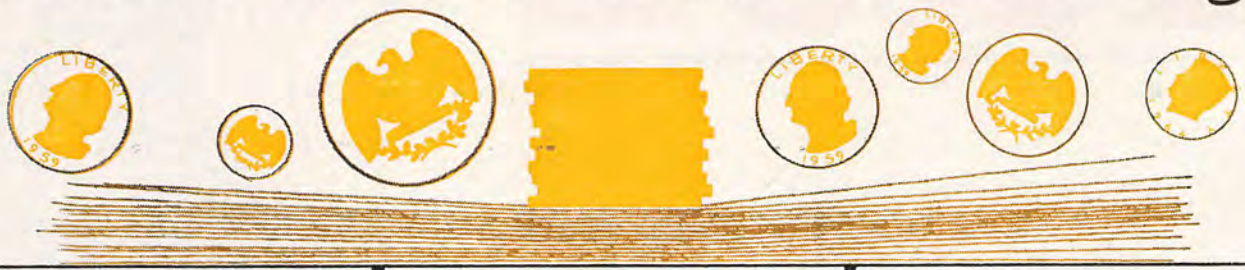


And you probably won't want to stop since raisins are so full of sweet natural energy. Take some raisins along on your next outdoor trip, too. You may not exactly dance, but you'll hike a lot faster!

CALIFORNIA RAISIN ADVISORY BOARD

Beginning a new monthly feature on the problems of

man and his money



BY MAX GUNTHER

THE SECRET OF YOUR CREDIT RATING

It's Christmas, the season of fat Santa Clauses and thin wallets. "Short of cash, friend?" says the cheery salesman. "Don't worry, open a charge account." So you buy on credit. Your wife does too, if you're married. So do millions of other cash-short citizens. December is the biggest borrowing month of the year. Last year, says the Federal Reserve, consumer credit outstanding in the U.S. (not including home mortgages) rose from a low of 89 billion in May to a high of 95 billion in December. This Christmas season is not expected to be an exception. By the end of 1967, we'll owe nearly 100 billion.

Maybe you don't need credit all the time, but when you want it, it's good to have. It lets you use a car or camera or set of golf clubs before you have the cash to pay for them. It lets you take title to a house that you may never actually pay for. Without credit, you'd have to put off a lot of good purchases for years, maybe forever. Your credit rating is a main timber of your financial structure. You have to keep it sound.

What is a credit rating? You step into a store where you aren't known, pick out a TV set, ask to charge it. A credit manager gives you a form to fill out. He takes it away. Two minutes later he's back, looking happy or sad. His decision is made. When you came in you were a total stranger, but now he knows you like a brother. He says yes or no. You can walk out of the store with a $500 TV set and drive off with it—or you can't.

How did he know enough about you to make this decision? Where did he get the information? Who had collected it, how, from what sources? What kind of information is it?

The information came from a credit bureau. Virtually every American city and town, in all except the most isolated rural areas, is now served by one or more credit bureaus. Such a bureau may be a small, informal information-swapping operation set up by banks, merchants and other credit granters in a community or economic area. Or it may be a huge operation like the Credit Bureau of Greater New York, which has data on some 8-million people.

Almost all such bureaus have a "membership" setup that helps keep confidential data out of the wrong hands. A credit granter must be a member in order to get credit reports on you and me, and in order to become a member he must show that he has a genuine need for such reports. The information isn't given out to nosy neighbors or money-hungry ex-wives or lawyers trying to find how much you can profitably be sued for. The credit granter usually pays a yearly membership fee plus an extra 25¢ to $1 for each report he requests.

If you've ever borrowed money or bought on credit, there's a file on you somewhere—probably in more than one place, perhaps in dozens. It doesn't really matter how many there are; for if there's a file on you in just one place, it's available to credit bureaus all over the country. Bureaus and credit granters cooperate very closely, freely swapping information.

What this adds up to is that the whole country is covered by one Big Bureau. You can't easily escape its probing eye. Suppose you've just moved from—let's say—Sacramento, California, to New Haven, Connecticut. You go to a New Haven department store and ask to open a charge account. On your application you're asked to say where you've lived for the past five years, and you're also asked to give at least two credit references. The store takes this information and phones it in to the Credit Bureau of New Haven.

"Okay," says the New Haven bureau's president, S. C. ("Pat") Patterson, "our next step is to find out how you behaved in Sacramento. We look in a couple of directories that we have, find out the name and address of a retail credit bureau serving Sacramento. We send that bureau a letter or telegram and ask for a report on you. If that bureau doesn't have you on file for some reason, we check with your credit references. Eventually we can come up with our own report, which we send to the store.

The store, under its membership contract with Pat Patterson's bureau, is required to send its own report to the bureau in time, telling how you behaved as a debtor. Thus, each time you use credit, your file gets a little bigger.

Physically, your file is a manila envelope or folder. It contains data gathered from these main sources:

YOU: copies of credit applications you've filled out.

CREDIT GRANTERS: reports from stores, banks and others saying how promptly you paid off and in general how you behaved.

YOUR EMPLOYER: verifications of your job status and income. Most companies—especially those that depend on credit sales themselves—will cooperate with bona fide credit bureaus that ask for this information on the understanding that it's kept confidential.

YOUR BANK: verifications of your savings account (how big it is) and checking account (how big, whether you tend to overdraw it). Not all banks give this information out, but most do, being in the credit business themselves.

PUBLIC RECORDS: data from your town clerk's office, local courts, newspapers. Do you own a home? Have you ever declared bankruptcy? Are you divorced and paying alimony? Is somebody suing you? Most credit bureaus employ people who spend full time collecting such information and carefully adding it to the files.

"When somebody asks us for a report on you, we get the data from your file," says Pat Patterson. "We make no judgments about you in our report. It's strictly a bunch of recorded facts. The credit granter himself makes the judgments."

He tries to gauge your (1) ability and (2) willingness to pay. To form this judgment he studies your credit report,

your application form and you personally, and he rates you on several major counts. The most important of these is your credit history—the smiles or scowls of people who granted you credit in the past. Each has graded you on your "usual manner of payment." A standard grading system uses numerical scores starting with 1 (you paid fully and promptly, caused no problems), ranging through several degrees of lateness and ending with 8 (merchandise was repossessed) and 9 (bad debt: you went bankrupt, skipped or had to be hauled into court).

You'll have trouble getting credit if there's an 8 or 9 in your history, or if there are many late-pay scores. If you've borrowed often in the past and have scored straight 1's, you're almost automatically in. If you haven't used credit much or at all before, or if your history is mediocre, the granter will pay closer attention to other factors. He'll consider you a good risk if you've been steadily employed in skilled or professional work; your income is comfortably bigger than your expenses; you have savings or other capital as a backup in case of trouble; you own a home or have lived in one county 10 years or longer; you're mature, married, a family man; you're neat and well-dressed; you're applying in your home area unless there's some obvious reason to do otherwise; and the statements on your application form square with the credit report.

Your credit rating can go bad quickly if you aren't careful. Even neglecting a $5 druggist's bill for a few months may put a late-pay score on your record, if the druggist belongs to a credit bureau and if a lot of overdue accounts are making him feel vengeful. That late $5 will look just as bad on your record as a late $200 mortgage or car payment. Your wife or teen-age kids can kill your credit rating too, by charging more than you're prepared to pay for. Your family is considered a single credit unit, operating under a single-household credit rating.

How do you protect your rating if you can't come up with the money one month? "The answer can be put in one word," says a New York bank officer. "*Communicate*. The worst thing you can do is just sit dumb and let bills slide until creditors begin dunning you. If you're short of money, go and talk to your creditors *immediately*. Show an intelligent concern about the situation. Enough of them will go along with you, extend your loans, spread out your payments. And then nothing bad will go on your record."

You'll know your rating has gone sour when somebody turns you down for credit. Then, says the Associated Credit Bureaus of America, you should ask the granter why. If it's something to do with your credit report, ask where the report came from and then call on the bureau. ACBA has started a program of free credit counseling. Not all bureaus have entered into the spirit of the program, but the majority have grown more approachable than they once were. Counselors at the Houston Credit Bureau, for example, talk to more than 1,500 troubled debtors a month.

The man at the bureau will get out your file, study it and tell you what's wrong. If you can convince him that your financial situation is improved enough to keep you out of further trouble, he'll enter that fact on your record.

You may find that the trouble arose from a mistake in your file. Maybe the record is outdated: you were once delinquent on a loan, but you've since settled up. Maybe you've been wronged: you had an argument with a store, and the store reported you delinquent, but it later turned out you were in the right.

Your credit rating isn't a sure prediction of your behavior, but it's all the credit granter has to go by. He has to trust it. Says Vice-President Harold Henry of the giant Universal CIT: "More than 99 percent of our auto loans get paid back. Obviously the American credit system works."

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movies

Britt: Fiercely mercenary.

THE BOBO. Peter Sellers plays a bobo (that's Spanish for "boob") who outsmarts everybody in this bittersweet comedy. In order to win a wager, he must woo Barcelona's leading courtesan—a fiercely mercenary lady, played by beautiful Britt Ekland—though he doesn't have the price of a cheese sandwich. His method and its results leave him quite blue, but you'll be in stitches all the way.

POINT BLANK. Lee Marvin stars as a crook hell-bent for revenge after a double cross. He eventually penetrates to the upper reaches of a crime syndicate before his quest, like the movie itself, peters out in a mishmash of good intentions gone wrong. The only good thing in it is the acting: Marvin, Angie Dickinson and John Vernon are fine.

THE PENTHOUSE. This way-out, terrifying satire will probably have you squirming in your seat—either from boredom or from horrified fascination. Two punks invade a penthouse love nest and terrorize a man and his mistress. They tie him up and get her drunk and sleep with her, all the while stripping away the couple's pretensions in seriocomic, absurd style. The acting is excellent. Suzy Kendall and Norman Rodway stand out.

GAMES. This film sets out to shock and scare you and it succeeds. Other than that, it's a mess. The plot, about a wealthy young couple who indulge in dangerous games with fatal results, is unbelievable. The diologue is trite. The acting is indifferent. Simone Signoret, who should know better, plays a mystery woman, and James Caan and Katharine Ross are the couple.

THE LONG DUEL. Yul Brynner and Trevor Howard star in this dated melodrama, set in India 40 years ago. Brynner is a bandit hero. Howard is the cop who's supposed to catch him and whose sense of honor is his undoing. It's all predictable and extremely dull.

WATERHOLE NO. 3. James Coburn stars as a cool gambler and con man in this burlesque of the Old West. It's full of rapin' and stealin' and killin' and laughs. Coburn finds a cache of stolen gold and then loses it to a succession of larcenous loonies—an army deserter, a crooked sheriff, a pretty girl and a shoemaker. Carroll O'Connor is great as the sheriff. Good fun.

THE DAY THE FISH CAME OUT. This limp comedy-drama about a couple of lost atomic bombs never quite catches fire. The bombs are jettisoned onto an island off Greece. While the jet pilots scamper around in their underwear trying to conceal their mission, the army arrives, disguised as tourists, to find the bomb. Further complications ensue until the unhappy ending. Candice Bergen and Tom Courtenay star.

books

THE CONFESSIONS OF NAT TURNER by William Styron. In August, 1831, there occurred the only sustained revolt against slavery the south ever suffered. This novel is based on the life of its leader and powerfully recreates the event. The characters are finely drawn, the story is compelling and the writing is first-rate. Bound to be one of the year's top books. *Random House; $6.95.*

ROSEANNA by Maj Sjowall and Per Wahloo. A woman is sexually assaulted and strangled on a passenger boat in Sweden. By the time the crime is discovered, the passengers are scattered all over the world—and no one knows who the victim is. Finding that out and then finding the killer is only half of this ingenious mystery; the other half is the construction of a trap to catch him. *Pantheon; $3.95.*

NOBODY LOVES A DRUNKEN INDIAN by Clair Huffaker. A group of Paiute Indians in Arizona decide to start a rebellion one day. First they wreck a bulldozer, then they steal a freight train, march on Phoenix and claim it as theirs. An utterly hilarious novel, with serious, poignant undertones and a strong point. *McKay; $4.95.*

THE PREVALENCE OF NONSENSE by Ashley Montagu and Edward Darling. A delightful compendium of myths, "folk wisdom," "history" and "medical facts" that are all arrant nonsense. The authors have compiled some of our favorite beliefs and then demolished them with great wit. John Smith and Pocahontas, Moses and Voltaire are reunited with truth, along with the animal kingdom, history and the human body. *Harper & Row; $6.50.*

THE EDUCATION OF A BASEBALL PLAYER by Mickey Mantle. Today's best-known star tells the story of his life in casual style. It's good, easy reading—he comes across as a likeable guy and his description of his rise to the major leagues is interesting and told with humility. Also included are five informal lessons on baseball. A double-barrelled winner. *Simon & Schuster; $4.95.*

The CHICAGO CRIME BOOK by Albert Halper. This anthology covers crime in Chicago from the turn of the century to today. Some of the articles, especially those dealing with gangsters, are interesting. Many are dreadful and most are just rehashes. *World; $10.00.*

THE HEIR APPARENT by William V. Shannon. Of the many books on Robert Kennedy, this is one of the best—objective, complete and interesting. It is a portrait of RFK's reincarnation since JFK's assassination, and examines his public and private personalities relentlessly but honestly. Shannon also contrasts Bobby with some of his opponents; the results are fascinating. *Macmillan; $5.95.*

ONE MORE VICTIM by A. M. Rosenthal and Arthur Gelb. Daniel Burros was a higher-up in the American Nazi Party and an officer in

[*Continued on page* 12]

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The three door sedan.

This Volkswagen has a door on the left to let in the driver. (That's one.) A door on the right to let in the passengers. (That's two.) And a door in the back which is like the tailgate of a conventional wagon. (That's the third, and do you need any more than that?)

To look at it, you'd swear our Squareback is a station wagon. But it really isn't.

Why? Well for one thing it doesn't cost like one.

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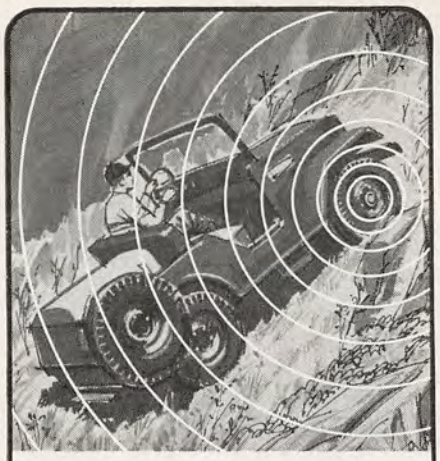
And since it's a Volkswagen you can be pretty sure it'll use about half as much gasoline as the average wagon. (Our Squareback gets up to 27 miles per gallon.)

So if you're trying to decide between a station wagon and a sedan, why not get the best of two worlds? Buy the sedan that looks like a station wagon.



No slip. No slap. No slurp.

That's why all 4-wheel drivers* want WARN HUBS.

"No slip" means that when you are in four-wheel drive, you're firmly *in*. Warn hubs give you positive locking action. "No slap" means that when you're out of four-wheel drive, you're *out*. You won't slap back into it. You won't get excessive gear wear, extra drag on your engine, extra wear on your tires. "No slurp" means you won't use extra gas. Warn Lock-O-Matic Hubs change drive as you shift. You'll have more fun and get more enjoyment from your four-wheel drive vehicle. Just remember to march up to your dealer and say "I want WARN HUBS". He'll know what you want.

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trueviews:

[*Continued from page* 10]

the Ku Klux Klan. What makes his life and death notable was that he was also a Jew. When this fact was revealed by a newspaper, he killed himself. This chronicle of his strange life is absorbing and first-rate. *NAL; $5.00.*

THE MIND OF THE DOLPHIN by John C. Lilly. Our intelligent undersea friends (for so they are), the dolphins, are interesting and useful. For one thing, they show us how others see us in a very real sense. Doctor Lilly is probably the world's leading authority on them, and here he tells all. Unfortunately, he's a dull writer, which severely diminishes the value of the book. *Doubleday; $5.95.*

IMAGINARY FRIENDS by Alison Lurie. This antic satire about the collision of a pair of scientists with a group of spiritualists is delightful. As the group waits for flying saucers to land, the scholars analyze them—until one flips and the other falls in love. Witty and biting. *Coward-McCann; $4.95.*

records

LUSH LIFE. Nancy Wilson turns her satin voice loose upon 11 ballads and produces her best album yet. Whether purring through "Lush Life" or cutting loose with "Free Again," "You've Changed" and the rest, she is simply magnificent. *Capitol.*

Al: A persuasive blaster.

SOUL IN THE HORN. When big Al Hirt blasts off, you have to listen. Here, his persuasive trumpet rocks a raft of rhythm-and-blues tunes right off their feet. Standouts are "Honey Pot," "Love Ya Baby" and "Sunday-Goin' to Meetin' Time." *RCA Victor.*

ELLA FITZGERALD SINGS THE JOHNNY MERCER SONGBOOK. And that about says it—a great singer and a fine writer get together. Ella sings "Laura," "Skylark," "Dream," "Early Autumn" and more Mercer classics with her customary style, flair and grace. *Verve.*

READINGS FROM "HAMLET"—ROBERT VAUGHN. Every actor wants to play Shakespeare's "Hamlet," but most have the sense to let this difficult part alone. Not "The Man from Whatsitsname." Vaughn chews a great deal of scenery with enormous intensity, but is just terrible. More in sorrow than in anger, we must report that we cried U.N.C.L.E. *MGM.*

MEXICAN TRIP. The Mystic Moods Orchestra takes its blend of music and sound effects south of the border. Crickets, cheers, surf and freights accompany "Cielito Lindo," "Gay Ranchero," "La Virgena de la Macarena" and others. Lively, lovely and lush. *Philips.*

THESE YEARS. Except for two rock 'n' roll songs, which all balladeers should learn to eschew, this album by Matt Monro is just dandy. He sings, and swings, "There's a Kind of Hush," "Release Me," "Spanish Eyes" and eight more with warmth and polish. *Capitol.*

SIL AUSTIN PLAYS PRETTY FOR THE PEOPLE AGAIN. Sil Austin does play a very pretty saxophone, although he does it in a rather old-fashioned style. Highlights here: "I'm in the Mood for Love," "Cry Me a River," "To Love Again." *Mercury.*

SILK AND SOUL. Nina Simone never holds anything back, even when she sings softly. Her intensity lights a fire under every song. Here she wails 10 bluesy tunes, half of them originals, one written by her ("Consummation"—it's very good). *RCA Victor.*

THOROUGHLY MODERN TWENTIES. Oscar Peterson plays some of the best songs by our best composers: Gershwin, Berlin, Rodgers, Kern, et al. "Manhattan," "Remember," "Lady Be Good" and the others are rendered with all of Oscar's considerable skill. *Verve.*

ON PARADE. One of the best things about cultural exchange is that it gives us a chance to hear the Soviet Army Chorus and Band. This magnificent ensemble sings folk and marching songs with enormous, rousing gusto (the fact that the somewhat corny lyrics are in Russian is a definite plus). In their own way, a swinging group. *Melodiya/Angel.*

LAURA (WHAT'S HE GOT THAT I AIN'T GOT). Brook Benton has a big, fine voice, and on this album he doesn't hold it back a bit. He sings the title tune, already a hit, and other standouts like "Stick-to-it-ivity," "Here We Go Again," "Lingering On" and a good, off-beat rendering of "Ode to Billy Joe." Excellent all the way. *Reprise.*

RRRRRRRRRR
RRRRRRRR R
RRRR RR

It's not your battery that's run down, it's your oil.

Everyone has a ritual for starting a car in winter.

We'd like to propose one that works. Add STP to your oil.

Unlike stomping the gas pedal seven times or getting up at 2 a.m. to give 'er a whirl or even crossing your fingers, STP® Oil Treatment works on a mechanical fact.

You see, oil alone, even all-weather oil, drains off the engine and runs down into a pan where it stiffens from cold.

When you turn the key, there isn't always enough lubrication left on the crucial parts of the engine for it to turn over easily.

And the more you try, the more you overworrrrrk the battery.

STP, however, clings inside your engine no matter how long your car sits or how cold it gets. So you get the lubrication you need right from the start.

What's more, STP Oil Treatment keeps your engine running smoother, quieter, cleaner, longer. Which is why STP is a winning ritual with the world's leading race car drivers.

STP—at your gasoline service station. Pour it in today. Let 'er purr tomorrow.

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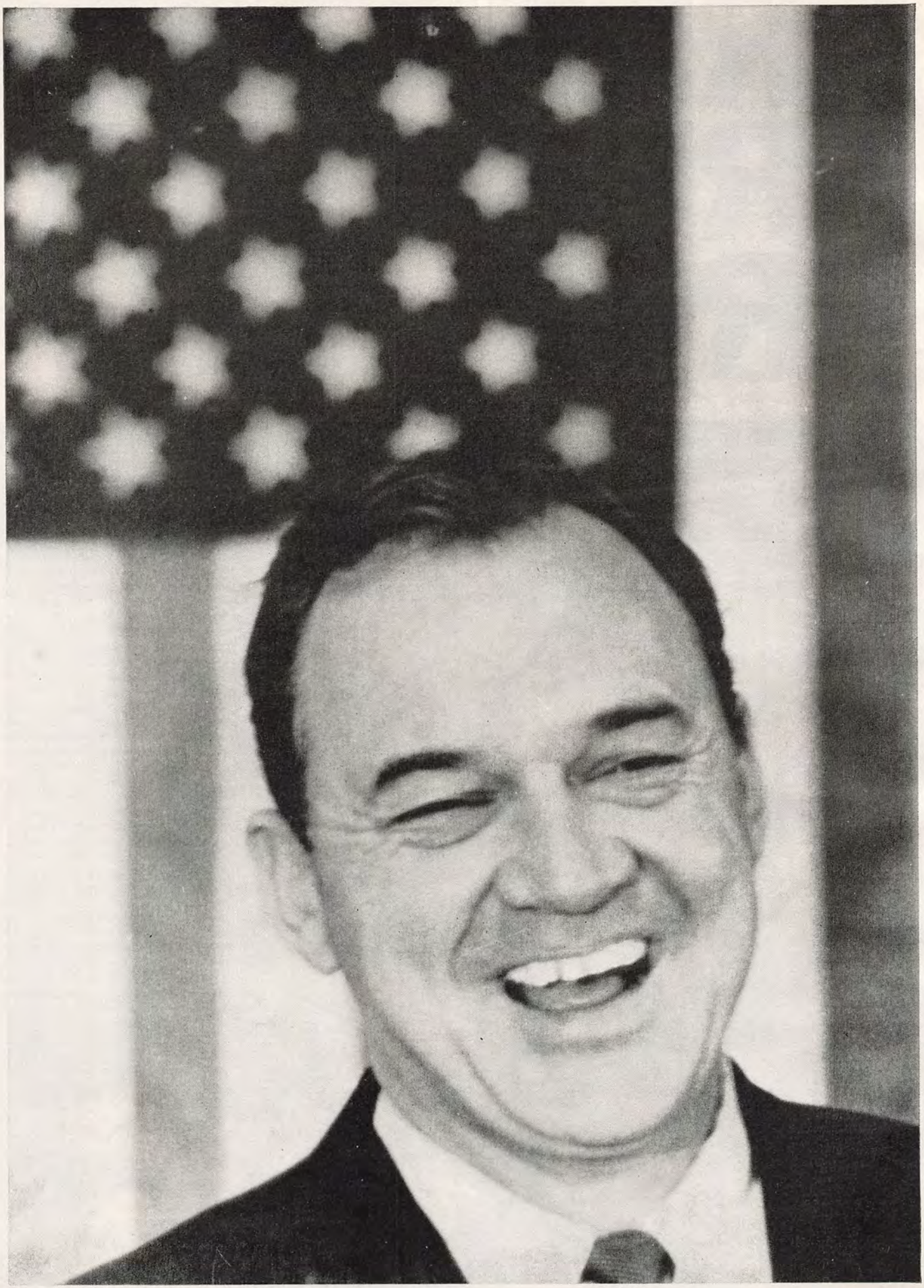
The racer's edge



THE G.O.P.'S CONSERVATIVE SWINGER

Some people liken Claude R. Kirk, Jr., to JFK. Others call Florida's rules-breaking governor a dropout type. If he keeps beating the odds, he could be the next Vice-President

True's Who
BY MYRON COPE

■ Claude R. Kirk, Jr., husky and dapper in a charcoal-blue business suit that he would soon shed, paused on the pier before stepping onto his sleek white 37-foot sailboat. At age 41, he carried a slight paunch born of good living, and heavy pouches under his dark eyes; yet despite these he somehow emerged ruggedly handsome—much more so than he appears in photographs. A pipe, clenched in his teeth, was a suave touch. He removed it, and with a guilty grin he intoned, "You know, there's nothing suspect about a guy who takes off Friday. But to take off Monday, that's absolutely immoral."

Pockets of cumulus floated lazily in the Miami sky, a fine breeze played across the sun-dappled blue of Biscayne Bay. It was a Monday morning to savor—unless, like other men the nation over, one had to go to work. Forty-nine governors, most likely, were sitting down to their desks in musty old capitol buildings, dully riffling through papers, their ears assaulted by secretaries rattling off the day's appointments. But in the cabin of the white sailboat, the 50th governor, Claude Kirk of Florida, was changing into a colorless sport shirt, faded Bermudas, and scuffed sneakers, looking forward

Kirk flashed happy grins on winning election (l.) and when he took a stunning new wife (above) three months later.

After naming controversial George Wackenhut as a consultant on crime, Kirk got part of the anticrime legislation he wanted.

Kirk flabbergasted Rap Brown, and won headlines, when he interrupted and addressed militant Negro rally in his state.

"He breaks all the rules and comes out right"

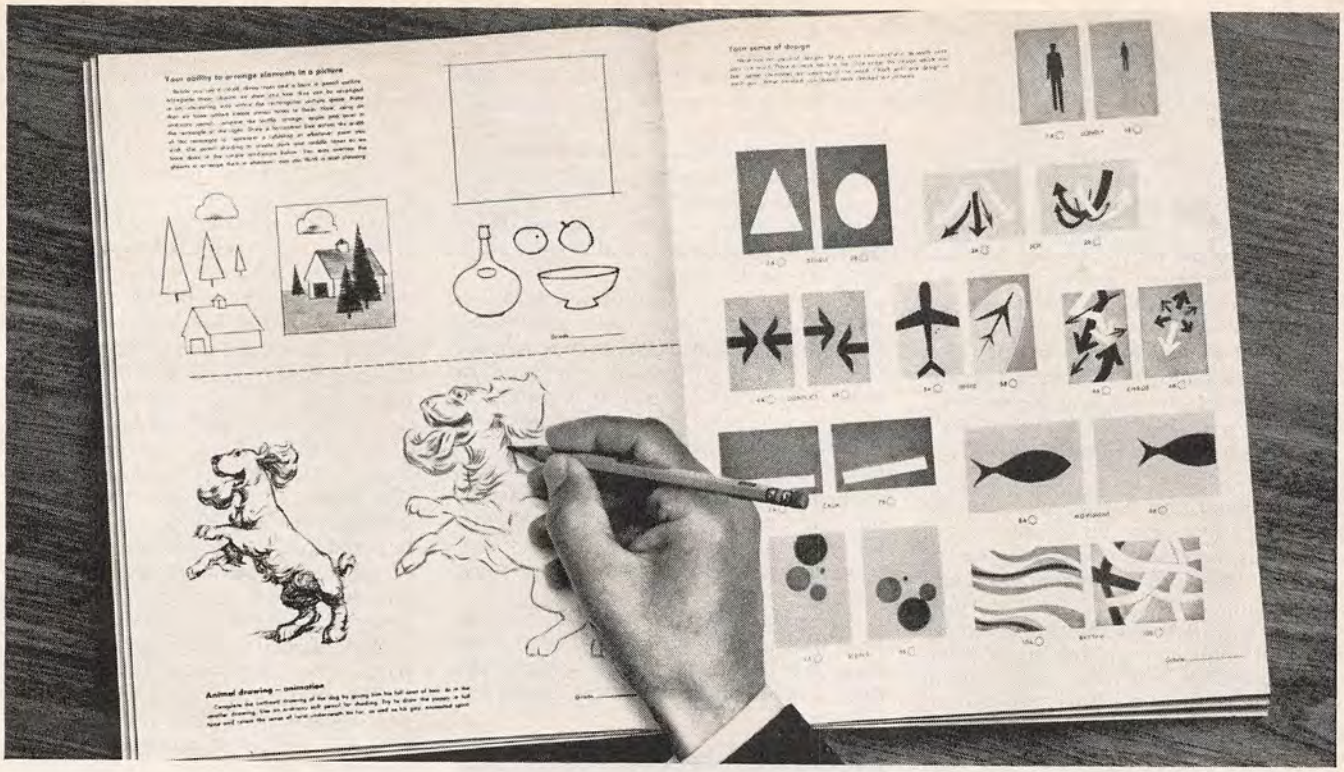
to a glorious day on the water. He dropped two cubes of ice into a tall glass and filled the glass with rosé, the better to enjoy his outing.

In a way, his presence on the boat summarized Kirk, a philosophically conservative, comfortably fixed ex-businessman who is being spoken of both as the South's best hope for the Republican Vice-Presidential nomination and as a politician with Presidential aspirations. ("I can't imagine any young American," Kirk says, "who wouldn't want to dream of someday becoming President.") Actually he had begun the day, and would end it, attending to duty; but he was in character knocking off for a good part of the morning and afternoon, because politically speaking, he is the heretic who takes off Monday—which is to say, he violates all the rules.

Kirk has been kicking tradition in the teeth ever since he decided last fall to run for governor as a Republican in a state that had not elected one to the post in 95 years. At the capitol building in Tallahassee, Kirk frequently is at his desk before 7 a.m., and is still on the job well into the evening. Inevitably, though, part of his day seems to be devoted to compulsive impudence. Florida governors simply do not set foot in the capitol's third-floor legislative corridors, except when invited by legislators. Historic tradition in old Tallahassee forbids governors to, and those of the past would as soon have said orange juice tastes terrible as infringe upon the code. Yet if anyone has seen a figure lurking in the third-floor shadows or darting from pillar to pillar, rest assured he was not Stinky Jones putting tacks on the legislators' chairs. Says Kirk's executive assistant, Tom Ferguson:

"I haven't seen the governor on the third floor myself, but we know he's been sneaking around up there. Why? I don't know, really."

At the pier in Miami, gold letters that spelled *Erika* glistened on the hull of Kirk's sailboat, but alas, the real Erika—since last February, Kirk's latest wife—was nowhere in sight. A gorgeously-built, German-born, blonde beauty of 32, she is the kind of woman that men who take off Mondays marry. One cannot visit Kirk's boat without wishing to see Florida's first lady sunning herself across the bow in a bikini, but this day she had remained in Palm Beach, resting at Duck's Nest, the Kirks' retreat on Lake Worth. Still, her presence could be felt as surely as one could step back and admire the strong forward lines of her seagoing namesake, for she is part of Kirk's image. The governor, besides looking dashing as he puffs at his pipe, is (a) a whirlwind traveler who whooshes around in a dartlike, high-altitude Lear jet, and (b) a jujitsu expert. "Damn right," he snapped when I'd asked if it were true he'd once taught jujitsu. "Mess with me [*Continued on page* 20]



Do you have art talent worth developing? Take our free test and see

If you have ever wondered whether you had art talent, here is your opportunity to find out. The founders of Famous Artists School have put together what many artists and educators consider to be the most revealing test of art ability ever devised. It is offered to you free of charge.

Designed for people uncertain of their ability

The people who take this Art Talent Test are of all ages and occupations. Most of them have little or no previous art training. By professional standards, their drawings may be awkward and amateurish. But the ones who possess the precious gift of art talent reveal this talent in many ways. Through simple little exercises, they show the inborn sense of design, the feeling for composition, the ability to observe, and the lively imagination which are such important ingredients of art talent.

The reliability of this method of screening, as well as the effectiveness of the training, has been proven again and again by the impressive record of success of our students and graduates.

They passed the test and went on to become successful artists

When James Ryan took the Art Talent Test, he was a clerk "stuck" in a low-pay routine job. Today he's an illustrator at Hughes Aircraft. Kathleen Gironda went from a salesgirl in a department store to a fashion illustrator in the same store. Virginia Bartter, a farmer's wife and mother of three, now sells just about everything she paints. These are just a few of the literally hundreds of "success stories" our students report to us.

So if you love to sketch or dabble in paints—and have often wondered if you "have what it takes" to become a well-paid commercial artist or spare-time professional painter—why not seize this opportunity to find out? All you need is a pencil and a half-hour of your time. For someone with your special interest, it will be one of the most intriguing and enjoyable half-hours you ever spent.

What the Talent Test covers

First, you will be shown ten pairs of simple designs and asked to pick the one in each pair that has "a feeling of rightness" about it. Then you will see twenty pairs of pictures, and check which composition in each pair is more pleasing. You'll be asked to do original sketches to demonstate your imagination and powers of observation. And in similar ways, your feeling for mood, form, movement, and so on will be tested.

When you complete the test and mail it back, it will be graded free by a member of our staff. If you receive a passing grade (and we must warn you that many don't), or can offer sufficient evidence of art talent, you will then be eligible to enroll. You may choose whichever of our courses is best suited to your goals.

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[*Continued from page* 16]
and I'll throw you on your tail." Add an Erika to a Claude and the new political fashion blowing up from Florida is James Bond and the Girl From U.N.C.L.E.

"The thing you can't forget about Kirk," says a state senator from Miami, Edmond J. Gong, "is that he's attractive to the young." Gong happens to be a Democrat, so his words are not partisan hoopla. "The main reason the young like Kirk is that he's not perfect. He's a dropout sort of guy. He's been divorced a couple of times, and this sort of thing relates to kids today. Also, they like the Lear jet, the beautiful, glamorous wife. He has a style like JFK's but without JFK's personification of excellence."

Claude and Erika started out the same way—poor—and came on strong with a lot of purpose. Erika is the daughter of Heinrich Mattfeld, a Bremen painter—of walls, that is, not canvases. She slung sauerkraut in Bremen eateries but eventually left home, promising Papa Mattfeld, "One day I will become a great lady." A little later, at a Zurich restaurant where she was employed, she met and married a Brazilian. They settled in Rio. It was there that Kirk first met her, while out nightclubbing. Two years later, he would become governor, and Erika simultaneously would appear on the Florida scene and become his wife. She would take Palm Beach by storm.

So much for the Cinderella story. Prince Claude Charming, for his part, had been reared in Montgomery, Alabama, the son of parents who had met while both were clerking in a railroad office. He enlisted in the Marines at 17, during World War II, and rose to lieutenant of infantry at 19. Although he earned a law degree at the University of Alabama after the war, Kirk chose a business career. Migrating to Florida, he made a small pile in insurance and investment banking.

In 1956, at Jacksonville, he founded the American Heritage Life Insurance Company, having drummed up backing from a pair of brothers who were big in supermarkets. As head of the company, Kirk lectured his salesmen, "Every day you can do 10 percent more work than you did the day before." So far as is known, none of the salesmen dropped dead, and Kirk himself kept setting the pace by learning to snatch sleep in segments of seven or 15 or 18 minutes, a cranial alarm clock rousing him with unfailing punctuality and launching him to his next sale. "He'd go back 100 times to make a sale," one of his acquaintances remembers. After six years on the job, Kirk left American Heritage, selling a block of his stock at a profit usually estimated in excess of half a million dollars.

Still a salesman at heart, he bought a partnership in Hayden, Stone, Inc., an investment house, and as the company's southeastern manager for 18 months made the firm a major broker in Florida. His personal wealth, a comfort to him but by no means a significant fortune, these days is placed between $300,000 and $1 million, but he speaks of it indifferently, as though it were a worn tire put away in the family garage. "I don't know what the hell I got," Kirk says.

At any rate, as he prospered he became a Palm Beach socialite, in which role he demonstrated such versatile charm that he was able to alternate effortlessly between the international jet set and the old-money nabobs. "Women have a way of immediately sensing a man who likes women," one of Kirk's Palm Beach pals explains, "and they always sense this in Claude."

The trouble was, Claude was married. His wife, a Montgomery girl named Sarah Stokes Kirk, divorced him, then remarried him, and finally divorced him again in 1966—because, Kirk readily points out, she took exception to his drinking habits and to the fact that he'd been seen in public with other women. None of this seemed conducive to political success, but, then, nobody at the time suspected Kirk's capacity to do just about everything apparently wrong and see it come out right.

All along Kirk nourished an urge to hold office. High taxes and big government had steamed him to a nice rage that demanded he become involved.

COMING . . .

Proof that some of the answers machines spew forth are incredibly wrong

A CATALOG OF COMPUTER GOOFS

Learn how you can still retain the upper hand in the punch-card world

NEXT MONTH IN TRUE

("The Democrats got the Great Society where nobody's gotta do anything," Kirk says today, "and I got the good society where you gotta work like hell.")

Warming up for his big opportunity, Kirk took two flings in politics, with mixed results. First, he headed the Florida Democrats for Nixon in the 1960 Presidential race, helping Richard Nixon to carry the state. Four years later, having turned Republican, Kirk took advantage of the fact that G.O.P. nominations in Florida were easy to come by, mainly because hardly anybody wanted them. He ran unsuccessfully against U.S. Sen. Spessard L. Holland, titillating political observers by lambasting Holland as an "ultraliberal." (Holland was about as liberal as Barry Goldwater.) Thus when Kirk jumped into the 1966 gubernatorial campaign yelling again about "ultraliberalism," political experts gave him no chance, even though his Democratic opponent, the late Robert King High, was a true liberal and voters had a clear choice.

Kirk nevertheless lumbered up and down the state, grandly promising to hold the line on all new taxes and mount a total war on crime in the state. At the same time, the Kirkian flair for upside-down politics began to emerge. If Kirk did not exactly trumpet his racy divorces at every road stop, he certainly made no secret of them. Taking his chances with the numerous hard-shell Baptists populating the so-called Hog 'n' Hominy Trail that spans Florida's northern Panhandle, he said that if elected governor his $27,500 salary in that office "won't even pay my alimony." His message on crime: "It's getting so that your wife and my wife—er, my *ex*-wife—can't walk the streets."

Women voters went for the gay divorcer. Instead of kissing babies, he sailed through factories kissing lady workers on their cheeks, evoking screams of ecstasy reminiscent of Sinatra in his dance-band days. Marital difficulty may have stymied Nelson Rockefeller's Presidential ambition, but even today Kirk unfurls it as a political weapon. He points out that he fathered four lovely children in the course of his rocky home life and that, just in case his Democratic critics want to get personal, "LBJ has only two."

Back there in the gubernatorial campaign, you could have caught the eyeballs popping out of the press corps when Kirk boomed to a convention of teachers, "No new taxes!"—a posture scarcely propitious of fat raises for teachers.

A born orator, Kirk speaks in a deep, rhythmic voice that has barely the trace of a southern drawl. He exudes confidence. Now, as if he had told the teachers exactly what they wanted to hear, he brandished a Churchillian "V" for victory and said, "Get used to the words 'Governor Kirk.' " Carried away, the teachers gave him a thunderous ovation, although emerging late from Kirk's oratorical spell, they may have wondered why.

"Kirk is a likeable guy but a political fluke," says Democratic State Sen. Dick Fincher, a handsome Miami sportsman married to the former actress, Gloria DeHaven. Fincher reasons that Kirk was voted into the governorship by a plurality of more than 150,000 votes—in the face of a four to one Democratic registration advantage—largely because the state's Democratic Party was torn three ways by factional warfare and because a court ruling raising property assessments had infuriated many homeowners, causing them to become patsies for Kirk's no-more-taxes promise.

Political fluke or not, Kirk sees himself as the sort of hairy-chested champion that free enterprise needs if it is to be saved in an age fraught with foreign tyrants and the tyranny of Great Society taxation. That Monday morning when he put out to sea in the *Erika*, he sprawled comfortably in the cockpit while his two-man crew pointed the boat south. Kirk looked like a man without a care in the world. But he took pains to point out that he had cares all over the world.

He pointed to the east, over the string of Florida Keys running across the horizon to his left, and roared, "Do you think that Russian's sitting in the Kremlin this morning with his finger up his nose? Hell, no. He's figuring ways to gain more power in the world, that's what he's doing."

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Kirk jabbed a finger south and sounded another alarm. "Castro's down there in *his* office this morning trying to get an economy straightened out so he can combat free enterprise! *What's Washington doing?*" As if the long arm of the federal government suddenly had cuffed Kirk for his insolence, the *Erika* dipped sharply to port, pitching him on his side, his feet hanging in the air. "What the hell, Whitey!" he bellowed at his helmsman, a chunky, sunburnt man. "You got your governor with his head upside-down!"

Presently Whitey pointed the *Erika* toward a tiny island where we would anchor for a swim. As we sailed in, Kirk stood astride the bow, outlined by a forest of palms on the beach. His hair rumpled by the wind, his shirt billowing around his belly, he suddenly looked stouter and, despite his nautical stance, a somewhat less romantic figure than he had appeared ashore. We anchored in about 15 feet of water, where Kirk removed his shirt. With a semi-Tarzanic cry, the 36th governor of the sovereign State of Florida disappeared over the side with a splash.

It was past 3 when we reached the mainland. I thanked the governor for a pleasant voyage, whereupon he said, "If you could just lie a little and say it was Saturday, it would be downright helpful."

The fact was, Kirk had begun the day dutifully with a breakfast talk to a convention of shopping-center entrepreneurs, and he would end it before flying back to Tallahassee with an appearance at a dinner in Miami Springs for 16 zillionaires, whose business operations Florida was trying to lure. Also, in accordance with his campaign promise, Kirk had scheduled a whack at crime. "Well," he had said to me at the outset of the day, "what do you want to know? What do you want to see? Shall we crack some crime today?"

My pulse had quickened at the prospect of crashing headlong, shoulder to shoulder with the governor, into a meeting of Cosa Nostra chieftains. Alas, Kirk only meant, he explained, that at 5 o'clock he would meet for an hour with his right-hand sleuth, George Wackenhut, who was going to bring him up-to-date on no less than 500 cases under investigation. In his inaugural address Kirk had declared war against criminals in Florida, which had no state police force other than a Highway Patrol largely limited to enforcing traffic laws. He had at once retained the Wackenhut Corporation, a private detective agency, to gumshoe around the state looking for crime and public corruption. Wackenhut evidently was making good progress, the governor explained with satisfaction, because a body had turned up in Biscayne Bay and another had been found shot up in a car. "This was a warning from the big fellas to the others to keep their mouths shut," Kirk said. "They know that we mean business."

Before proceeding to Wackenhut headquarters, we sped from the pier to a tony apartment-hotel in nearby Coral Gables, in order to shower and change. Kirk downed a Scotch, put on a blue business suit, and set off for the Wackenhut Corporation, flashing a winning smile at a beautiful girl as he went out the hotel lobby.

Ex-FBI man George Wackenhut, a burly figure with a chiseled jaw and gray brush-cut hair, clearly had become a controversial figure in the Kirk regime. His agency was said, on the one hand, to be handling security work for the Atomic Energy Commission and on the other hand, to be harboring John Birchers. Kirk, lacking an appropriation to pay private detectives, had hired Wackenhut as a $1-a-year man, planning to pay him a more equitable fee out of whatever contributions he could raise from private citizens outraged by crime and corruption. Florida's crime rate, while soaring, only paralleled the 11 percent rise in the national index last year; but pockets of the state—particularly the Gold Coast that sweeps down through Miami—are juicy plums for the sort of organized, successful crime that does not show up on police blotters. President Johnson's Crime Commission has identified Florida as one of eight states in which major crime syndicates operate. Corruption, George Wackenhut declared soon after embarking on his investigations, "just permeates the entire state structure," at all levels of government.

COMING . . .

Meet the handful of men who ship arms to one side (or both) when today's wars break out

THE MUNITIONS MANIPULATORS

A behind-the-scenes look at a dark and growing trade

NEXT MONTH IN TRUE

Nevertheless, many honest citizens had been alarmed by Wackenhut's entrance into public affairs. As a private police force, more or less, the Wackenhut men at first had raised the specter of a police state. Democrats suspected their phones were tapped. Reporters in the capitol's subbasement press rooms went around clicking their heels at one another and crying, "Achtung!"

Right on schedule, minutes before 5, the governor arrived at Wackenhut headquarters, a two-story, Colonial-style building in Coral Gables resembling a suburban post office. An American flag stood on either side of the entrance. For more than an hour Kirk secluded himself with Wackenhut on the second floor, while I waited in the lobby. When Kirk reappeared I asked him if he and Wackenhut had cracked any crime upstairs.

"There is nothing I can tell you at this time, of course," Kirk replied, settling into his car. Then he sighed and said, "If you want to know the truth, it's a damn tough proposition fighting these rats like Meyer Lansky. They're not just entrenched here, they're *running* the place. But I can't tell you what I know at this time."

Such statements, notwithstanding the flourishing condition of the rackets in Florida, have prompted Kirk's critics to deride him for exhibiting a runaway taste for melodrama. They contend that in the early months of his term he surrounded himself needlessly with trooper bodyguards, claiming that he regularly received threats in the mail. The chief housekeeper at the governor's mansion resigned because, it is said, Kirk made her lock every room upon leaving it, and with a battery of keys at her side she had come to feel like a jailer. Also, Kirk's wedding at Palm Beach was heavily guarded by troopers.

"It's the out-of-state reporters who slant these things," Kirk now said. "*Time* said there were tommy guns at my wedding. Now when they say tommy guns, they're lying. I don't know of one tommy gun in Florida. Mr. Luce always said, 'Use any adjective you want, but never put an inaccurate noun in.' Well, I don't object to adjectives, no matter what, no matter if they say this trooper driving us is eight feet tall and as handsome as the governor. But tommy gun is a noun, and I object to that. Of course, I can't say *flatly* that there isn't a tommy gun in Florida, because I just don't know. *Is* there a tommy gun in Florida, Lieutenant? Do we use tommy guns in the troopers?"

"Yessir," the lieutenant replied.

A few moments of silence passed, and then Kirk quietly said, "I don't want to fight with *Time*, but hell. . . ."

At midnight, following his day of sailing, speechmaking, and crime fighting, the governor landed in his Lear jet at Tallahassee, a town normally dedicated to boredom.

At the moment, however, Tallahassee was torn from its sleepy pace by political strife. The battle of the budget was on. Kirk had demanded a slash of more than $100 million from proposed spending. The Democrats, still the majority in the legislature, were yelling that if Kirk was so economy-minded, why had he upped the budget for his mansion and office by 25 percent? The Florida Education Association, a militant teacher lobby, was white with rage, and FEA president George Dabbs was calling Kirk a "charlatan" who spouts "a bunch of malarkey." Kirk had proposed the $66.4 million in administrative funds be cut from the education budget by exercising tough fiscal practices. For example, let the kids read paperback textbooks, Kirk declared, and make them put down a deposit on each to ensure they don't use the pages for spitballs.

The FEA, demanding more than twice the money for teacher raises that Kirk was willing to offer, was bringing to town one teacher from each of the 67 counties in the state and ordering Kirk to face them at a rally. Kirk called a 7:45 a.m. press conference, forcing the press corps to arise with him at the crack of dawn, and replied that he takes ultimatums from nobody. His face carrying a healthy glow from the previous day's sailing, Kirk spoke

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easily, but with precise enunciation. "It is strange indeed, the avarice of the FEA," he mused with a broad smile that gleamed in the TV klieg lights.

It had been this way in Florida almost from the moment the atypical governor took office—the sound and the fury were intense, and rarely a day went by that headlines were not awash with Kirk's name. For a governor, he behaved all wrong. In the middle of his inaugural address he called a special session of the legislature, without having bothered to give advance notice to legislative leaders. Then he showed up at an inaugural reception escorting the heretofore unseen Erika—now separated from the Brazilian—and rudely refused to introduce her, except as "Madame X." Of course, this provocative sobriquet in no wise discouraged newspaper editors across the country from splashing pictures of Kirk and his mystery woman on page one.

Then, when Kirk married the girl in February, the Episcopal Church excommunicated him for a year because he'd married too soon after his divorce—another bonus for the dropout image. By God, said Florida citizens, Claude's a helluva guy. He'd been in office a few months when the voters were called on to elect a new legislature because of reapportionment requirements. Kirk's phenomenal popularity increased the Republican force from 37 to 59 legislators. In the state senate he obtained the one-third minority necessary to sustain his veto power and defy the Democrats. "Everybody's against him but the people," Kirk's supporters trumpeted.

As summer came on, the nation's eighth-largest state began to feel the palpable effects of Kirk's risk politics. The Democratic legislature sent him appropriations amounting to $214 million more than the state's anticipated revenue, but Kirk lit into a multitude of items with his veto. The Democrats then restyled some of the items precisely to Kirk's liking, telling him in effect, "All right, we've made our position clear on the need of public services. Now we'll give you exactly what you want, and you stand on it." Teachers got a $1,050 raise—not a penny more than Kirk had offered them in the first place. In accordance with his wishes, tuition at the state university went up $50 a quarter. Kirk's veto knocked out $161 million of appropriations. He slashed into scholarships and junior college construction.

Characteristically, in standing by his word to fight for a balanced budget, Kirk had made his stand in an area—education—that nowadays gets the sacred-cow treatment from virtually all politicians. Whether parents of students will continue to love him remains to be seen, but in any case, Kirk's political gamble was not completely reckless. "More than 10 percent of the vote in Florida," a Kirk aide points out, "is senior citizens—people who have put their kids through school and don't want to pay to put other people's kids through."

In his war on crime the governor slowly made headway. His scorecard, halfway through the year, showed no major victories over the careful lords of organized crime, but his men were warming up with a brisk attack on corruption in government. Around the state they forced the removal of three sheriffs, a county judge, a police chief, a constable, a circuit court clerk, and five county commissioners. Kirk's "crime war coordinator," Jack Ledden, pointed to a nice variety of disclosures: The sheriff of Gilchrist County had resigned when confronted with charges of passing bad checks; Mr. and Mrs. Francis (Cowboy) Williams, clerk and deputy clerk respectively of Circuit Court in Citrus County, cleaned out their savings account, deeded property to their children, and disappeared from sight, as the state bore in on them with 71 counts of embezzlement and forgery; a narcotics raid on a 36-unit apartment building in Miami, Ledden said, netted quantities of dope in all 36 apartments.

The crime war was coming along, but what Kirk really wanted was legislation that would equip him with new muscle and money to pay the Wackenhuts for their services. (Citizen contributions to the battle had fallen short of a deluge, and the Wackenhuts' expenses alone were running to $2,500 a day. But the Wackenhut Corporation, far from plunging into bankruptcy, saw its stock soar from $7 to $19, thanks to the company's sudden fame.) Democrats in the legislature recoiled when Kirk demanded a Department of Criminal Justice and a crime commission armed with powers of sub-

poena. The Democrats regarded his proposals as a sweeping bid for power to snoop into every aspect of human life. In July, finally, they gave Kirk a Bureau of Law Enforcement tailored to attack specific areas of crime—narcotics and bookmaking, for example—and $3 million to spend on crime fighting. But the legislature ignored Kirk's demand for an inquiring crime commission.

"A lousy piece of legislation," Kirk grumbled, but he accepted it.

All the while, Kirk's talent for publicity increasingly projected his name into lists of Vice-Presidential prospects, posing an appetizing change in the shape of Vice-Presidential campaigning. Three years ago a man named Miller (give his first name and you win a cigar) ran with Barry Goldwater, and Hubert Humphrey stood on street corners saying, "I'm Hubert Humphrey," while pedestrians blankly swept past his outstretched hand. With Claude Kirk, it couldn't happen. On dull days in Tallahassee, he leaves his office, walks down the street, marches into drugstores, and demands of customers, "How'm I doin'?" They know who he is, and the rest of the country is learning.

Last August, when Negro riots were flaring up around the country, H. Rap Brown, the most militant of the Black Power leaders, came to Jacksonville to make a speech in the local ball park. Kirk proved a surprise visitor. Walking to the rostrum, the governor grabbed the microphone, courteously "welcomed" Brown to Florida, and asked him not to talk about guns or violence. The approach may have been naïve, but it worked. Brown was completely upstaged. Kirk won some cheers from the Negro audience, and his successful confrontation was front-paged from coast to coast. Reminders of this victory are certain to be given to delegates to the 1968 National Republican Convention. Helping Kirk even more, that convention is going to be in Miami Beach.

One evening last spring in Tallahassee, back during the weeks when Kirk began to push legislation for new law-enforcement machinery, several Democrats and a veteran member of the capital press corps fell to analyzing their rakish, rules-breaking governor over highballs. "The guy has great value as an irritant," the newspaperman argued. A case in point, he said, was the furor touched off by Kirk's use of Wackenhuts.

They were never needed, everyone in the room agreed, for the governor had ample political pressure at his command to dispose of any sheriff who refused to clean up crime in his county. "But crime *is* a very serious problem now that the hoods are sophisticated and are infiltrating legitimate businesses," said the newspaperman, "and now something probably will be done about it here. In other words, Kirk makes such outrageous proposals that the reactions against them are fierce, and the result is that politicians are apt in the end to act on matters they never would have considered."

The legislators in the room nodded in agreement. "Claude Kirk," the newspaperman said, "is so damn wrong, he's right."

—Myron Cope

IT'S A MAN'S WORLD

A monthly commentary by TRUE's editors to keep you entertained and informed—and to keep the little woman firmly in her place

MALE PLUG

Reversible sterility is in the works for men who would like to turn fatherhood on or off. It's done with silicones, the same injectable plastics that give unearned affluence to some showgirls' bosoms. Vasectomy, the usual method of male sterilization, is a fairly simple bit of office surgery in which sperm-carrying ducts are cut or tied. Sterility is usually permanent, although sometimes the duct ends can be reunited to restore the channel. The new idea is to inject a silicone plug into the duct. This blocks the exit of sperm but does not otherwise change the patient's capacities. Comes the time when he changes his mind, he can have the plug removed and is fertile again. Drs. G. Hrdlicka and H. Zinsser of Columbia-Presbyterian Medical Center, New York, described the plug technique at a meeting of the American Fertility Society.

LOAD OF HOPE

Christmas without Hope is unthinkable to GI's. This Christmas they'll get Bob Hope's show troupe again, Bob tells us in a letter in which he says the Pentagon has informed him that the famous Christmas trip for the GI's will be two-a-day again "somewhere in this troubled world. Actually, they gave us a choice this year of either Haight-Ashbury or Viet Nam. They try to keep our travel schedule a mystery to confuse the enemy." The troupers are handled "like a shipment to Fort Knox, but no matter how tight our security is, Hanoi Hannah seems to know where we're going before we do." The performers risk greater hazards than explosive gags. In a bombing incident in Saigon three years ago, "only a faulty timing device kept us all from a free ride straight up." That from a master of timing.

"And let me tell you about the famous Christmas truce. At Cu Chi all Christmas day the distant thunder of artillery accompanied the acts of our show. I couldn't help wondering what the place would be like when there was no truce. I asked a lanky Pfc. from Maysville, Kentucky, if there'd been any action nearby, and he said, 'just don't take any long walks.' "

From 15,000 to 20,000 GI's show up for a show. "At Pleiku, we were told the guys began arriving at 6 a.m. for an afternoon show but you'd never know it from their applause. To them, Phyllis Diller was Miss America. You can't forget the fantastic job these kids are doing. Mainly, Christmas is waking up in the morning and finding that your billet hasn't been bombed. In Viet Nam, you bet it's a man's world!

"On all our stops I generally deliver messages to the guys from their families and friends. One I delivered at Cam Ranh was a corker. It was for a shy Sp. 4C from Geneva, Illinois. The message was 'We miss you' and it was signed by 26 girls. Corporal, you're my personal war hero!"

Safe Home, Bob & Company.

WANDERING ROCK

News that Plymouth Rock is being moved to eliminate a traffic bottleneck brings up an irreverent question: how do they know it's Plymouth Rock? We gave it a gander once and couldn't find Miles Standish's initials carved anywhere on it. The Rock has been moved before. It's quite a traveler. Back in 1920, a handy granite boulder was moved to the spot it "originally occupied"—allegedly the very spot where the *Mayflower* group put foot on it, starting a rash of legends and things like the D.A.R. Why the Pilgrims should shinny up a boulder and bark their knees when they could step out of a dinghy onto nice sand is beyond us. Likely they didn't, any more than Washington hatcheted the cherry tree. Some years ago an able writer collected a lot of evidence that Plymouth Rock is a phony. His editor refused to print it on grounds that "we can't kill Santa Claus." Anybody who has evidence that Plymouth Rock is the genuine article will be given equal space in this column.

TRY KINI

At first we couldn't believe it when we heard about the Tri-Kini, successor to the bikini. "Tri" instead of "bi" brought up rather disturbing thoughts of pectoral triplets instead of couplets. We needn't have worried. A photo provided by the manufacturer, Bleuette Inc. of New York, clears up the matter, quite expansively. The garment has three parts, hence the "tri." The lower part is standard, as it pretty much has to be. The upper section has two separate parts, unattached to each other, to straps, or to anything else except underlying topography. We can't figure what holds the cute little covers in place, unless it's faith or a firmer adhesive. We have no idea what might happen if the surf is rough. Come to think of it, we do, too.

SLUGGING SECRETS

Hot discussion for the Hot Stove League: what makes a great home-run hitter? We can tell you, thanks to James L. Breen who for several years was research director for the Chicago Cubs and now is professor of physical education at Tulane University. Breen studied hundreds of major-league hitters and thousands of feet of movie film, with special attention to Stan Musial, Ernie Banks, Henry Aaron, Willy Mays, Mickey Mantle and Ted Williams. He finds that superior hitters have quicker bat speed and can watch the ball about .06 second longer before swinging. A pitched ball travels about 80 miles an hour. A Mantle or Mays waits until the ball is 24 feet from the plate before swinging,

(Continued on page 28)

the more the merrier

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IT'S A MAN'S WORLD

(Continued from page 26)
compared to 33 feet for an average hitter. This nine-foot difference gives the superior hitter more time to judge where the ball will break. Greater bat speed comes in part from keeping the arms straight when swinging. Poor hitters bend their arms. A good hitter keeps his body's center of gravity on the same plane when swinging, so when he swings the upper body is directed toward the flight of the ball. Probably you now know more about Musial, Williams, et. al., than they do.

TURNCOAT

We had a nice approving paragraph wrapped up for 67-year-old Lord Boothby, of the English Boothbys. We were prepared to say that he was forthright, perceptive and courageous when on British television he answered a question as to whether he had any women favorites: "No, because they are a bore and a bother. They are always dishing up trouble and expecting you to get them out of it." So what happened? Three weeks later he married a woman whom he met at Monte Carlo, a principality dedicated to gambling.

STICKY PICKETS

The belief that there is something sacred about picket lines no longer holds up, if it ever did. You can hire pickets for about $3 an hour to wave banners, march, bellow and put on a show of bellicosity for causes they never heard about. Three students at George Washington University have a fairly lush picket-renting business serving Washington, D.C. The going rate per hour is $17 for five pickets. The front of the White House is such a choice area for pickets that the National Park Service has limited them to 100 at a time, or $340 worth. Quantity dilutes quality. Pickets for silly "causes" spoil the business for those with worthy grievances (like the Rockettes shown here). On our way to work the other day we threaded our way through some odd paraders who were picketing the *New York Times* because the paper labels its help wanted ads "male" and "female." They were members of National Organization for Women, a fretful group of modest nuisance value that thinks women are discriminated against in jobs. One sign said "Women can think as well as type." We know a lot of women who are poor typists.

STOP THE BUSS

A couple of kisses can be absolutely disastrous. This is news? Yes, when it comes from a guy who says that kissing can play the very devil with a hospital's infection-prevention program. Dr. James T. Hicks, who tries to keep bugs out of the Oak Park, Illinois, hospital, complains that "human foibles are always spoiling our efforts." He wants to cut out foibling on the premises. "The most up-to-date laminar airflow program can be negated when a visitor marches up to a patient's bed and begins hugging and kissing." Hmmm. Get away, doll, you're contaminating our laminar airflow.

ONE MAN'S ISLAND

We're putting out feelers for an invitation to visit Bourbon Mist Island in Whiskey Lake. It's a real island, a real lake and the names are official. The man to see about it is Thomas C. Claggett, Jr. He owns it. His wife gave it to him for his 50th birthday. The first thing he did was to establish the Bourbon Mist Marching and Chowder Society of Whiskey Lake. Only trouble is, the five-acre island is in a lake 78 miles northwest of Anchorage, Alaska.

JOB OF WORK

For years we have traded shop talk with all manner of men and have learned a lot from them. Men have told us exciting, dull, harrowing, victorious, challenging, grubby, combative, discouraging, inspiriting things about their daily work, and we've topped them all. But we've never heard a man speak solemnly of his "career." From top executive to shoeshine boy, men have jobs, work, positions, occupations, pride of craftsmanship, but not "careers," a word full of glamour instead of the blood, sweat and tears known to all men who pull their own weight. Why then do women speak so loftily of their "careers" when they mean jobs? We think it's because the girls have a foggy notion that man's work is a lifetime of riotous adventure, and they want a piece of it. So when they launch their "career" and find it's a job of filing A letters in the B folder, standing behind a counter, or wilting under the boss's cantankerousness, they tend to hike their mini-skirts and hunt harder for a husband. All to the good, we think; it takes a competent woman to run a house well and if she wants to call housewifery a career she's as entitled to as the girl who wears her toes off practicing ballet.

SEE NO EVIL

Brace yourself for a novel cure for juvenile delinquency—nudism. Nudists in convention at Granger, Indiana, claimed that not one of 23,000 kids raised as nudists has had a run-in with the law. Well, take a kid's clothes away and he'd be a standout in a holdup. We'll never know whether the nudist cure works unless it's practiced more widely. Worth a try, men?

SHAKE, PARDNER

A good way to get tr'un out of a saloon is to ask the bartender to bruise the gin and tickle the vermouth when he mixes you a Martini. You'll be stamped as a connoisseur as you are heisted out the door, if Andre Gros-Daillon is right, and we suppose he is. For years Andre has been shaking Martinis at Le Pavillon, a very gourmet beanery in Manhattan, and he holds that there is only one way to do it. Shake the gin, vermouth and ice exactly four and a half times, no more, no less. This "bruises" the gin just enough to produce a perfect Martini. Andre is retiring with a sad heart. Too many customers nowadays accept a crude Martini shaken four and three-fourths times without knowing the difference.

DEPT. OF ODD INFORMATION

The country has 41,000,000 amateur musicians, many of whom perform on television.

An instant breakfast mix being test-marketed by Pillsbury is called Gorilla Milk.

The sales pitch of the New York lottery has been shifted from education to greed, which is thought to be more reliable. New ads stress get-rich-quick instead of help-the-schools.

—THE EDITORS

Something's happened to Robt. Burns!

New blend for uncommon mildness
Airtight foil wrap for perfect freshness

RECENTLY we made major improvements in our cigars, starting with the tobaccos.

The new Robt. Burns has an all new blend of five imported filler tobaccos, selected first and foremost for mildness.

Smoke a new Robt. Burns. See the difference in mildness. It's an uncommon mildness with flavor.

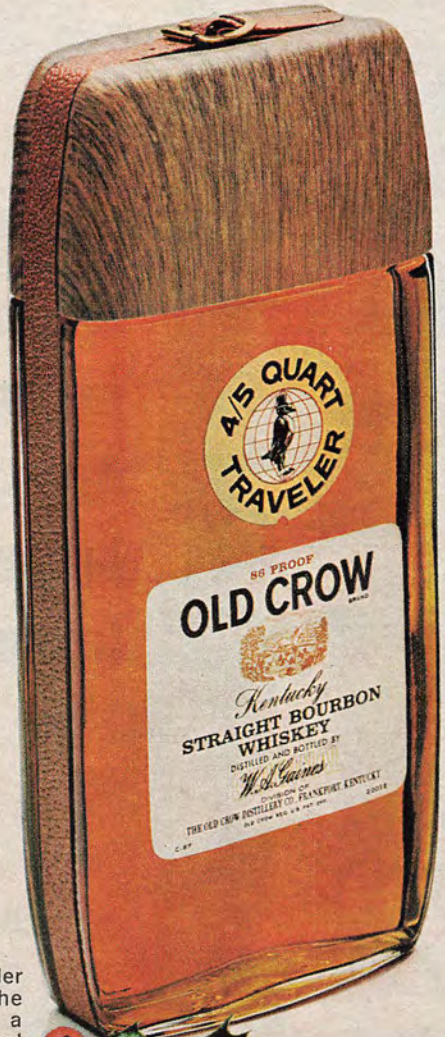
But what good's a mild cigar, if it isn't a fresh cigar? You never have to worry about that problem again. Robt. Burns cigars now come hermetically sealed in the GOLDEN GLOVE.™ It's an airtight foil wrap that brings you cigars as fresh as the day they were made.

Only Robt. Burns can assure you of fresh cigars, time after time after time. Only Robt. Burns has the GOLDEN GLOVE.

Something has indeed happened to Robt. Burns. New mildness. Perfect freshness. Smoke one and see.

©1967 General Cigar Co., Inc.
TM Trademark applied for.

the greatest gift going...



The Old Crow Traveler fifth for around the world. Available in a handsome year-round gift box.

The traditional Old Crow fifth for around the home. Gift wrapped at no extra cost.

or staying

Trying to find a gift for a man that's going places? Give him the Old Crow Traveler, the sleek new fifth that packs as flat as a shirt. Or give him Old Crow in the traditional round fifth. Either way Christmas is something to Crow about. Smooth, mellow Old Crow. It's like no other. That's why it's the largest selling Bourbon in the world.

KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY 86 PROOF. DISTILLED AND BOTTLED BY THE FAMOUS OLD CROW DISTILLERY CO., FRANKFORT, KY.

Single-bullet theory...5.6 seconds...the grassy knoll. The familiar, ugly words refuse to fade away. Last summer, in a four-hour telecast, CBS News attempted to answer some of the nagging questions which perplex the world. To many it appeared that critics of the Warren Report would be silenced. Now, in retrospect, TRUE can reveal what CBS did right–while Mark Lane, author of *Rush to Judgment*, blasts what they did wrong. The result? Many people *still* want to know

WHO KILLED KENNEDY?

turn page...

■ "We never expected to solve the mystery," Leslie Midgley says. "All we ever hoped to do was to clarify what the Warren Commission had said and what all the evidence seemed to show. Naturally, we had some thoughts about what it might show." Midgley was a newspaper reporter for many years and is now an executive producer for CBS News. He was the producer of last summer's controversial four-hour telecast which analyzed and reevaluated the Warren Report.

What did he think the evidence might show? Well, Midgley is a newsman and he knows what makes news. "Nothing would have pleased me more," he says, "than to have found a second assassin. We looked for one and it isn't our fault that we didn't find one. But the evidence just isn't there."

Richard S. Salant, Midgley's boss and president of CBS News, echoes these thoughts. "At the beginning, most of us were very doubtful about the Report and I would have been willing to bet that the conclusions we would finally come to would be critical. But as we worked on the project, we gradually changed our minds. There are a lot of things wrong with the Warren Report and the way it was done, but I now think that, basically, it's correct."

Salant, with perhaps pardonable pride, thinks the CBS effort was a tremendous success. "After that, I really thought I should retire and rest on my laurels," he says. "We'll never be able to top it. The boys did a great job."

But, of course, the element of sensation was lacking. After spending nine months and at least $250,000 on the job, CBS came to the boring conclusion that Oswald—alone—killed Kennedy. No conspiracy, no second assassin. No earth-shattering revelations, no headline-making scoops.

"Of course, we didn't *prove* that Oswald was the sole assassin," Leslie Midgley says. "But we showed clearly that it *could* have happened that way."

Of the many criticisms that were made of the Warren Report, the two most telling ones concerned the speed with which the murder rifle could have been fired and the so-called "single-bullet theory" which maintained that one bullet wounded both President Kennedy and Texas Gov. John Connally. CBS decided to devise its own tests to lay these matters to rest.

The Warren Commission had, indeed, run tests to clarify both questions. But even defenders of the Report conceded that the Commission tests were not adequate. Oswald had fired from 60 feet up. The Commission's riflemen, reenacting the events, shot from a 30-foot elevation. Oswald had fired at a moving target. In the Commission tests, a series of stationary targets was used. And there were a number of other reasons to doubt the Commission's conclusion that Oswald could have gotten off three shots in the required 5.6 seconds and hit his target.

Similar criticisms were made of the Commission's procedure in testing the single-bullet theory. The Commission, in fact, never tried to have one bullet penetrate a neck, a chest, a wrist and a thigh—which is what actually happened, according to the Report.

Could Oswald have fired [*Continued on page* 72]

The grim mechanics of the assassination—the moving target, the rifle, the blocks of simulated flesh — all these were brought together in an extraordinary, costly research effort. Then, after the shots were fired, CBS News decided

The Warren Report Is Right

BY ANDREW MILLS

ILLUSTRATED BY DON IVAN PUNCHATZ

dip

■ CBS News presented *The Warren Report* on four consecutive evenings beginning Sunday, June 25, 1967. In a press release dated June 13, the network referred to its broadcasts as "unprecedented." Very likely the four programs were dissimilar in length and expense from that which had gone before, but the conclusion offered was not unlike that submitted by CBS more than two and a half years earlier. On Sunday evening, September 27, 1964, only three days after the Warren Report was issued, CBS News presented its first Warren Report documentary. That program was comprised of carefully edited interviews designed to provide support for the Commission's conclusions.

I was able to screen several hours of the outtakes, the filmed interviews which were not shown to the public. When a witness told CBS News something contrary to the Commission's case, that portion was snipped away and turned into an outtake. Incidentally, my request to CBS for permission to examine the outtakes from last summer's four-hour documentary has been denied.

Although CBS News now states that the second documentary was the result of an objective investigation and that it entered into the matter with no preconception, there are indications, in addition to the original biased program, which cast some doubt on those allegations. Two months before the programs were broadcast, an article in the *Boston Traveler* revealed that the four-hour documentary "may never be aired" unless CBS could uncover new material which in its view had the effect of "weakening the arguments of those who criticize" the Warren Report. Later *The New York Times* reported that the CBS producer had planned the programs as an answer to my book *Rush to Judgment*.

Under the circumstances, I decided to watch the CBS effort very closely. I discovered that the programs were, in a sense, even more deceptive than the original 1964 program designed as a support for the Warren Report.

THE RIFLE TEST

The rifle test conducted by CBS News was probably the most ambitious single project undertaken by the network during the course of its investigation.

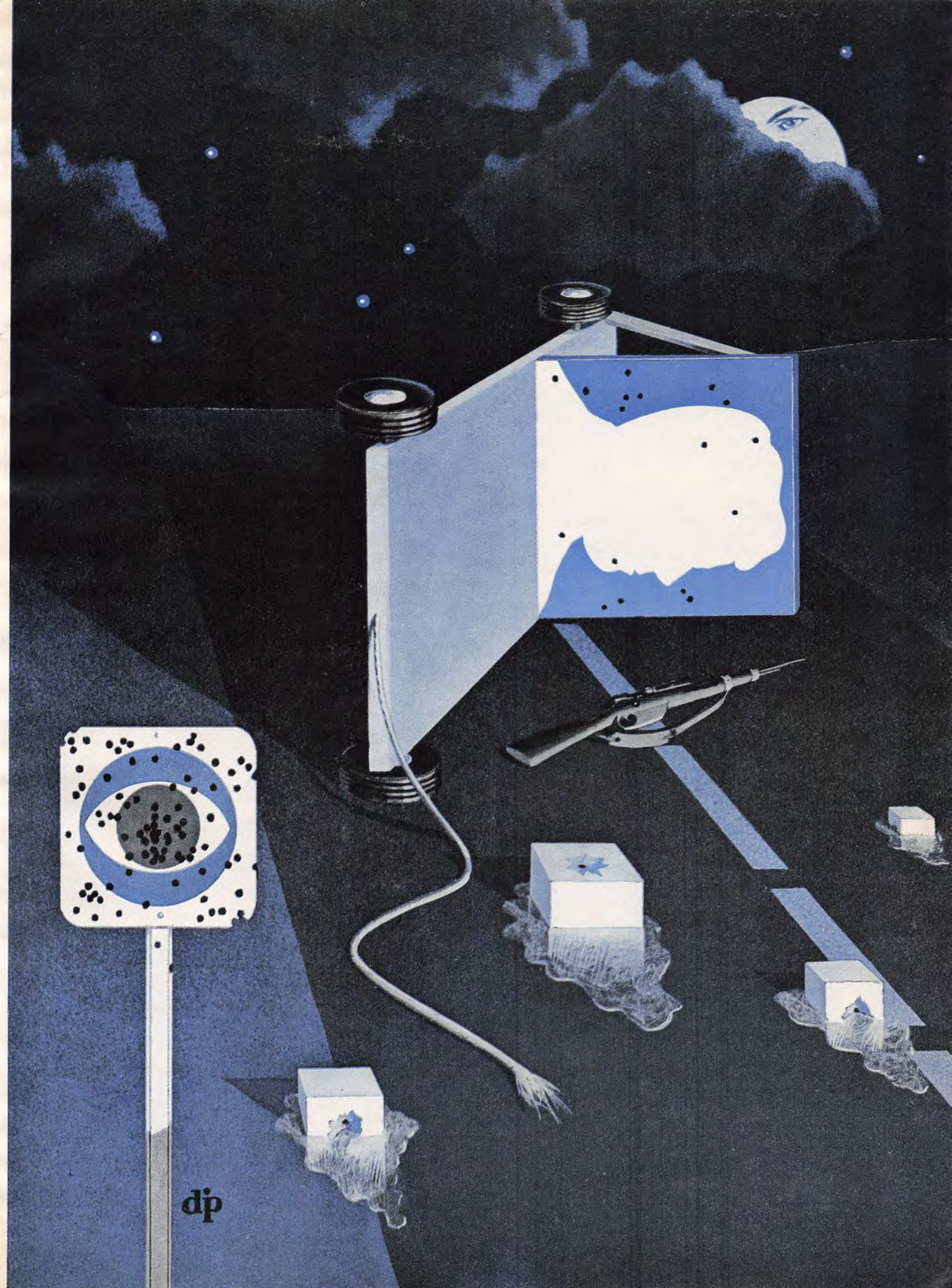
"The rate of fire for this bolt-action rifle and its accuracy against a moving target were critical to the Commission's case against Oswald," Walter Cronkite declared. "And yet, incredibly, all tests for the Commission were fired at stationary targets." He explained that CBS had decided to conduct its own rifle test in order "to explore glaring omissions in the tests fired for the Commission."

The weapon itself, of course, was the key factor in any rifle test attempting to simulate or duplicate the circumstances of the assassination. Under optimum conditions, CBS would have used Commission Exhibit 139, the alleged assassination rifle itself, but that weapon is presently in the custody of the National Archives and could not be secured. Neither was the network able to obtain from the Archives an apparently identical Mannlicher-Carcano which the [*Continued on page* 78]

In an irreverent and skeptical analysis of television's elaborate attempt to rerun the assassination, the Warren Commission's leading critic blasts holes in the script and concludes

CBS Is Wrong

BY MARK LANE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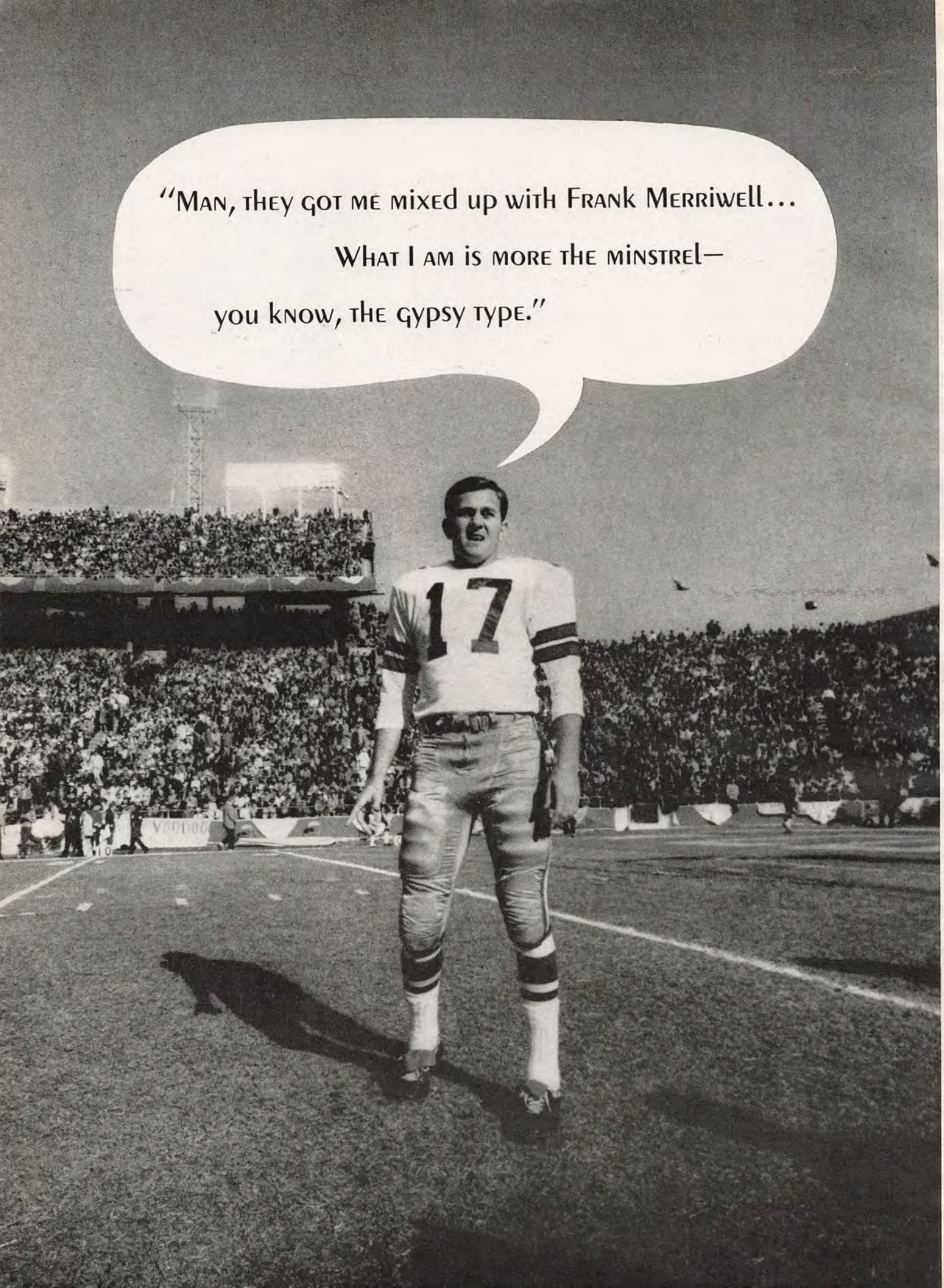

"Man, they got me mixed up with Frank Merriwell...
What I am is more the minstrel—
you know, the gypsy type."
17

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY DENNIS BLACK

Sports
BY AL STUMP

DANDY DON'S WAR WITH TEXAS

When he's in the mood, Dallas Cowboys quarterback Don Meredith may be the best signal caller around. The rest of the time he drives his coach, the fans and the whole Lone Star State mad by clowning, singing in the huddle and improvising wacky plays

DALLAS, TEXAS

■ Steve Perkins is the football expert for the *Times-Herald* of Dallas, Texas. His isn't the easiest job in the world, because Texans take their football as seriously as oil and the Alamo. Not long ago Perkins answered the office phone, and a fan roundly cursed him out for writing something nice about the Dallas Cowboys quarterback Don "Dandy Man" Meredith. It was about the 500th time the sportswriter had listened to a fan damn him for not damning Meredith. Suddenly Perkins was fed up. He found himself screaming curses back at the caller. When Perkins had finished, the subscriber said he was coming right down with his six gun and shoot Perkins full of holes.

This, consistently, has been the effect the 29-year-old, skinny-legged, twangy-voiced, long-sideburned Meredith has had on people since he joined the Cowboys in 1960. Season ticketholders have cashed in their precious Cotton Bowl seats on account of him. President-General Manager Texas E. Schramm of the Cowboys once developed a nagging headache because of him. In Pittsburgh, midway in the 1965 season, coach Tom Landry, a leader of rigid self-discipline, locked the clubhouse door and sat down and wept—because of the man called Dandy. "At one time, we had to stop introducing him before home games," says President Schramm. "They could hear the boos in Oklahoma and New Mexico."

In 1966 the Dandy Man led the Cowboys to their first divisional NFL championship. Until then Dallas had a six-year record of 53 defeats and 25 wins and four ties, and many fans blamed Meredith for the team's miserable performance. He started his pro career with Dallas in its first season and didn't fulfill hopes that he'd quickly become the superstar quarterback the team needed. Now that the Cowboys have moved up to first place, signs of forgiveness can be seen. To some fans, Dandy has become a hero. But many Texans continue to look upon their happy-go-lucky signal caller as a no-good, empty-headed show-off and a disgrace to the Lone Star State. "Up until last year," says Steve Perkins, "anathema only begins to describe what Don was to the public. He cooled some of the hatred by looking good in '66, but far from all of it."

What has been his crime? As a high-school boy, Meredith was a hot passer and runner. At Southern Methodist University he was an All-American and class president. Last year he threw 24 touchdown passes and galloped for 30 more points, steered the Cowboys through a 10-3-1 campaign, and, in the NFL championship play-off, had the Green Bay Packers on the ropes before they scraped out a victory in the final seconds. Some selectors rated him ahead of the Packers' Bart Starr. (He won the Bert Bell Trophy as the year's Number One quarterback.) When he has a hot hand, nobody in history has blazed like the Dandy; in one four-game stretch last winter he passed and rushed

for 16 touchdowns and more than 1,000 yards. On top of that he drinks very little Scotch and water and plays despite the worst sort of injuries.

What riles Texans, basically, is that Meredith doesn't live and breathe The Game. He has other interests. He has (a) clear hazel eyes with which to appreciate nature and uses them (b) lungs and vocal chords to sing with, which function constantly and (c) a heart so full of joy-of-life that when it's first-and-10 on the enemy five-yard-line, the well-traveled Dandy often seems to be thinking of a sunset he saw in Bangkok (spring of '67), a crap table he struck hard in Monte Carlo ('58) or a poem he wrote about sheep grazing in a Mexican meadow ('64).

The Dandy Man got his nickname, in part, because he runs a football team the way Edward, Prince of Wales, once rode horses and governed England: with flair, but erratically.

Meredith was born to set records. Among the superlatives he merits is his dubious distinction of being the most beat-up quarterback in the country. A Unitas, a Starr or a Ryan gets off lucky compared to what he has endured. You start with four spinal concussions and a separated shoulder. Then you go to a knee twice torn loose from its hinges, ruptured stomach muscles, a nose splintered flat, a broken jaw and collarbone, contused chest, several skull concussions, seven teeth lost and a collection of ankle, rib, eye and finger injuries. In 12 pro and college seasons he's been in and out of 18 hospitals. His back creaks when he bends and his left knee *plll-inks* when he sits. For reasons his many critics never will understand, the Dandy Man finds his crippling injuries to be funny.

Late last December, on the jet that was carrying the Dallas Cowboys to their season's final game with the New York Giants, star halfback Danny Reeves glanced across the aisle and saw Meredith squeezing his head between both hands and moaning. Reeves told the coach, the coach called the trainer, and the trainer wrung his hands when Meredith lapsed from pain to dizziness. As soon as the plane landed, a car was called to rush the lanky quarterback to a downtown medical center.

Waiting at the gangplank to welcome his old friend Meredith was Jimmy Dean, the country-singer. Dean was shoved aside in the emergency. As the car sped away, Dean, gulping, said in awe, "Jiminy whiz, now Dandy has broken *all* the records. The Cowboys don't even play the Giants until tomorrow and already he's in the hospital!"

When he checked into New York's Bellevue Hospital, Meredith lived up to his reputation as a prankster and carefree character. Doctors went over him carefully, but were unable to tell what was wrong. "Just give me a simple burial, boys," Meredith instructed Cowboys' officials, anxiously gathered in the room. "But if you want to fire 16 guns and half-mast the flag of Texas first, that'd be nice." Stretched on an X-ray table in pain, Dandy rendered bars of songs he is famous for singing in nightclubs: "I Ain't Goin' Back To No Wild Rodeo," followed by "Travelin' Man."

It was decided, finally, that he was suffering a delayed reaction to a head-on tackle he'd taken the previous Sunday from Sam Huff, of the Washington Redskins. Counting the stitches, lumps and scars on Dandy's 6-foot 3-inch, 190-pound body, Bellevue doctors said, "We don't see how you got through the season. How can one man get hurt so much?"

"It's easy," explained Meredith. "I have 10 guys out there with me who play Russian Roulette football. Every time they miss their blocks and I get only half-slaughtered, they say, cheerful as all hell, 'Well, that's one that missed. Let's try it again, boys.' You sure have to admire their persistence. They're gonna stick right with it until they get me killed."

Meredith treats his critics just as lightly as he does his injuries. "Man, it seems they got me mixed up with Frank Merriwell of Yale," he says with a roguish grin. "What I am is more the minstrel—you know, the gypsy type."

One morning a few months ago, while taking an arm rubdown, he commented on his problems, as he sees them. "Right now I'm in pretty fair odor with the fans, but you never know what'll happen next. One time I got about 7,000 letters callin' me a dirty rat. Another time Roy Rogers—good ol' Roy—came out to the Cotton Bowl to watch us play, and the crowd—that was *really* awful—bombarded him with ice cubes and other junk. They got the idea, I guess, that he's a buddy of mine."

Among the more catastrophic plays called in modern pro history was one produced by Meredith on his home field against the Cleveland Browns. It came at a time in 1965 when Dallas had won four of their opening nine games, a big achievement for this club. Fans were excited at the chance their boys had to escape another basement finish. "Imagine the scene," said Meredith. "The biggest crowd ever in the Cotton Bowl, over 76,000, was goin' wild, man, wild. We're behind 24-17 with minutes to go, but we're down on the Cleveland one-yard-line. And it's first down.

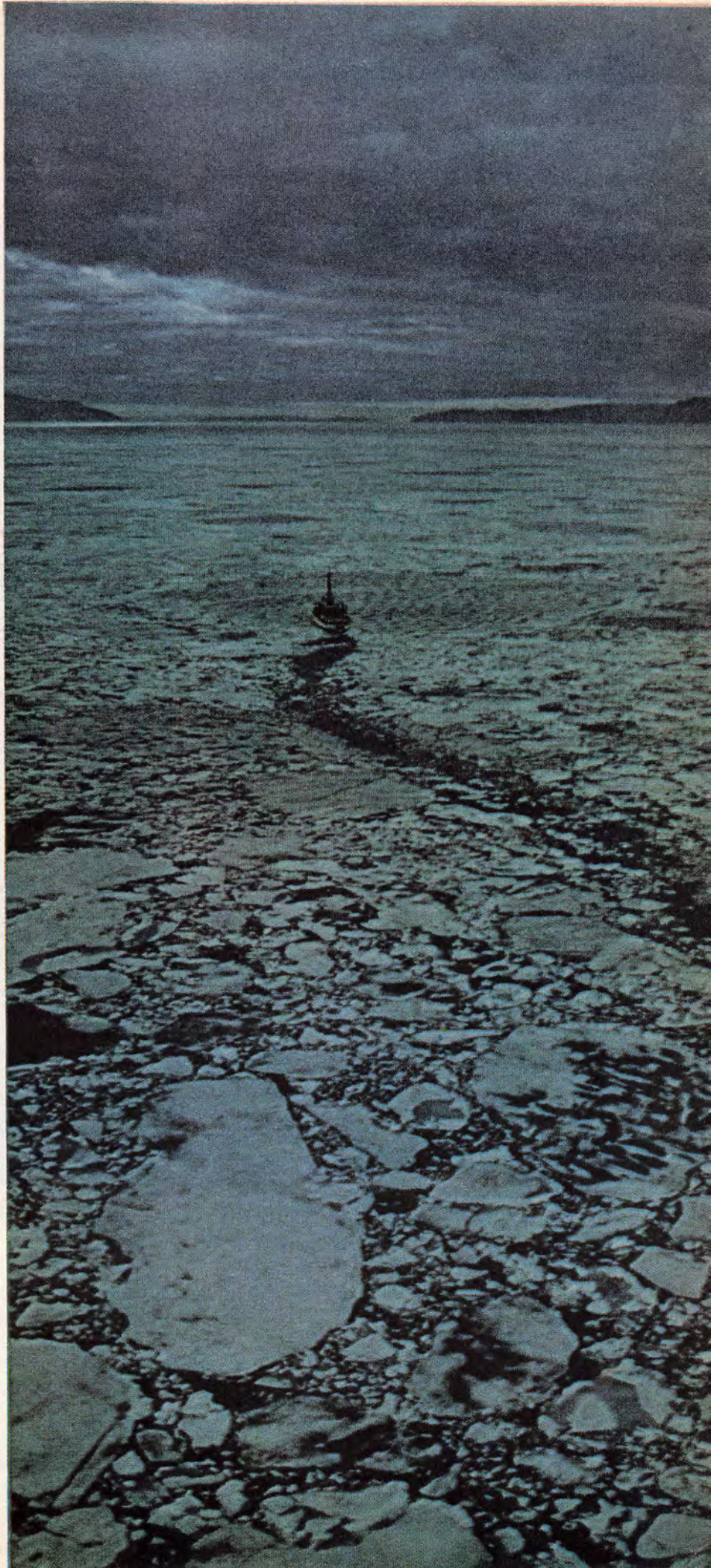
"We're in the huddle. And I see nothin' but grim determination. We got four chances to score. Naturally the Browns figure we'll try to buck it over. So does every man in that huddle an' every human in the stands. And that's when I had the idea that it'd be smart—a sensational thing—to throw that hide to our end, Frank Clarke. Frank can catch 'em blindfolded."

The Dandy scratched his mop of uncombed brown hair. "Play didn't work," [*Continued on page* 83]

Adventure
BY ROY BONGARTZ

A LONELY, RUGGED ROAD THROUGH ICE AND SEA

Life on an icebreaker is cold, yet warm; dangerous, yet safe; hard, yet comfortable. Above all, say the men of the U. S. Coast Guard, it is "the best duty there is . . ."



■ **THURSDAY:** The first day. The piercing brilliance of the sharp horizon of monstrous icebergs and vast floes shot through my sunglasses and seemed to burst inside my head. Under a blazing pale-blue sky I stood on the flying bridge of the United States Coast Guard cutter *Edisto,* a 6,500-ton icebreaker out of Boston, as she sailed from the harbor of Thule. The American air base at Thule, on the northwest shoulder of Greenland, is one of our great outer defenses, but it depends on supplies delivered by ship, and in the brief summer here, a passage through the persistent ice must be kept free. Majestically *Edisto* cut into the blue-black water, heading again for her frozen element. Already she had broken through all

It's a battle: 200 men vs. ice that's five feet thick

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY ALBERT FENN

Time aboard the *Edisto* is a kaleidoscope of work and pleasure, from swinging band to swinging (TRUE) photographer. Helmsmen navigator and bubble-enclosed helicopter pilots all play vital roles as the icebreaker forges a way through frozen seas.

of Baffin Bay with a sister ship, *Southwind,* to open up Thule on the Fourth of July, and then had gone south to bring in the *Craig,* the season's first freighter.

Edisto—she is 269 feet long, with a 63-foot beam—aimed straight for an ice block about the size of a three-car garage, and I braced myself. Having just flown in to the air base to board the icebreaker, I was having my first look at the Arctic. The bow of the ship, which slopes sharply back underwater in a spoon shape, banged hard into the ice with a resounding bump, and the vessel lurched like an off-balance elephant, to settle back

COAST GUARD

An icebreaker is a capsule in a world as hostile as space

A chopper comes in for a deck landing, and wet-suited divers go over the side practicing for the dreaded call: "Man overboard!" When virile young crewmen grow restless, they exercise on the flight deck. Overseeing all, is Captain William Earle, for whom this life in the land of the midnight sun is "the best."

on course. Standing next to me was the energetic chief quartermaster, John C. Pond, Jr., who said, "That was an old piece. They get tougher every year they last." But the floe broke and bobbed by as the ship picked up momentum.

The bow, of one-and-five-eighths-inch-thick high-tensile steel plates, braced by girders made of half-inch steel placed 18 inches apart, could withstand a million pounds' pressure. "If we hit something with that force, it might dent us," admitted the engineering officer, Lieut. Com. Richard Buell. Heavy bulkheads seal off the bow in the unlikely *[Continued on page 89]*

ILLUSTRATED BY E. RASKIN

Spirit of Christmas Past

■ My eyes open to a chill gray-blue light, a hint of dawn. The neighborhood is a silence.

The thick rug is voluptuous and warm under bare feet. The lamp in my reading corner throws a mellow glow. It is still too early for the newspaper.

I make coffee, light a cigaret and sip, letting wakefulness come. Then I realize something is missing.

There should be child sounds on Christmas morning.

My own daughter went away years ago. Now she is a woman. A half century creeps up on me.

The chair is deep and snug, the room a pleasure. There are cabinets of record albums and rows of bookshelves with hundreds of friends old and new. The wood is beautifully grained teak, rubbed dark. Its soft and rich patina is an ideal surface for staring, for morning musing.... I have a gift for myself. It is an unashamed lapse into nostalgia and sentiment.

Because I now have enough of material things, the wonderings and wantings of a boyhood in depression years seem precious to me. A new jackknife was once a magnificence. A shiny dime had a gem feel and quality.

I luxuriate, desiring only the slap of a newspaper against the door. But it is easy to remember the faces and places of long ago Decembers—the laundryman with his bass-drum voice, his horse stamping snow and snorting great cones of vapor; the mailman, nipping holiday cheer at friendlier kitchens along his route; the old policeman on the corner with black velvet earmuffs slapping his hands for warmth.

In twilight the train from the city screeched and clanged into the station and the men of the neighborhood came home.

My father was among them, the only man in work clothes and looking very tired. He was a sheet-metal worker and had a great pride in his craft. But people were not building new things in the early 1930's. They were making the old ones serve. So he was reduced to cleaning furnaces and patching rusted flues in wet and cold cellars all over the city. For 10 hours daily he crawled and scraped in dust and ashes. A man was lucky to get any kind of work. His face was grimed with soot when he came home, the cheek lines etched black. It took him a long time to scrub out the dirt. I still hold the image clearly: his narrow back and strong arms in long underwear at the washbasin, the suspenders dangling from his trousers as he splashed and shuddered in cold water. He said little, exuding exhaustion. He left in the dark, worked all day in darkness and returned home at dusk. I think now how little light and pleasure was in his life.

After the meal, my father retired to a chair by the radio and a pipe. My mother was "on call" at a nearby hospital for night duty. It didn't pay much but every few dollars were important with Christmas coming.

Being the oldest I often walked her to work in the dark, past a frozen pond and up a hill through woods. At the entrance she always kissed me goodnight and told me to go straight home. I would leave feeling a sadness and loneliness I didn't understand.

In the gloom on the pond a few skaters glided silently like black spirits in a vague and eerie ritual. I walked through soundless empty streets and thought of more benevolent seasons. It was a neighborhood of circa-1900 houses. They brooded under naked oaks and elms waiting for spring. Night drifted into corners like the snow, muffling everything.

Back in the comfort of our living room my father had yielded to the day. The cold briar rested on his chest. The scarred hands, red from scouring, dangled over the arms of his chair.....

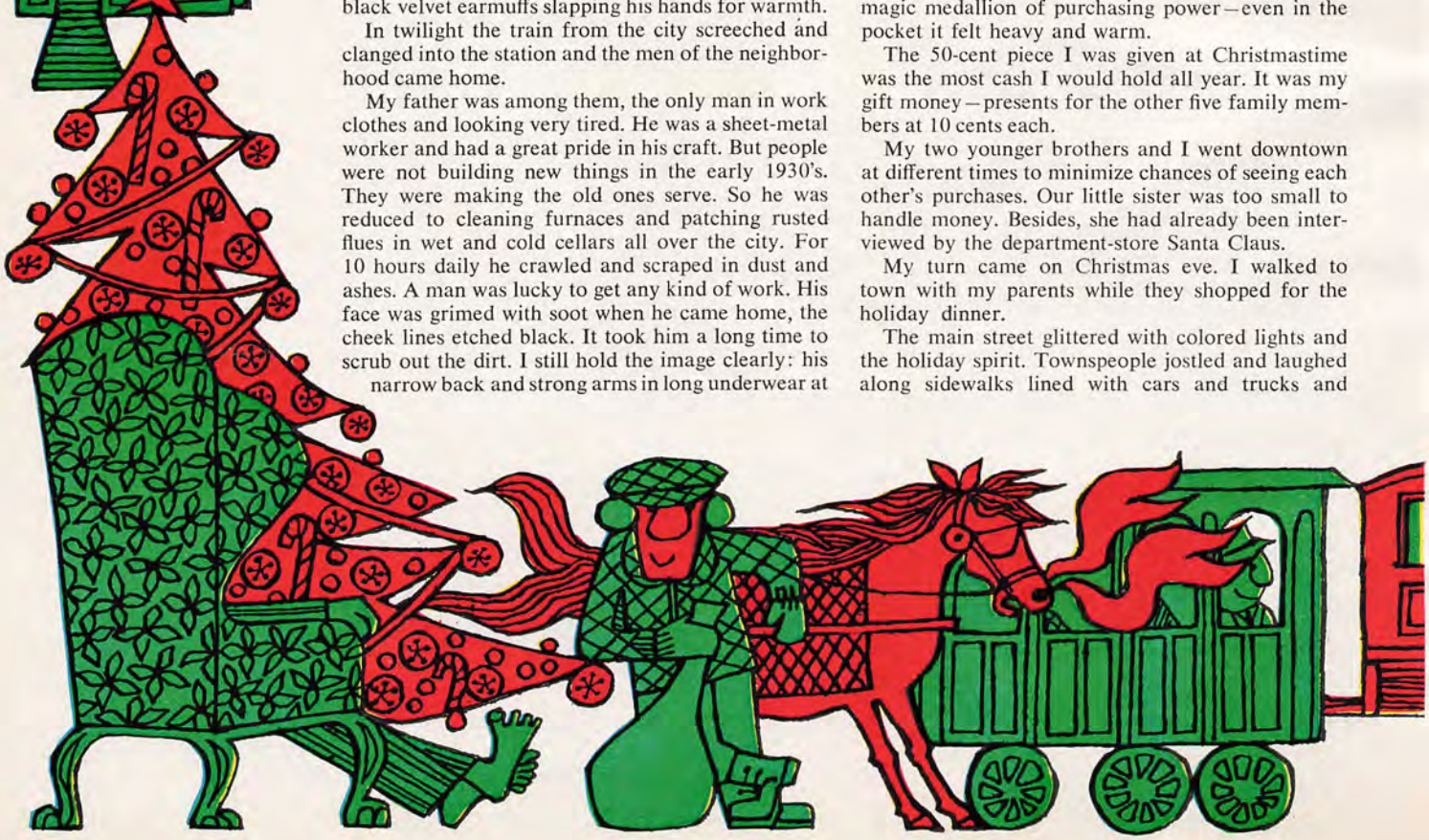
To a small boy in those years a half-dollar was a wondrous coin. It was very large in the fist—a magic medallion of purchasing power—even in the pocket it felt heavy and warm.

The 50-cent piece I was given at Christmastime was the most cash I would hold all year. It was my gift money—presents for the other five family members at 10 cents each.

My two younger brothers and I went downtown at different times to minimize chances of seeing each other's purchases. Our little sister was too small to handle money. Besides, she had already been interviewed by the department-store Santa Claus.

My turn came on Christmas eve. I walked to town with my parents while they shopped for the holiday dinner.

The main street glittered with colored lights and the holiday spirit. Townspeople jostled and laughed along sidewalks lined with cars and trucks and



In this corner
BY ED SHEEHAN

littered with empty crates. There was a different, once-a-year excitement on the scene, a mood on the frost that made the night a special one. Fitful blasts of tepid air issued from shop doors.

In the big market, butchers in flat straw hats mauled beefs under long strings of plump, plucked birds. The scraggly necks of the turkeys hung down with eyes closed. The men slammed great cleavers and the birds' claws and heads fell into sawdust on the floor. They looked small and sad lying there.

The produce section held mounds of pumpkin, squash and bushel baskets of apples filmed with iridescence. Burlap cornucopias spewed fruit and walnuts. Fat haddocks and gleaming mackerel glistened in moist piles, their bright eyes staring up at naked light bulbs. Brownish mottled lobsters clutched and clawed at each other as if sensing their doom.

My mother examined, pinched, assessed and bargained. My father puffed his pipe and nodded when consulted. I fidgeted and waited until they were finished. When they struggled home with the boxes and bags, my money and I were alone. We raced down the street to that palace of pleasure and treasure—the 5 and 10-cent store.

Its crowded aisles were a mother-lode of delight. Ceiling decorations gleamed over a stunning spectrum of colors and smells. Steam heat accented the pine scent of Christmas trees. A heavy, seductive aroma rose from the hot-nut bins and candy section.

Such distractions made selection difficult but painfully and finally it would be done.

For my sister a packet of colored papers that opened magically into glorious blossoms when dunked in a glass of water. For one brother a fancy set of rulers because he liked things-mechanical. For the other, a modeling set of multitinted squares of clay.

I always pondered the purchase for my father with difficulty and always settled on the same thing—three exotic-smelling cigars of a brand he liked but seldom could afford. And for my mother, there would be a dime's worth of romance and glamor in a tiny vial of perfume.

At home later we found hidden corners for gift wrapping. Then my father gathered us for prayers. Kneeling by chairs we parroted the words shamelessly, thinking only of the glories to come with the dawn. Snug under quilts, there was whispered excitement. Two voices murmured from behind a door where the tree was being decorated....

Now the sun rises and my reverie wanes.

In homes touched with love, this morning-of-mornings sparkles everywhere. At this moment, just as we did, children are tumbling from millions of rooms with shrill explosions of happiness. They run to the tree of miracles with its lovely tinseled packages of wonder and surprise. The jeweled lights are made even brighter by near-darkness and sleep-flecked eyes.

I pour fresh coffee and go to the window.

There are child sounds now for the neighborhood is awake. Two little boys burst from a door in cowboy suits and hats, whooping and brandishing shiny six-shooters. Elsewhere, new bikes and space toys are being compared, admired and tested. There is a metallic growl of a skateboard on concrete. A slim lad carries the December-incongruity of a surfboard decorated with a bow of red ribbon. A tiny girl skips out of a nearby driveway with a large doll. It is so lifelike I fear for an instant she will drop it.

I think of the gift I desire above all others. The one I cannot have.

It would be a day—an hour—even a few priceless moments in which I might have my parents back.

I would try to tell them somehow of my gratitude not only for the Christmases, but all the other mornings of warmth and brightness, the gifts I hold dear in memory, their faces and sacrifices, her long hospital nights, his cold, dirty and dreary days. I can't remember ever thanking them. Too late I realized the depth of their giving and the size of their love.

The newsboy is approaching. He has been dependable, always putting the paper under cover in rain. I meet him at the door with a crisp folded bill. He smiles, thanks me politely, and trudges off over winter grass, whistling.

He is about my age, I think. Then realize what I have said to myself.

Before closing the door I notice the man across the street has placed a crucifix ornament atop a Christmas tree in his front yard. It is too heavy for the thin branch and flops over awkwardly.

Merry Christmas, I say.

But it is a murmur and no one is listening.

PROBING VIET NAM'S TUNNELS OF TERROR

DARK, CLAMMY PASSAGES THAT WEAVE THROUGH THE LAND LIKE SUBTERRANEAN SPIDER WEBS, ARE FAVORITE VC HIDING PLACES FOR COMMAND POSTS, WEAPONS—AND FOR THEMSELVES. CLEANING OUT THESE HOLES IS THE EERIEST JOB OF THE WAR

"Tunnel rat" Sgt. William Ahrens gets ready to explore underground passage in Cu Chi.

SAIGON, SOUTH VIET NAM

■ Pfc. Edward Mann checked his watch. The luminescent hands showed 5:25 p.m. A wiry, 19-year-old Georgia lad with the 25th Infantry Division, Mann knew that time was running out in his search for a secondary exit from the maze of zigzagging passages he had been exploring for almost an hour. He was weary from crawling through 150 yards of twisting tunnel, and the stale air six feet below ground level was beginning to make him nauseated. He knew the three men behind him felt the same way and were getting fidgity.

"Let's get out of here, Mann," 1st Lt. Luther DeWalt whispered. "It's getting late."

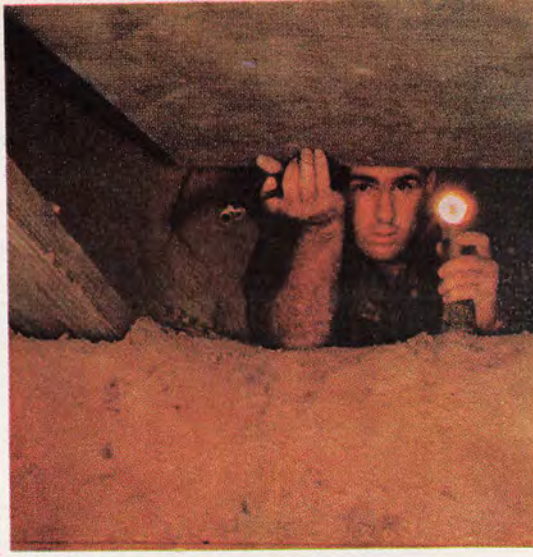
Mann heard the warning, but he'd made up his mind to find that back door to the Viet Cong's subterranean hiding place if it took him all night. As he inched slowly forward on his hands and knees—a miner's lamp in his left hand and a .38 caliber Smith & Wesson revolver in his right—he suddenly felt a wisp of fresh air.

"Hold it," he called quietly over his shoulder. "There's a breeze coming from somewhere. There's a corner up ahead. Let me check around it."

Specialist 4th Class Leroy A. Loudis, a 21-year-old draftee with Charlie Company of the 4th Battalion, 23rd Regiment, stopped about 10 feet behind Mann. Loudis was terrified. All he could think about was Pfc. James Teixeira, a demolition expert from the 61st Engineers, who a few hours earlier had been the first man to go into that tunnel. He had lost an eye and suffered a

BY
ROBERT STOKES
AND
PAUL AVERY

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY ROBERT J. ELLISON



Wary Pfc. Bruce Dapprich uncovers booby trap under trapdoor.

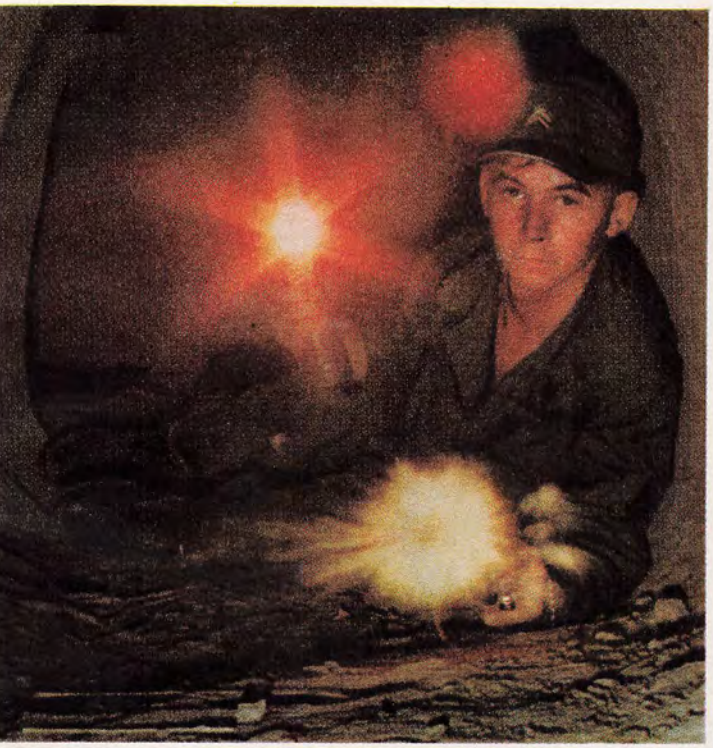
Sgt. Ahrens checks before moving. Photos were taken at 25th Division Tunnel School.

serious stomach wound when a VC chucked a grenade through a trapdoor as Teixeira was setting a TNT charge under it.

The wounded soldier had been med-evacuated and the task of checking out the tunnel complex was continuing. Loudis, like his three companions, figured the VC were still down there, somewhere, listening, hoping to catch them off guard. The silence was eerie.

"If you push the panic button down there, you've had it"

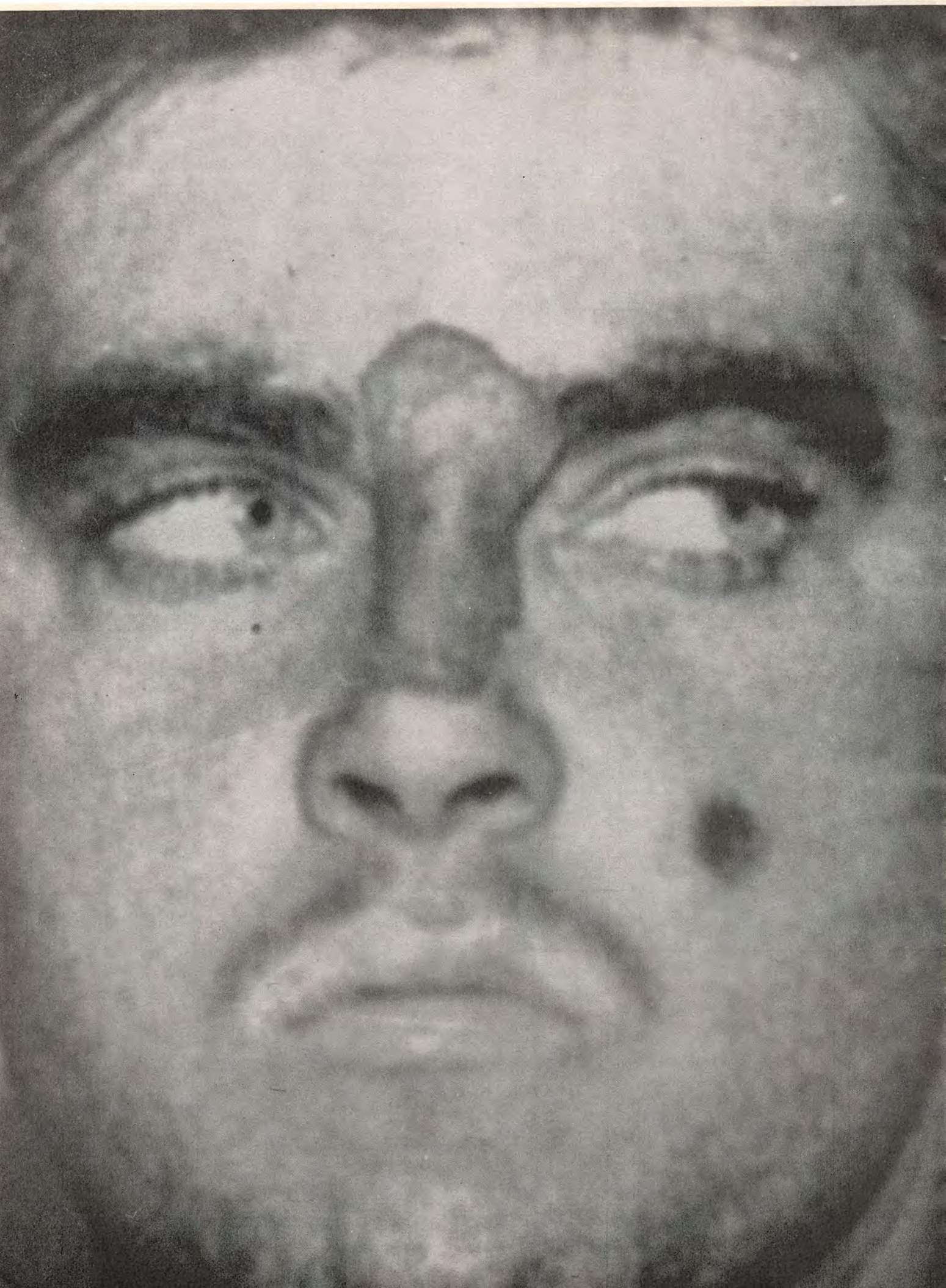
Sgt. Jackie Porter locates typical VC weapons cache.



Crouched in a narrow corridor, Sgt. Billy O'Dell fires tracer shell through the gloom.

Mann's voice trickled back to Loudis' position. "Wait a minute...it goes down...I'm going to check it out." Sgt. Leonard Frazier, only a couple of yards in back of Mann, tried to call him off. "Come on, Eddie, it's too late. Let's go."

A sudden burst from an automatic weapon, only a short distance from them, froze DeWalt, Loudis and (Continued on page 95)



THE PIED PIPER OF TUCSON

HE KILLED IN COLDEST BLOOD

Hair dyed, an ugly fake mole planted on his cheek, tin cans stuffed into his boots to make him taller – Charles Howard Schmid, Jr., was the strange idol of a wild group of teen-agers. Then three girls disappeared and a horrified nation began to learn just how weird he really was

BY DON MOSER AND JERRY COHEN

A TRUE Book Condensation

■ He seemed more of a caricature than a reality, an implausible burlesque of young American manhood. His looks were absurd, his manner arrogant, his speech affected, his conduct outrageous. He was a bully and a braggart. A liar and a womanizer. A self-proclaimed big-time operator and a mama's boy. A cheap poseur, infected with grandiose ideas and sick delusions.

But to a broad spectrum of bored, rootless youth in Tucson, Arizona, in the mid-1960's, he came on with a brutish, irresistible magnetism. He was a cool Pied Piper, with a dirty, unshaven face and piercing blue eyes, and those who danced to his tune shared a common itch: a craving for excitement, a need to introduce into their bleak young lives some quality of difference. And by the time the dance ended, he had shaken up the whole town, not just the youngsters.

His far-out appearance and antic style were his own wild creation. But he was born to one inheritance that no amount of self-tampering could alter: While he possessed the physique of a Greek god, there wasn't enough of it. At 23, he was only five feet, three inches tall, and he hated being short.

So he compensated.

He dyed his reddish hair black, bronzed his features with pancake makeup, whitened his lips with a pale cream cosmetic stick. Adorning his face with phony imperfections, he plastered a dark dot of putty on one cheek and gradually built it up until it resembled a hideous black mole. He hurt his nose once (or claimed he did), and over the real or imagined damage he taped a wide bandage, which he wore like a badge; it stayed there for weeks, turning from dirty gray to nearly black.

To appear taller, he stuffed a three-inch layer of tin cans and rags in improbable knee-high boots, in which he stumbled along so painfully that many thought him a cripple. He didn't mind at all, since he often played upon the sympathy of girls by fabricating outlandish stories of personal handicap, each overripe with self-pity.

While plucking heartstrings by claiming he had leukemia and only a short time to live, he polished a more heroic image, one of carefree daring, and the girls found it equally appealing. He smuggled dope out of Mexico for a living, he bragged; and he boasted that he knew "100 different ways of making love."

Each of his 130 pounds was solid muscle and bone. He often bandaged his hands, and claimed they'd been

Condensed from the book *The Pied Piper of Tucson*, copyright © 1967 by Don Moser and Jerry Cohen. Published by The New American Library, Inc.

hurt in a fight he had won. Although he had been a champion gymnast as a schoolboy, he reserved his later athletic prowess for diving exhibitions before impressionable young eyes at the public swimming pool. The nymphets admired his body arching through the air, but his conversation was the clincher.

He drove sharp cars, fast and well. He was flashy with money—his parents' money—and generous with doles to those he could use. He hung out at hamburger palaces, juke joints, and bowling alleys, where they told him he looked like Elvis Presley, which he did, a little. Anywhere the action was. And for Charles Howard Schmid, Jr.—Smitty, to his friends—young girls were the action, the younger the better. Six, seven, even nine years his junior. He was an unlikely Casanova, with vain and kooky ways. But to many an empty, searching girl, his renegade charm was overwhelming. Quite literally, it proved fatal for three of them.

The first one was Alleen Rowe, pert, dimpled, sweet-natured, a bleached blonde. Ironically, had her hair been any other shade, it is unlikely that Smitty would have wasted a second glance on her. She wasn't skinny enough. He liked his girls skinny, as well as blonde, either real or dyed. But beside being blonde, Alleen, at 15, was just the right age to whet Smitty's interest.

On the night of May 31, 1964, Alleen bathed, washed her ivory-colored hair, and arranged it in curlers. The evening was uncomfortably hot, as is customary at that time of year in Tucson, an improbable, wildly growing metropolis smack in the middle of Arizona desert. But neither the fierce heat nor the prospect of a school exam the next day dimmed Alleen's cheerfulness.

Mrs. Norma Rowe, a handsome divorcée, was pleased with her daughter's high spirits.

Mrs. Rowe watched fondly as Alleen, wearing thongs and a black bathing suit, flopped about their small but pleasant bungalow on the southeasterly edge of Tucson. She thought nothing odd about her daughter's attire; Alleen often wore a bathing suit on hot nights.

Down the street, 18-year-old Mary Rae French sat in her home with two young men upon whom Mrs. Rowe looked with disfavor. One of the youths was John Saunders, also 18; the other was Smitty.

Smitty did most of the talking. What he proposed sent chills through Mary and John. But they sat transfixed, mesmerized by a combination of repulsion and fascination. Smitty had a way of bending to his will those who fell under his spell, and none were more ideal subjects than these two. Both were bored with their lives and deeply beset by emotional troubles, pathetic creatures drawn to the real or imagined adventure the volatile Smitty appeared to offer.

Mary French had met Smitty about a year after arriving in Tucson from Rapid City, South Dakota, in March, 1963. Family acquaintances considered her a quiet girl. But quiet Mary soon revealed great depths of passion beneath the searing Arizona sun and during the lustrous desert nights. According to a friend, she fell "fantastically in love with Smitty."

What Smitty, whose absurd appearance, bizarre conduct and "beautiful eyes" dazzled scads of impressionable teen-age girls, saw in Mary French remains a puzzler. At 18, she was entirely too old (Smitty liked his chicks younger, 16 at the most); she wasn't even a blonde; and she was a bit of a frump, with a lumpish face and shapeless body.

Mary dropped out of school in the winter of 1964. She wasn't slow-witted or unimaginative; she simply didn't seem to want to attend classes. What she really wanted, believed acquaintances, was a place of her own away from her family. She never quite got that. But, for a month, she and Smitty lived together as man and wife in a small cottage that Smitty's parents had provided for him.

John Saunders was a slender, good-looking boy with a high, unruly head of hair. His appealing appearance, however, hid a wracked inner man, with a discouraging childhood and a disordered adolescence behind him. One of three brothers in a pious Catholic family of four children, as a baby he had been afflicted with such severe allergies that his parents had bound his hands and feet to the crib each night to keep him from scratching himself. Later he could not go to sleep without being tied up.

In school Saunders was "just a skinny little body with a big head on it." He had few friends and a penchant for trouble. His classmates thought him "weird." He moved from one high school to another, and finally gave up for good. The family home in Tucson was a unit in a garish, multicolored apartment development, one of those rectangular housing complexes which even in that sun-struck land reflect little human warmth.

Alleen Rowe was something else again. Her grades generally were well above average; her teachers thought highly of her, as did most of her classmates. A sensitive girl, she liked romantic novels and long walks in the desert. She hoped to attend college and study oceanography. But she was not blind to Smitty's curious magnetism. "He's creepy, just makes me crawl," she told her mother. "But he can be nice when he wants to." [*Continued on page* 107]

Many fishermen have caught marlin, but one Hawaiian caught his without even a pole or a boat

ILLUSTRATED BY KYO TAKAHASHI

THE DAMNEDEST FISH STORY EVER

Fishing

BY BARNABY CONRAD

■ In the archives of ones-that-didn't-get-away, it is unlikely that anyone will ever top Arnold Howard's feat. On a Thursday afternoon in June, 1966, this genial 42-year-old coffee farmer from Kona, Hawaii, aroused the envy and admiration of every man who has ever cast a line into the ocean.

Actually he didn't even *cast* a line. And while he made fishing history, he didn't do it from one of those luxurious sport-fishing cruisers with fancy tackle. His most vital piece of equipment was a little raft such as kids play with in ponds the world over.

Like many a day when he had enough spare time from his coffee fields, Arnold headed for the South Point, near Punaluu, and clambered down the volcanic rocks to the edge where it drops off to the water. Instead of a rod and reel he had a long sturdy nylon handline to which several branch lines of 150-pound test were attached, all baited with apelu—the local mackerel. Though he fished mainly for sport, today Arnold was determined to take home a good meal, maybe even a big 20 or 30 pound *ahi*—the yellow fin tuna that cruises along the coast. For a week he had promised his pretty Hawaiian-Chinese wife and children a treat; if today he caught a good sized ahi they would have a big luau and invite all the neighbors.

The difficulty was in getting the bait out to the really deep water where the big ahis were; no one could possibly cast that far. Out of his gear box Arnold took a foot-square board, and fitted a little mast into the hole on its "deck" whittling it to make it fit just right. To this he attached a cloth sail, and then wedged his line into a split in the raft. Very carefully he lowered it down to the water. Immediately the offshore wind caught the little craft and took it out to sea—200, 300, 400 yards. When he could see that the raft was over the underwater ledge that dropped off to 100 fathoms, he stopped paying out line for here was where the big fish fed. He lit a cigaret and sat back to wait, the line wrapped around his wrist.

It was a typically beautiful Hawaiian day, the kind they take for granted, with just enough breeze to keep Arnold comfortable and the sailboat out there over the ledge. An hour went by with no action at all, and he began to get sleepy. Then it happened. First he felt a sharp jerk which alerted him. Some 20 seconds later came a tremendous jolt which almost pulled him off the ledge. He gasped in disbelief as he saw a great blue-black-and-silver shape explode out of the water. Quickly he unwrapped the line from his wrist, and the nylon seared through his fingers as some monstrous fish sounded. Arnold pulled himself together. He let the line run free for a moment until there was enough slack so that he could pull some around his waist with his left hand. Then he tightened up with both hands and leaned back, his feet braced against a boulder, like a wrangler in a corral waiting for a lassoed mustang to hit the end of the lariat. Again there was an explosion from the water, and Arnold saw that he was tied on to a marlin, the biggest marlin he had ever seen. This time he was ready, and at the apex of the leap Arnold threw his weight backwards, tipping the great fish over so that it smacked down hard on its side. But the fish took off again, the line burning deep into the fisherman's hands. With only 50 feet of line left, Arnold managed to stop it. Again the fish leapt, and again Arnold tipped it over; this time he managed to recover some line, hauling it in frantically hand over hand.

After 45 grueling minutes Arnold had the nine-foot fish close to the rocks. He grabbed his tuna gaff and worked his way slowly down the jagged rocks, hauling in line as he went. Carefully he waited for a clean shot with the gaff; this was no place to miss and fall in. Closer and closer he eased the fish. Then, hanging on to a boulder with his left hand, he leaned way out and lunged down with the gaff. It sunk into the fish's head perfectly, but when Arnold tried to haul back on it the creature gave a [*Continued on page* 101]

621 AOK

A Magician and his Mighty Mini

Alec Issigonis is the improbable designer of one of the world's most improbable automobiles—Britain's tiny-but-roomy, frumpy-but-fast, all-things-to-all-men Mini-car. For $1500 you can have the 42-miles-per-hour version; for $2200 the 100-miles-per-hour version; and for $6000, the absolute luxury version. They're all only 10 feet long

Automotive
BY CHARLES N. BARNARD

■ It is usually as hard to find agreement on what is a good-looking automobile as it is to satisfy several Martini drinkers with one proportion of vermouth. But in 1959 the British Motor Corporation introduced a tiny sedan called the Mini and it produced a stunning display of public unanimity: almost everyone who saw the $1500 car agreed on one thing: it was ugly.

Even to Britons, long accustomed to small, ugly cars, the Mini looked like a bread box on wheels—like a car designed to hold clowns in a circus act. The body seemed to be formed tin-woodman style with seams turned out; the small wheels were at each corner like the castors on a bed. A competitor said, "The Mini looks like it should come with an oil can, a screwdriver and a small tube of glue to mend it with."

And that, as with other commercial products which do not please the buyer's eye, might have been the end of it. Curiously, however, it wasn't, for the Mini, like a couple of other ugly ducklings named Volkswagen and Model-T, has proceeded not to oblivion but to a fame all its own. Front-wheel drive and a sideways-mounted engine made it not only mechanically unique but also the roomiest 10-foot automobile in the world. In eight years over three-million Minis and their immediate cousins have gone swarming onto the roads of England and 150 other countries. Nearly one car in five in Britain is now in the Mini design family—and in London, it is more like one in three. (In Germany, after 22 years of postwar production, one car in three is a Volkswagen. In the U.S., after 56 years of manufacturing, about one car in four is a Chevrolet.)

Overseas, the Mini was one of the first automobiles of the postwar era to seriously challenge the Volkswagen in world markets. In the U.S., an attempt in 1960 to market the original 10-foot Mini failed (B.M.C. says now that it was "too little, too soon" for the American market), but the slightly larger MG sports sedan version has done better. In other world markets, the Mini picture is brighter. The car is outselling Volkswagen in Italy, Portugal, Australia and New Zealand.

In its own homeland, the marvelous Mini is, however, in a class by itself. For one thing, it put its name into the English language where it came to mean anything that is small. The term "mini," now inextricably related with skirts, was initiated in England by the all-popular car. In the early 60's it spread over the United Kingdom like a contagious prefix. There were mini-films (short subjects), mini-burgers (small sandwiches), mini-bras (to be worn with low-cut dresses), mini-cigars (for between the acts), mini-meat pies (for quick snacks), mini-holidays (like a four-day weekend)—and, finally, mini-skirts.

The feisty little car has also totally upset long-established lines of class distinction among England's motorists. Minis, in addition to being small, are such agile and spirited performers that they often bestow a Walter

Issigonis, chief designer for British Motor Corporation, looms through sun roof of a Morris-brand Mini-car.

38
WALTHAMSTOW LEYTON
DALSTON ISLINGTON
PICCADILLY CIRCUS
HYDE PARK CORNER
PICCADILLY CIRCUS
317 CDL
4599

Mitty-like aggressiveness on their drivers. Jaguar and Bentley drivers, the heretofore lordships of the road, have as a consequence learned not to offer challenges to Minis.

A British motor magazine has summed it all up by saying, "If you already have a Mini, a Rolls-Royce makes an ideal second car."

Although the extent of the transportation revolution brought about in England by the Mini was certainly not anticipated, the characteristics of the automobile and the function it was designed to fulfill were quite deliberately calculated. In 1956 Britain had a one-week war with Egypt over the Suez Canal. As a result, petroleum supplies from the Middle East were cut off and gasoline was rationed at the rate of from six to 10½ imperial gallons per car per month. Suddenly worried British buyers wanted transport that would deliver the maximum miles that their few gallons of fuel could provide. At first they turned to so-called "bubble cars"—strange looking two-seaters, some of them with only three wheels and lawn-mower-type engines, which were being manufactured by former German aircraft makers like Heinkel and Messerschmitt. But these were not truly automobiles—and, besides, their names brought back disturbing memories. What Britain wanted was a new car of her own—one which would carry at least four passengers, have an engine large enough to stand stress, with a price tag low enough for the average man to afford—and, above all, to use gasoline as if it were made by Chanel and priced accordingly.

Sir Leonard Lord, then president of B.M.C. (Britain's largest car manufacturer which had been formed by the merger of Austin and Morris in 1952) put the challenge to his chief engineer, A. A. Issigonis.

Issigonis, an uncommon character whose socks didn't always match, who built model railroad trains for fun and who steadfastly refused to wear a watch, had been designing cars or parts of cars ever since his student days at London's Battersea Polytechnic school. His career had moved slowly and his reputation as an engineer was hardly known outside his own industry. In fact, it had been pure chance that he had even attended an English school in the first place. He was born in Smyrna, Turkey, in 1906, the only child of a Greek marine engine designer and a Bavarian-born mother. When he was 16, Turkish armies under Attaturk drove the Greeks from Smyrna and during the family's flight to safety, young Issigonis' father died. His mother eventually made her way to London with her son.

"I'm sure I had never even seen an automobile until I was eight or nine or 10 years old," Issigonis says today. "The first car I saw was either a Willys-Overland or a Model-T Ford, I don't remember which—but I do remember I was enormously interested in it." So much so that when he came to England to complete his education, it was automo- [*Continued on page* 99]

A fierce, feisty little car with a marvelously split personality

Two faces of the Mini-Cooper: above, charging to victory in the Monte Carlo Rallye; below, as elegantly custom-finished for actor Peter Sellers.

Dwarfed by the immense bulk of a double-decker bus, a Mini scoots through London traffic.

BY TED TRUEBLOOD

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY THE AUTHOR

They're aggravating, hardheaded and disobedient at times, the dogs I've hunted with. Yet they've brought me untold pleasure... and surprises. Who'd think a dog would learn to smoke a pipe, for instance?

My Funny, Faithful, Four-Footed Friends

■ The creek bottom was 50 yards wide. A little stream meandered back and forth across it and there was an abundance of good cover. Dan Holland and my pointer, Joe, were in the bottom. I was following the edge, on top of a cut bank that was vertical and about 10 feet high. Several pheasants had flushed wild ahead of us, but finally one cock made the mistake of sitting tight. Joe found it and Dan dumped it.

Unlike some pointing dogs, Joe loved to retrieve. He ran and picked up Dan's pheasant, then started toward me with it, but when he reached the foot of the bank he was stopped. He ran back and forth, carrying the pheasant and looking up at me, but the bank was too much. He could find no way up. Meanwhile, Dan was coming toward us through the weeds and low willows.

I saw Joe look uneasily in Dan's direction. Never had this big, white-and-black dog given a bird to anybody but me. This time it looked as though he might have to. I said nothing. Dan was drawing closer and Joe could hear him coming. Suddenly the dog had an idea. I could see it on his face. He dropped the bird and started digging in the soft earth, throwing dirt like a badger. He quickly dug a hole about a foot deep and twice as wide, dropped the pheasant in, and covered it up. By the time Dan arrived the bird was nowhere to be seen! Neither was Joe. He had started hunting again.

Then I did something I've regretted ever since: I told Dan where the pheasant was and he dug it up and put it in his jacket. We went on. Two hours later when we were hunting back down the creek, I was in the bottom with Joe, and Dan was on the bank. When we got near Joe went straight to the spot where he had buried the pheasant and looked for it. I've always thought he would have dug it up and brought it to me. But, of course, I don't *know* because I didn't give him a chance.

I suppose hundreds of articles have been written extolling the advantages of hunting with a dog. A man with a dog gets more game. He loses fewer cripples. Both statements are certainly true and I'd be the last to deny them. But I have an even better reason: *I have a great deal more fun.* Every dog I ever owned was a never-ending source of entertainment, both in the field and at home. I'll admit they've aggravated me—some more than others—but so have my wife and children. The periods of annoyance, however, were short compared to those of pleasure. I've often said in absolute sincerity that I'd as soon go hunting without my pants as without my dog.

My first "hunting" dog was a cross between a German shepherd and a collie, a typical farm dog. We grew up together. He was with my brother and me when we were working and when we were playing. By the time I was 13 and got my first shotgun, he had a remarkable vocabulary because of this constant association. That is, he knew a lot of words. He couldn't talk, of course, but there were times when he acted as though he wished he could.

We taught him to retrieve and he loved to do it. I could drop my hat, coat and gloves and walk away, then send him for any of the three and he would unerringly bring the one I named. He minded any command he understood and he understood most.

When I started hunting [*Continued on page* 64]

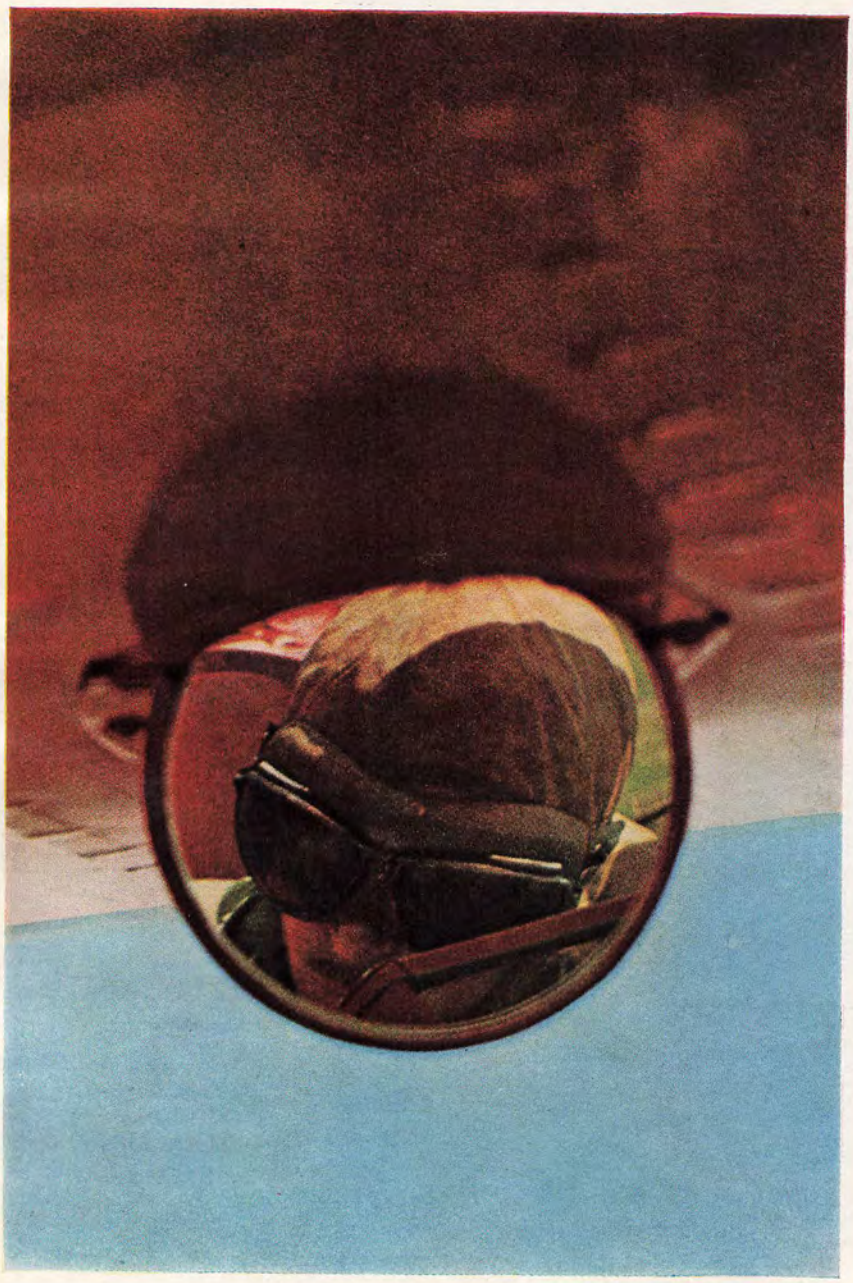
"I'd as soon go hunting without my pants as without my dog," says Trueblood, shown with Rip in Oregon.

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY JOHN E. BOYKIN

After setting throttle, Glen St. Louis spins prop of 1918 OX-5 engine that powers his 1928 Curtiss Robin.

Modern commercial pilot Ted Homan looks like old-time seat-of-the-pants flier as he steps from cockpit of 1928 American Eagle.

OLD BIRDS FLY AGAIN



Cracked leather helmet is cherished by another open cockpit fan, Bill Mason, who has been flying Stearmans for 20 years.

Two men own this 1940 Waco UPF-7 with dual controls. They take turns flying her at antique plane meets.

All of the men on these four pages enjoy climbing into a wind-whipped open cockpit, laboriously starting up an obsolete prop engine and taking off at something under 100 mph. Like old car buffs who reject Detroit's smoothest automatic transmissions and velvet power, these fans think it's more fun to fly the old way.

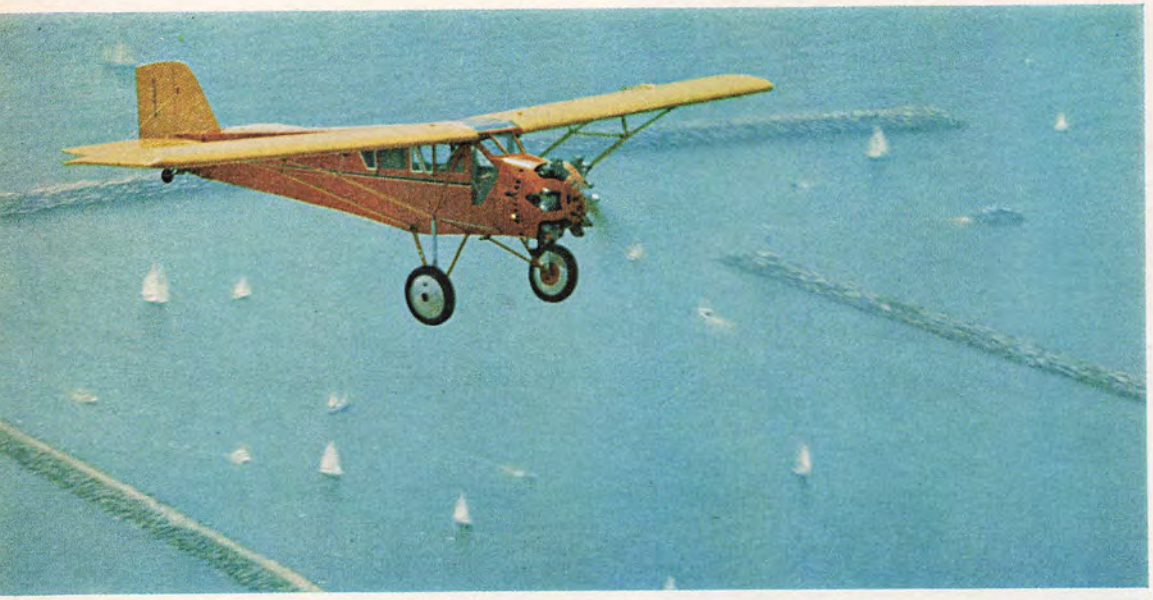
Every year they gather by the hundreds at fly-ins such as the one shown here at Merced, California, sponsored by the Antique Aircraft Association. Antique is a comparative word when applied to aircraft since the whole history of flying is pretty brief and new developments came along at a fast clip. However, the Association established categories some years ago to include everybody: planes manufactured from 1903 to 1914 are called pioneers; those built from 1914 to 1918 are World War I; 1919 to 1934 is the Golden Age; 1934 to 1942, the Classic Age; and 1942 to 1945, World War II.

[Continued on next page]

FLYING BEAUTIES, RESCUED FROM JUNK

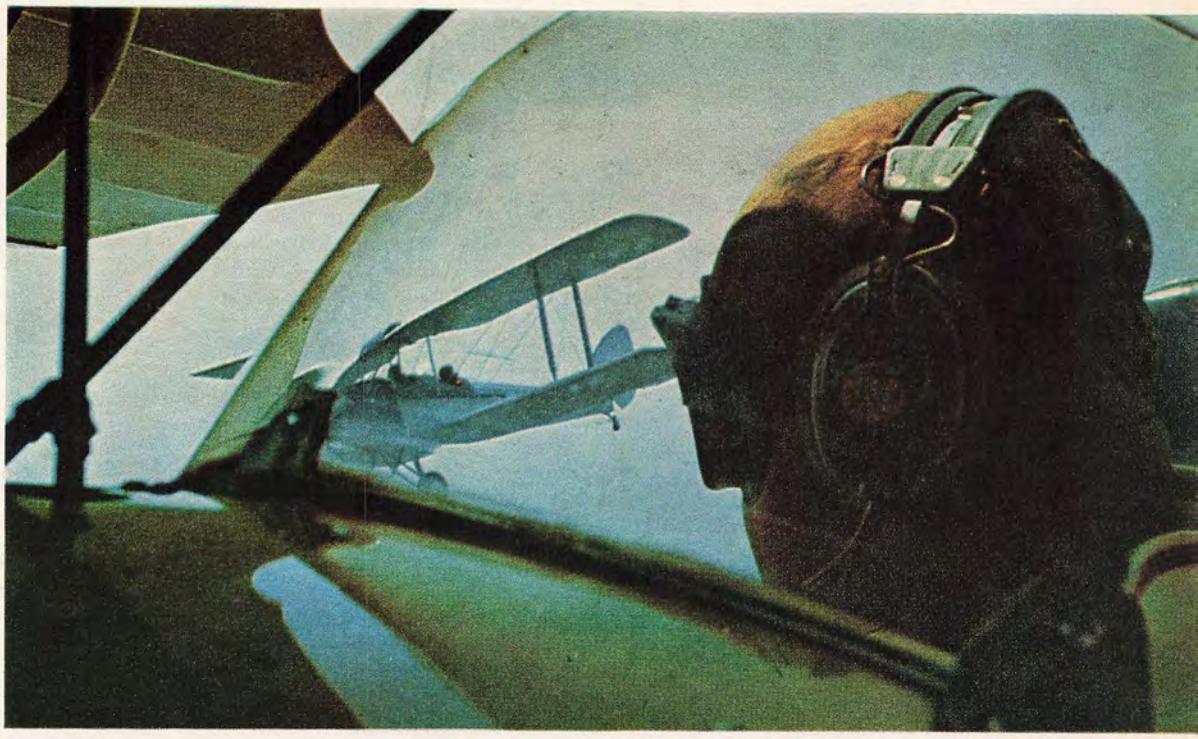
The owners of these three survivors of flying's golden age—two Wacos and a Fairchild PT-19—like to fly in formation.

Famed flier Frank Tallman taxis his Garland Lincoln Nieuport 28 which he put back together from a "bag of bones."



Curtiss Robin flying over Santa Monica harbor is owned by Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Moxen who have a fleet of seven antique planes.

Captain Clay Graves, a commercial pilot, looks over his shoulder at another plane joining up to fly wing on his 1929 D1-W Davis monoplane.



Former airline skipper Bud Gurney waves from his 1927 De Havilland Gypsy Moth. Many jet pilots relax by flying antiques.

Most of the planes on these pages have been rebuilt by their owners from what they call basket cases. Some have traceable histories, such as the Gypsy Moth, co-owned by movie producer Leland Hayward and retired airline pilot Bud Gurney. This 1927 plane started life ferrying supplies to remote Eskimo villages and later it appeared in the movies. Gurney spent more than a year rehabilitating his plane. Some owners restore whole fleets. As soon as they return one plane to flying condition, they find another too challenging to resist. Then come absorbing hours putting wings back on yet another old bird.—Pat Graves

MY FUNNY, FAITHFUL, FOUR-FOOTED FRIENDS

[*Continued from page* 58]

pheasants, it was simply a new game to Barney and he was eager to learn. He had two jobs: One was to make them fly. The other was to find the birds that I shot and bring them to me. Before the first season was over, he was doing a good job of both. He hunted like a springer, and no cover was too dense for him to plunge in and push the pheasants out.

A neighbor boy who was just my age and had started hunting about the same time, had a black shepherd he called Coalie. He loved to hunt as well as Barney did. Alvin and I and our two dogs spent many a wonderful fall Saturday wandering along the river and through the fields. We usually jumped a few ducks along the river and since both dogs retrieved as well from water as they did from land, this presented no problem. And we *always* got some pheasants. We were tireless walkers and the dogs were really pretty good and I can't remember a time when we got skunked.

Now the only thing that made Barney and Coalie good—aside from the fact that all dogs like to hunt—was that they were with us all the time. Except when he is at school, a farm boy's dog is his constant companion. The boy understands the dog and the dog understands the boy. This applies to any dog-master relationship; the more time they spend together, the better the understanding between them. And the more each enjoys the other.

Luckily, I have usually lived where I could keep my dogs at home. All of them have been more than hunting dogs. They have been friends, too. All of them got to come into the house for at least a short visit every day. And because I was able to spend more time with them, they gave me a great deal more pleasure than if I had kept them at a kennel somewhere. I'll never forget a trick Joe played one evening when he was in the kitchen with my wife and me.

I must prelude this by explaining that she and I used to scuffle occasionally, mostly for Joe's benefit. Whenever we did he barked and growled and made a great show of biting *me*. He *never* bit her. But this evening she had on a pair of slacks that fitted quite well and when she bent over to get something out of a low drawer Joe slipped up behind and gave her a good, sharp nip right where it would do the most good. She jumped and squealed. Joe ran around behind me. And if ever a dog grinned, he grinned then.

Joe had a sense of humor. Not all dogs do. But they all like to play.

The favorite trick of the pointer I have now, Rip, is to find something on the floor—a slipper, say—and go dancing and growling around the house with it as though he were going to eat it up. I make a show of grabbing at him and he dodges away and we have a great time. Finally I call him and say, "Thank you," which is actually a command and means, "Give it here," and he lets me have it.

This little game is a regular occurrence, usually not long after Rip comes in for the daily visit with his folks. It has always been the rule with the Trueblood dogs that anything on the floor was fair game, but that nothing on a chair or table could be touched. Occasionally this puts Rip to quite a little trouble. When he can't find anything on the floor upstairs he has to go down to the basement, where the clothes tumble out of the chute in the laundry room, and bring up a dirty sock with which to put on his act. After the game is over, of course, I have to put it back down the chute but that's all right. Rip is 11 years old, and if he still gets a kick out of dancing around and growling with a dirty sock I guess I can put it away.

Like any other man who has hunted with a dog for years, I feel lost and helpless without one. I walk past a clump of weeds and wonder if there's a pheasant in it. The only way to find out is to stomp through and even then I'm never sure. I can't smell! A dog's nose is one of nature's greatest miracles. I'm almost afraid to tell some of the things I've seen pointing dogs do because nobody but another dog man would believe me.

Hunting chukars one day last fall, Willard Cravens and I climbed a steep sidehill onto a bench. Both dogs, my Rip and his Brittany, Queenie, were at heel. A gentle breeze was in our faces. Rip threw up his head and started walking on

eggs, sure signs that he smelled birds. I held him in and we followed him. He went straight as an arrow across the bench and down a draw on the other side to a covey of chukars. And it was a quarter of a mile if it was one inch!

Of course, conditions were ideal. There are days when Rip couldn't smell a billy goat. But many times I've seen him, as well as other dogs, pick up the scent of birds at almost unbelievable distances.

Though all my dogs have been a constant source of pleasure, they have all annoyed, irritated, and aggravated me on occasion, too. I had one Chesapeake, in particular, whose greatest delight seemed to come from driving me to distraction. I used to take Bill fishing and if I didn't watch him like a hawk, he'd eat the fish. Honestly! He'd grab a 12-inch fish and run off with it and before I could catch him, he'd give it a couple of quick bites and swallow it whole.

But he was lots of fun, at that. I'd often noticed Bill watching me while I smoked my pipe. Somebody had given me one that wasn't fit to smoke, so one day I handed it to Bill, stem first. He took the bit in his teeth just like a man and sat there with it for half an hour. I praised him and the trick was learned and from that time on I could always count on getting a chuckle from my friends by showing them my pipe-smoking dog.

It was impossible to teach Bill good manners around the house. If he wanted to get up on the table with all four feet and eat whatever food was there—which was whenever he thought of it—he did exactly that and no punishment had any effect.

But in a duck blind it was different. He'd lie motionless as a stone and watch approaching ducks out of his yellow eyes and never move a hair until I shot. Zero weather that covered his coat with ice was just like summer to Bill.

There was a four-mile current where I hunted on the Snake River and when we got a hard upstream wind the whitecaps rolled like a tide rip. One day, shooting from an island, I wing-tipped a mallard drake that went down at a long slant. It hit the whipping water 100 yards away, bounced a few times, then took off downstream, half flying and half swimming.

Bill was after it like a shot. I saw his head rising above the waves occasionally for awhile, then both he and the duck were out of sight. I waited. And waited. More ducks came in, but I didn't shoot. Finally I decided I'd lost my dog. Poor Bill had caught the mallard too far downstream, tried to swim back against the current to the island, and didn't make it.

A long time passed. I was standing disconsolately by my blind, looking out across the wild river toward the shore when I saw something coming along it. The object was far downstream. I continued to watch. Could it be? It was! It was Bill. And when he was opposite me, 200 yards away, I saw that he was carrying the duck. He continued up the river. From time to time he paused to look out across it. He was gauging the wind and current. At last, when he was several hundred yards upstream, he plunged in and started swimming.

Again, I lost him among the waves. Then I saw him coming. Eventually he emerged within 50 feet of the blind, trotted along the shore of the island, dropped the duck at my feet, and lay down. The mallard was still alive.

The duck shooter who has never hunted with a good retriever has missed half the pleasure of his sport, as has the upland gunner who has never hunted with a good pointing dog. Of the two, it would be hard to say which is more valuable. There are spots where only a dog can find and catch a crippled duck. No matter how hard a man might try, he would certainly lose some of these birds without a dog. But then, a man without a dog will lose cripples in the uplands, too. In addition, ducks come to you, but no man can smell a covey of quail and go unerringly to it.

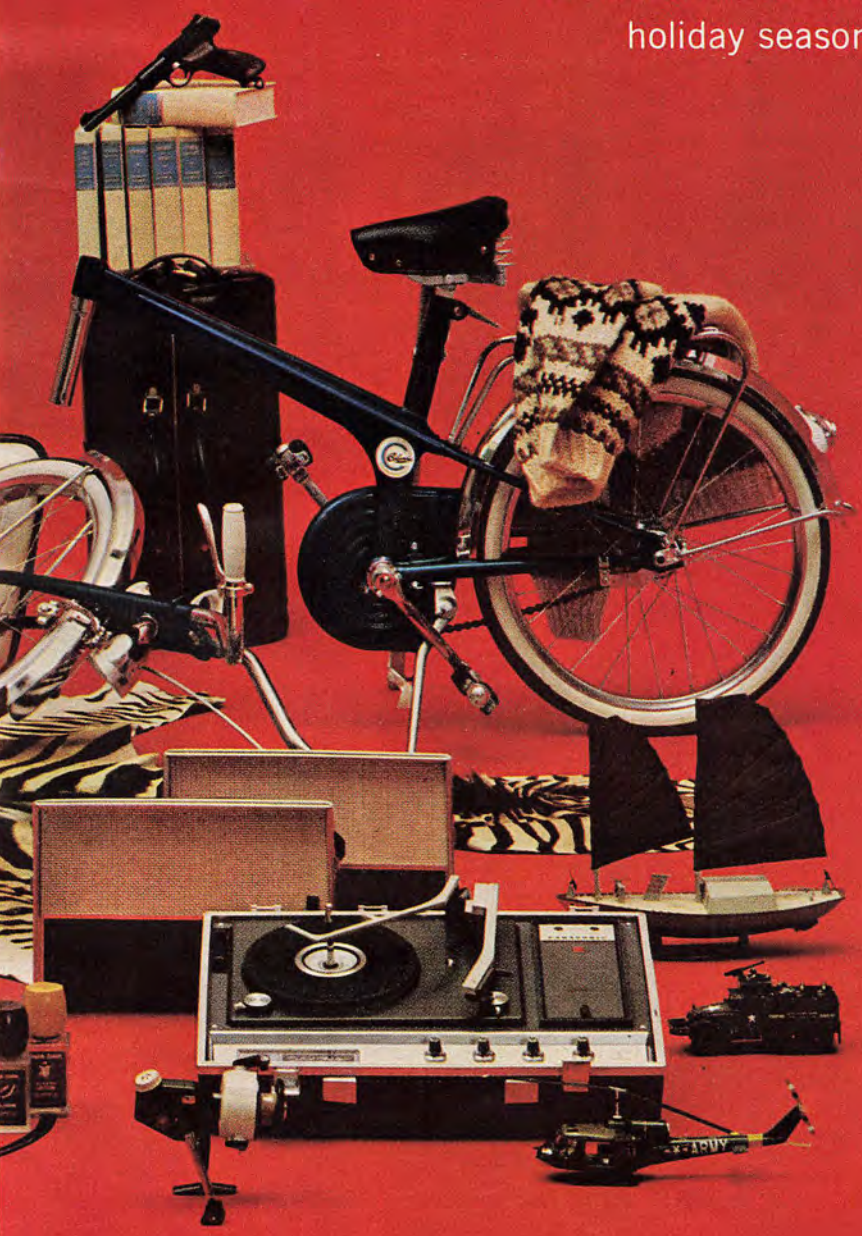
Not once but many times, hunting western quail along the little desert streams, I have seen a dog—either my own or my companion's—pick up a bird we didn't even know we'd hit. How? The explanation is simple. We shot at the bird and thought we missed. But one stray pellet didn't miss. The quail flew around a clump of brush, out of sight, and dropped. Maybe it flew 100 yards or

[*Continued on page* 70]

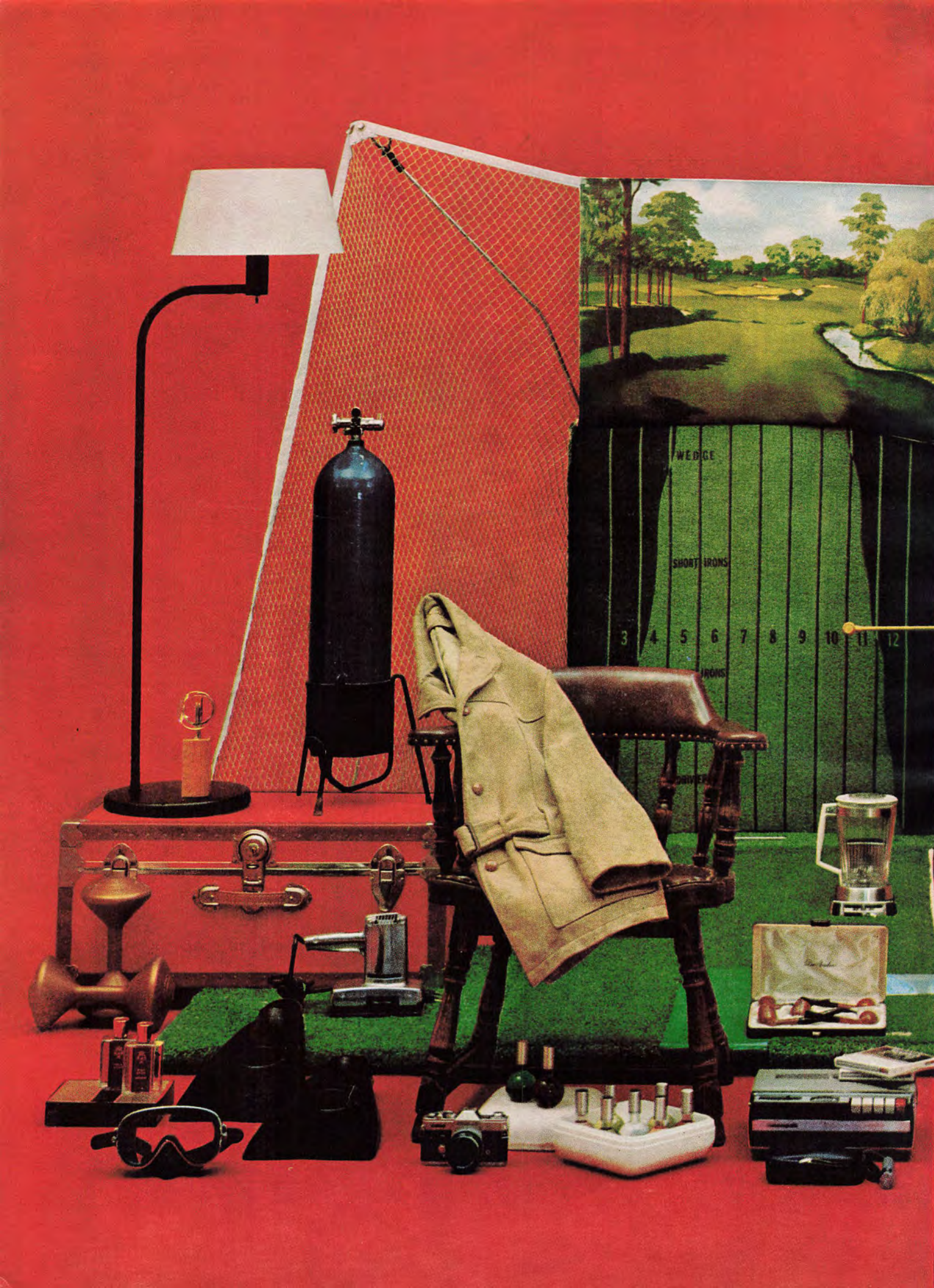
PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY BEN SOMOROFF

CHRISTMAS GIFTS FOR YEAR 'ROUND JOY

We asked—and here's what men say they would like to receive most this holiday season



Top, from left: Model 360 skis, $155 (not including bindings); ski poles, $29.50; and Lupus model fur parka, $380—all by Head Ski. Driving gloves from Abercrombie & Fitch, $8.50. RCA "Headliner" portable color television set, $329.95. Atop TV, two-watt Heath walkie-talkies, with six-mile range, $99.95 each. BOAC island holiday in Jamaica, seven-day, six-night package includes hotel, sight-seeing, most meals and air fare from New York, December 15th through April 14th, $262.50. Velour hat by Knox, $15. Brunswick deluxe molded "Caravelle' bowling bag, $14.95, and Crown Jewel bowling ball, on rug, $34.95. Daisy CO_2-200 BB pistol, $21.95. Collection of Kenneth Roberts' historical novels (*Northwest Passage, Captain Caution*, etc.), published by Doubleday, $4.95 to $5.95 each. Roll bag from Alfred Dunhill of London, $28.50. Columbia Commuter II take-apart bicycle, $90. Icelandic pullover sweater, seamless, water-repellent, of undyed wool, from L. L. Bean, $39.50. Foreground, from left: Polaroid Model 250 camera and flashgun, $159.95 (not including film), and black carryall case, $12.50. Motorola 10-transistor AM/FM portable radio, about $80. Railroad watch by Hamilton, $110. Remington 550 Selektronic cord/cordless electric shaver, $30. To rear of shaver, cocktail cooler from Alfred Dunhill, $35. Kodak Instamatic M85 movie projector, about $150. Zebra rug from Hunting World, $450. Royal Regiment spray cologne by Max Factor, $4. Bulova Accutron electric watch, $150. Wright and McGill's Eagle Claw Universal spin/fly combination rod, $27.95. Roulette wheel and felt from Abercrombie & Fitch, $62.50. Postage Stamp Fast Freight model train set, with power pack, by Aurora Plastics, $31.95. Monsieur de Rauch cologne, 16-ounce bottle, $21. English Leather lime cologne and all-purpose lotion, gift set of two four-ounce bottles, $5. "The Ridgeway" solid state portable phonograph with two speakers, by Panasonic, $125. Zebco's Cardinal =6 spinning reel, $40. Monogram Models kits: Huey armed chopper, $1; Army personnel carrier, $1.50; Viet Nam junk, $3.


WEDGE
SHORT IRONS
3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12
IRONS

CHRISTMAS GIFTS

Computer golf and presmoked pipes...

Top, from left: Lightolier's Lumilon II floor lamp, $20. Letter-opener desk set (on lamp base) from Alfred Dunhill, $25. Red vinyl-covered locker by Seward Luggage, $20. Skin diver's oxygen tank from Abercrombie & Fitch, $90. Brunswick's "Swing Away" 18-hole computerized golf game, $495. Terry-cloth-lined robe from Alfred Dunhill, $25. Archery equipment: Lord Mercury 5′ 10″ bow, $160; Mercury tip stabilizer, $19.50; 36″ target, $10; quiver, $9.50; and aluminum arrows, $33.50 per dozen—all by Ben Pearson, Inc. Honeywell Belle Aire barometer-thermometer, $25. Foreground, from left: The Executive dumbell set, two 10-pound weights, by Diversified Products, $9. Mem's Villa D'Este cologne and after-shave gift kit, $9. Goggles, $12.95, and fins, $13.95, from Abercrombie & Fitch. Model 1805 dual-motion sander by Portable Electric Tools, $30.50. Captain's chair from W & J Sloane, $122. Mighty-Mac Tudor-Man suede jacket, $125. In front of chair: Canon QL Pellix camera with f1.8 lens, distributed by Bell & Howell, $299.95, and set of nine colognes by Nine Flags International, $15. Wollensak 3500 portable tape recorder by 3M Company, $89.95. Behind recorder: Dr. Grabow's Viscount five-piece "presmoked" pipe gift set, $34.95, and General Electric Blender BL-2, $35.98. "The Beachcomber" hat by Knox, $11. Wellco paisley brocade slippers, $7. Webster's Third New International Dictionary, published by G. & C. Merriam Co., $47.50.

[*Continued from page* 651
more. A man without a dog would never find a bird that did this.

Or consider birds that run, such as pheasants or chukars. You risk a long shot and bring one down with a broken wing. By the time it hits the ground there is no use to shoot again. It's out of range. No man can run as fast as a winged cock pheasant or a chukar. Only a dog can catch it. And a good dog will, nearly every time.

One thing far too many people overlook is the fact that dogs, like people, are individuals. Pointing dogs may point and retrievers may retrieve, but in disposition and temperament there is far more difference from dog to dog among one breed than between all dogs of different breeds. One pointer I had could be, on occasion, as fierce as a lion; all the others were as gentle as lambs—so far as people were concerned.

Both Joe and Rip, father and son, were glad to see any person who came into the house, yet both believed that when another dog approached there was only one thing to do—whip him! The first time I took Willard Cravens hunting, we opened the door to the back of the car, where Rip was lying on his mat, and Willard's little Brittany jumped in. Rip charged like a fighting sow, the hair along his back standing on end, his teeth bared, and a terrifying growl in his throat. The Brittany didn't back up an inch. All of a sudden, Rip realized that its name was Queenie. There was no fight. Two minutes later—and for the remainder of that trip and every trip thereafter—Queenie occupied Rip's mat and poor Rip either stood up or lay on the hard, bare floor.

Rip and his father were alike in that respect—in fact, all dogs are gentlemen—but they were completely different in another. The first time Joe saw a porcupine he knew exactly what to do—kill it! He did his best and might have succeeded, too, if I hadn't been there to drag him, still snarling, away. He attacked the second porcupine with no more hesitation than he had exhibited with the first. And the third, fourth, fifth, sixth—I've no idea how many porcupines Joe tried to kill. Nothing I said made any difference. He fought every porcupine he saw and I pulled hundreds, maybe thousands, of quills out of his muzzle, mouth, and even his tongue.

But when Rip met his first porcupine and started walking stiff legged, undecided whether to fight or be friends, I spoke to him in no uncertain terms and that was that. He hasn't had a tangle with a porcupine to this day.

If you give them a chance, all types of gun dogs, retrievers, spaniels, pointers and setters, are equally entertaining in the field and at home. When my brother moved back from Alaska several years ago, he brought a Lab named SayBoo. SayBoo is a well-mannered, friendly, likeable dog and a faultless retriever. He soon learned to root pheasants and quail out of heavy cover and to find them when they fell. And never did he fail to deliver a shot bird to his master.

But one evening last fall a cock pheasant flushed wild, flew into a telephone wire in the gathering dusk, broke its neck, and fell to the ground dead. SayBoo ran to get it. Only this time, instead of bringing the bird straight to his master, he started home with it! Burtt called. SayBoo didn't know how to disobey. He stopped and came part way back but sat down, still holding the pheasant, some 50 feet from his master. Only with the fiercest and most-threatening talk could Burtt force SayBoo reluctantly to deliver *his* pheasant.

Obviously, the dog did consider this one his. Nobody shot. The bird fell dead. SayBoo got it all by himself. It was SayBoo's bird.

The fundamental secret of enjoying a dog, any dog, lies in being tolerant of its faults. How often have you seen some poor, bumbling, fool of a hunter who knew nothing about birds or their habits and couldn't hit a bull on the behind with a bass fiddle fly into a screaming rage because his dog flushed a covey out of range? Far too often, if you've spent many days afield, I'm sure.

Yet *we* make mistakes. We do stupid things and once in a great while we may even miss a bird that our dogs pointed and held patiently while we stumbled up. How can we expect a mere dog to be faultless when we're not faultless ourselves? I think we can't.

One day last fall Rip and Queenie nailed a big covey of chukars dead to rights in a pile of broken rock about the size of what used to be called a modest bungalow. Willard went over the top and I went around one side and the birds got up between us, right at our feet. They flew straight away. And, believe it or not, we fired our five shots and didn't turn a feather!

Now what do you suppose the dogs thought about that? I can guess! So later in the day when they ran off and made a little hunt on their own and flushed some birds far out of range, what room did Willard and I have to talk? We did talk, of course, but we actually weren't half so angry as I hope we sounded.

The experience that really started my tolerant feeling toward dogs and their faults occurred one day years ago when Ray P. Holland and I were hunting grouse and woodcock in Connecticut. Ray had a wonderful setter named Peter. Peter and I were down in a hollow, or swale, about 200 yards wide and sparsely grown up to alders. Ray was on the ridge at one side.

After awhile, Ray called Peter. Instead of turning toward his master, Peter wheeled and ran straight away. Ray called to me, "What in the hell is the matter with that dog?"

Peter had never disobeyed. He wasn't disobeying now, although it certainly looked as though he was. I answered, "You'd never believe it. Watch him."

Peter ran to the far side of the swale and paused uncertainly. Ray called again and the dog went straight to him.

The explanation? An echo! In the bottom of the little valley I heard only the echo of Ray's voice—coming from the far side. I wasn't fooled because I could see Ray when he called. But Peter could only hear and he went straight to what he thought was the source of his master's voice.

I climbed up the ridge and told Ray what had happened. Then I asked whether he could hear the echo from his position. He couldn't.

This perfectly logical explanation for a fine dog's perfectly illogical behavior has stayed with me. How many times there must be when a dog does something against our wishes and there would be a logical explanation if we only knew!

Most dogs would die to please their masters. It's a good thing to remember.

—Ted Trueblood

TRUE

"He always was a very heavy drinker."

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THE WARREN REPORT IS RIGHT

[*Continued from page* 32]

his rifle fast enough? Could a single bullet have wounded both President Kennedy and Governor Connally? CBS decided to answer at least these two questions by setting up new tests that would be more scientific and more realistic than the Commission tests. Leslie Midgley says, "We didn't try to be superscientific. We simply didn't have the time or the money to run tests that would be a thousand-percent accurate. We just wanted some indication of whether or not these things were possible."

Walter Lister, a CBS field producer, was assigned the job of arranging the tests. He decided to set up the rifle test first. The immediate problem was to locate a gun exactly like the one used by Oswald, an Italian-made Mannlicher-Carcano 6.5 millimeter bolt-action military rifle.

The actual rifle used by Oswald is now in the National Archives in Washington, D.C. Lister's first step was to ask permission to use that gun. The request was refused. However, Lister knew that the Archives had a second gun, identical to Oswald's, which the FBI had obtained for comparison purposes shortly after the assassination. He asked to use the second gun. This request was also refused.

Lister's next idea was to buy a rifle from the same place that Oswald got his, Klein's Sporting Goods Company in Chicago. But Klein's had dropped the item like a hot potato.

Next, Lister called Agramonte's Antique and Modern Gun Shop in Yonkers, New York They had a Carcano—for $150. This struck Lister as a somewhat steep price (Oswald had paid only $12.78 for his), but Lister had deadlines creeping up on him. He bought the gun.

The next problem was to find someone to fire it. Lister first approached the National Rifle Association. They were cool to the whole idea but they made a few suggestions. One of their candidates was Gary Anderson, a top Olympic rifleman who lives in Nebraska. Lister liked the idea of using Anderson but decided that things would be simpler if he could find someone who lived closer to the scene of the tests. These were to be held at the H. P. White Laboratory in Bel Air, Maryland, near Washington, D.C.

There were several N.R.A. people whom Lister thought would be suitable, but the organization refused to allow members of its staff to participate.

Finally, Lister uncovered Col. Edward B. Crossman, a marksman and writer for gun magazines who writes under a "Col. Jim Crossman" byline. The first firing tests were arranged for January 31. The broadcast date had not been firmly set but it was tentatively scheduled for late March.

Since before Christmas, 1966, technicians at H. P. White had been busy building a firing platform 60 feet above the starting point of a downsloping track. A target would move along the track at the same speed as the Presidential limousine had moved down Elm Street in Dallas. From the now-famous amateur motion pictures taken on the scene by Abraham Zapruder, the speed had been calculated at 16 feet per second.

Bill Dickinson, manager of H. P. White, comments on the inadequacies of the data in the Warren Report and the problems this caused when they attempted to set up the track. "The Report is full of diagrams and schematic drawings," he says, "but there are no figures." Walter Lister, however, located a surveyor's diagram of Dealey Plaza in the Warren Commission evidence and this was followed as carefully as possible by H. P. White in the construction of the range.

"Everything was just as accurate as we could make it," Dickinson says. "The actual road, of course, was slightly curved and our track had to be straight. It was made of angle irons. But we angled it aways from the firing tower so that the curve averaged out correctly. And we had the same four-percent downhill grade that Dealey-Plaza has. Our target was powered by a variable-speed electric motor and we set it up to move at exactly 16 feet per second. This was a constant speed and the speed of the Presidential limousine varied slightly but the average was correct."

The target was a standard military silhouette, four feet square, made of wallboard and painted orange for the head and shoulders, blue for the background. It was carried on a rubber-tired cart, pulled by a rope attached to a pulley at the downhill end of the grade. The motor was at the uphill end so that it wouldn't be hit by stray shots.

A marker on the track, 177 feet away from the base of the tower, indicated to the riflemen the point at which the first shot should be fired. At the speed the target was moving, it would be 265 feet away 5.5 seconds later. These points fix the range and time within which the Warren Commission felt Oswald had probably fired three shots.

January 31 was a cold, windy day with temperatures around the freezing mark. Colonel Crossman was uncomfortable on top of his 60-foot perch. He fired six sets of three shots each and the average time required was 6.5 seconds, well above the time Oswald would have had if the figures calculated from the Zapruder film are correct. Crossman's accuracy was pretty good. Out of 18 shots, all hit the target and eight were in the orange section.

But what did Crossman's failure to get off three shots in 5.6 seconds indicate? Did it prove that Oswald also could not have fired three shots in the allotted time? Lister didn't think so. He observed that each time Crossman shot, he removed the rifle from his shoulder to work the bolt. Crossman claimed this was the only sure way to get enough leverage on the bolt so that it would operate without jamming.

Lister timed the operation and found that during the 6.5 seconds Crossman took to fire the three shots, the rifle was off his shoulder for more than 2.5 seconds. So he calculated that a shooter who did not take the gun down should probably get three shots off in 5.6 seconds without difficulty.

While CBS was debating whether or not to make the test again with different shooters, a new factor entered the picture and it threatened to throw the whole project out the window. In February New Orleans District Attorney Jim Garrison startled the world by announcing that he was investigating a conspiracy to kill President Kennedy and that he expected shortly to make arrests and file charges.

Fuel was added to the fire on February 22 when former Eastern Air Lines pilot David William Ferrie was found dead in his cluttered New Orleans apartment. Garrison said Ferrie had been a suspect in the case and hinted darkly of foul play.

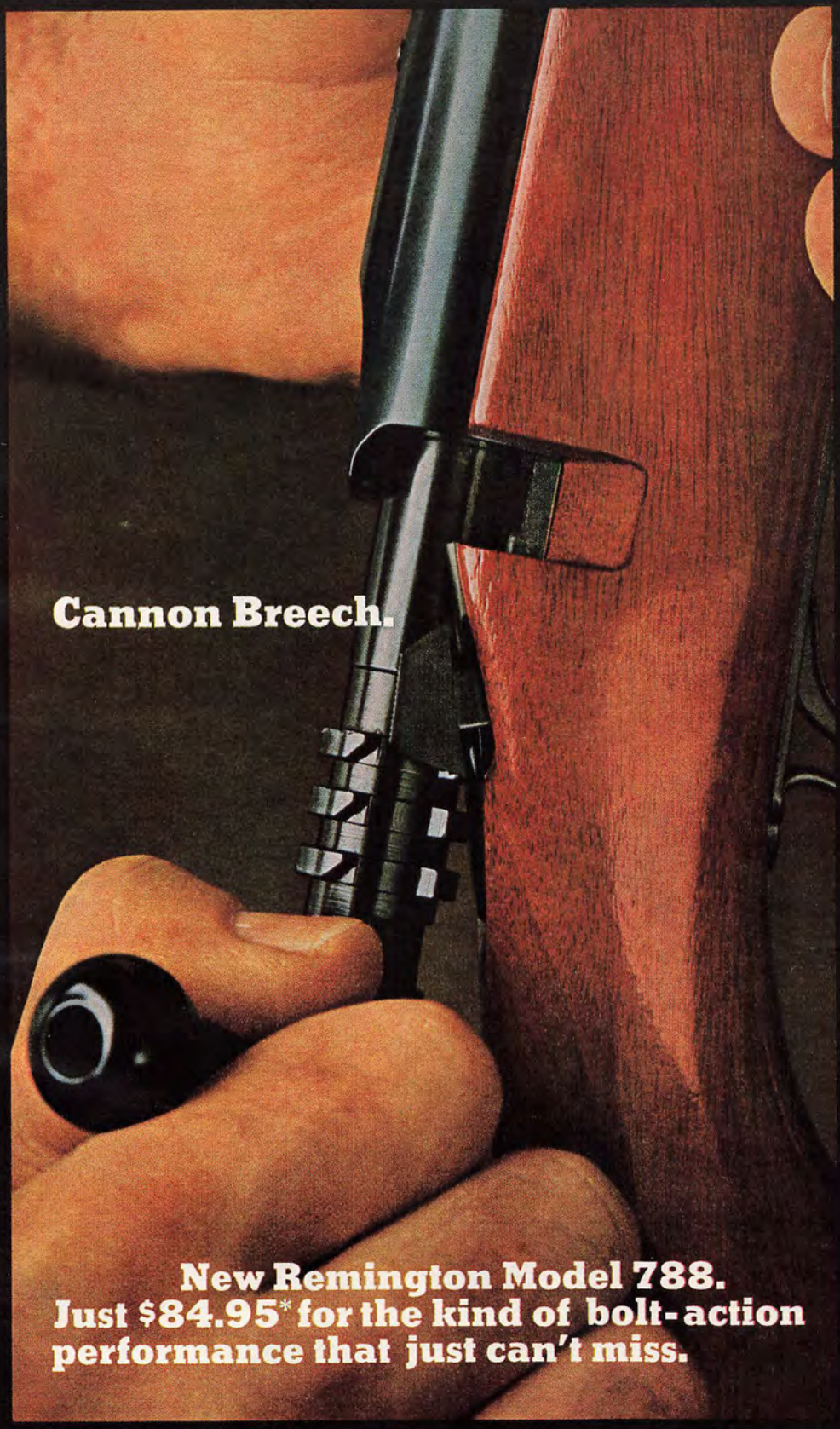
Faced with these unexpected events, CBS decided that the only thing to do was wait and see what developed. Salant sent several men to New Orleans to talk to Garrison. The Warren Report telecast was postponed. The eyes of the world focused on New Orleans.

But Walter Lister continued to think about the broadcast and to work on it. Several problems had been uncovered by Colonel Crossman at the time of the January firing tests. One was the fact that the rifle Lister had obtained from Agra-

[*Continued on page* 75]

TRUE

"Honey, how many times have I told you, if you want something buy it—it's only money!"



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[*Continued from page 72*]
monte's was not fitted with the proper scope. The scope Oswald had used was a four-power model imported from Japan by Optics Ordnance, Inc., of Hollywood, California. The Agramonte Carcano had a two-power scope of entirely different manufacture.

By this time, however, the Oswald-type scope was a rare item and not easily obtainable. Lister put an advertisement in *The Shotgun News,* a semimonthly paper published in Columbus, Nebraska, and filled mostly with classified ads for gun collectors. The ad produced a catalog from Martin B. Retting, Inc., Culver City, California. Retting claims to be the original importer of the Oswald scopes and was still selling them although the price had gone up from the $7.17 Oswald had paid Klein's for the scope already mounted, to $10.00, unmounted. Lister purchased a scope.

A supply of ammunition for the rifle was also obtained through an ad in *The Shotgun News.* The cartridges had to be 161-grain, with metal-jacketed bullets and manufactured by Western Cartridge. Italian military ammunition for the rifle was plentiful but the Western Cartridge rounds that Oswald used were scarce. Lister bought 170 rounds for $40 from Carl's Gun Shop in El Dorado Springs, Missouri.

"One of our big problems," Lister says, "was getting the scope mounted. Gunsmiths, I discovered, just can't be hurried. Retting wanted four weeks to do the mounting but I felt sure I could get it done quicker. I had a list of gunsmiths in the east and I started calling them. They're not very keen about doing business by phone. As a matter of fact, many of them don't have phones and a good many others won't answer it when it rings. Getting a gunsmith to do a job fast is pretty close to impossible."

Lister did find a man in New York City who would mount the scope quickly. That is, he would until he discovered the gun in question was a Mannlicher-Carcano. Then he refused to have anything to do with the job at all. Lister ended up by having the scope mounted by machinists at H. P. White.

So now Lister had the right gun, the right scope and the right ammunition. Also, CBS News now felt, that the Garrison investigation was not going to affect the essential points of the Warren Report. They decided to go ahead. New firing tests were scheduled for May 19 and 20.

For this test, 11 shooters had been recruited by Bill Dickinson of H. P. White. Some were Maryland state troopers, some were H. P. White employees and some were friends of Dickinson's. The group was rather casually assembled but all the men were familiar with guns and were marksmen of at least average ability. They knew what the purpose of the firing was and that their aim should be to get off three accurate shots in 5.6 seconds or less.

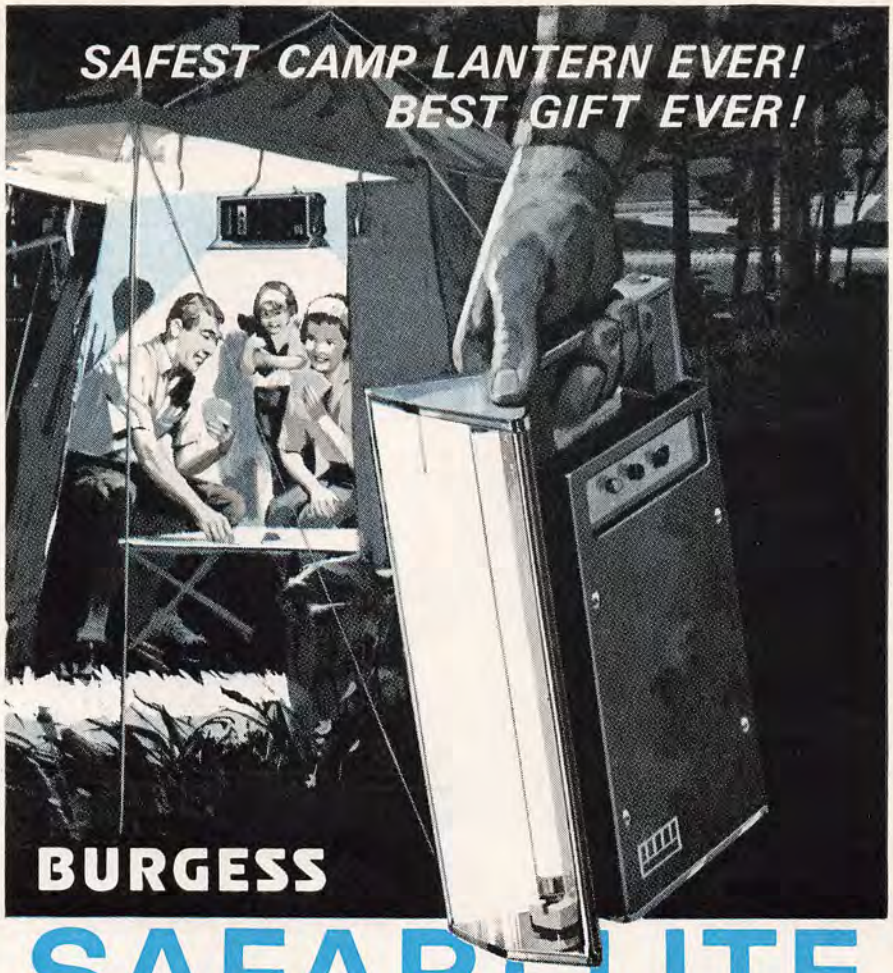
"The instructions were simple," Lister says. "They could assume whatever position they wanted. They could use boxes as a gun rest, if they chose to, just as Oswald may have used book cartons. They knew the object was to get their shots off quickly. We figured their own pride would help their aim. Shooters naturally try to hit their target."

The shooting was done on a Friday and Saturday afternoon. During the mornings while cameras were being set up, the shooters were given a chance to practice with the Mannlicher-Carcano at H. P. White's indoor range. None of them had used the gun before the day of the test and none had fired at the moving target before the actual test. All the men used the same rifle. Most fired from a sitting position.

The results of the tests were interesting if not conclusive. Some of the shooters fired five sets of three shots at the target, some fired only two. Most fired three sets. In all, a total of 37 sets was fired on the two days.

Out of the 37 attempts, only 20 were successful enough to be timed. In the other 17 cases, the most frequent problem was jamming. When the bullet jammed, it became impossible for the shooter to fire three shots before the target reached the end of the track and stopped moving. In some cases, the shooter simply found that the bolt on the rifle was too stiff and that he could not get off three shots before the target came to a stop.

But the average time for three shots in 20 recorded attempts was 5.6 seconds, exactly what the Warren Commission cal-



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"Come to think of it, *they* were not signatories to the outer-space peace treaty."

culated was needed by Lee Harvey Oswald. Out of the 20 sets, a total of 60 shots, there were 25 hits in the orange silhouette. There were approximately 20 more shots in the blue area. These might be described as "near misses." The other 15 shots apparently missed the four by four-foot target completely.

The best performance was turned in by Howard C. H. Donahue. Donahue, 44, is in the drug business and also does design and development work on guns. He is mainly a shotgun man, doing a lot of skeet and trapshooting. Donahue says that he had never fired a Mannlicher-Carcano before and had not fired a bolt-action rifle at a moving target for 25 years. Nevertheless, he got off three shots in 5.2 seconds and all three shots were closely grouped in the orange head area of the target.

"How fast could Oswald's rifle be fired?" asked Walter Cronkite on the television broadcast. The answer he gave was "fast enough." "We have shown," he went on to say, "that a Mannlicher-Carcano rifle can be fired more rapidly and accurately than the Commission believed." CBS News clearly felt that it had solved one of the big problems raised by critics of the Warren Report.

The other big project, testing the single-bullet theory, was no easier than testing the rifle. It was, if anything, more difficult. That the problems were solved at all was mainly due to the fact that CBS News found the right expert right away. He was Dr. Alfred G. Olivier, chief of the Wound Ballistics Department at the government's Edgewood Arsenal. And he is also the man who had performed the original tests for the Warren Commission.

The first problem was to get Pentagon permission to talk with Doctor Olivier. Defense Department gave its okay but with the reservation that Olivier was not to talk about his current work because it is classified. Olivier is a doctor of veterinary medicine and a good deal of the work being done at Edgewood involves shooting anesthetized animals. CBS people speculate that these projects are classified not to protect the U.S. from the Russians but to protect the government from the antivivisectionists.

Lister's object was to set up a test which could show whether or not a single bullet from a Mannlicher-Carcano could have penetrated President Kennedy's neck, then gone through Governor Connally's chest and wrist, wounded his thigh and still remained in almost perfect condition. This was the Warren Commission's premise and it had been severely attacked by critics of the Report. The critics also pointed out that the Commission had never actually tested this theory.

Doctor Olivier concedes that the tests he orginally ran for the Warren Commission were not so good, so far as testing this thesis is concerned, and he mentions several reasons. For one thing, at Edgewood they were using the actual Oswald rifle. They felt this was an "evidence gun," which it was, and they didn't want to mar it by putting it in a machine mount. So a rifleman had to fire it from his shoulder making consistent accuracy almost impossible.

Another problem was that Edgewood Arsenal decided that all shots had to be fired from the actual range and they calculated the range of this neck-chest-wrist-thigh shot to be about 200 feet. But the third and most crucial difficulty was that Doctor Olivier didn't know about the single-bullet theory at the time he ran the original tests. No one had told him about it and so, naturally, he couldn't test it.

When Doctor Olivier set up the tests for CBS, he was not bothered by these limitations. In the tests, a Mannlicher-Carcano like Oswald's was used but it was not an "evidence gun" so a machine mount could be used. The cartridges were precisely downloaded (i.e., powder was removed) so that they would have the same velocity at 20 feet that Oswald's had at 200 feet.

The type of targets to use was a more difficult problem to resolve. The Warren tests used a gelatin block to simulate the neck, a goat carcass for the chest and a human wrist from a cadaver. But Lister was concerned with more than just running an accurate test. He also had the problem of getting a picture he could show on television and which would make some sense to the viewer.

CBS News decided to use gelatin blocks throughout. Gelatin has the advantage of being translucent so that light can be passed through it and something inside can be photographed. The blocks used by Doctor Olivier were 20-percent gelatin and, unlike six-delicious-flavors Jello, were very firm. Tests at Edgewood Arsenal have shown that gelatin in this consistency slows down a bullet just about as much as human tissue does, even though human tissue consists not only of flesh but also muscles.

The gelatin blocks had to be custom-made. H.P. White had never before been called upon to construct such blocks so the problem was doubly difficult. Storage, too, caused headaches since the blocks had to be kept at 50 degrees F. to maintain proper consistency. And every time a shot was fired, three blocks were destroyed, the mess had to be cleaned up and a new setup created. The whole operation was an expensive one, particularly since most of the tests were done on Saturdays with camera crews and other personnel drawing pay at time-and-a-half.

In any case, the blocks were constructed and the shots were fired. There was a 5½-inch block for the neck, a 12-inch block for the chest, a 2½-inch block for the wrist and a 12-inch block for the thigh. In all cases, the blocks were covered with cloth to represent the clothing worn by Kennedy and Connally. The blocks were set up the same distance apart as they were in the Presidential limousine. These distances had to be approximate since there are no precise measurements. No one knows for sure, for example, exactly where the governor's wrist was when it was hit.

Then the trigger was pulled and the shot was fired. The bullet was perfectly stable when it went through the simulated neck. The "wounds," if you can call them that, were small, both on the entrance side and the exit side. As the bullet exited and entered the air, a less

dense medium than flesh, it started to tip. It was tipped as it entered the chest block and so made a larger track. By the time it exited from the chest it had lost considerable velocity and was even more tipped. As a result, the exit opening was much larger than the entrance "wound."

The wrist block contained a Masonite insert to simulate Connally's wrist bone. Olivier says Masonite is a good substitute for bone so far as slowing down the bullet is concerned. During the tests, about 20 shots were fired. About half of them came, successively, through the neck, chest and wrist blocks but none penetrated the thigh simulation. In all cases, says CBS, the bullet was relatively undeformed, quite similar to the one recovered from the governor's stretcher. It was not, however shown on television.

Lister says he now thinks this was a serious oversight. Richard Salant, head of CBS News, agrees. "I was watching the show at home with my family," he says, "and my 14-year-old son picked that up immediately. 'Yeah, but what did the bullet look like?' he wanted to know. And he was right. But sometimes you get so close to your material and know it so well that you overlook its importance."

Olivier says that the test bullet was in very good condition and that, in his opinion, this tends to confirm the single-bullet hypothesis. If the bullet had not been slowed down gradually by going through soft material, it would not have emerged with so little change in its shape. "In all cases at Edgewood Arsenal," he says, speaking of the Warren tests, "when we fired into wrists of cadavers, the bullet was deformed. In the tests here, there was no deformation after passing through other substances. For a bullet to go through two men, it would have to deform very little. If the bullet deformed a lot in the first man, it would probably never get through him and it certainly would not have enough velocity to enter a second man."

Although there was a Masonite insert to simulate bone in the wrist block, there was no bone simulation in the chest block. But the chest block was 12 inches thick which was probably thicker than it needed to be, particularly when one considers that a great deal of a man's chest cavity is hollow. Doctor Olivier says, "If the bullet had hit the rib directly, you'd have had a lot more damage. The bullet probably passed along the rib, or very close to it, causing the fracture. So, in this case, not having the rib, I don't think makes that much difference."

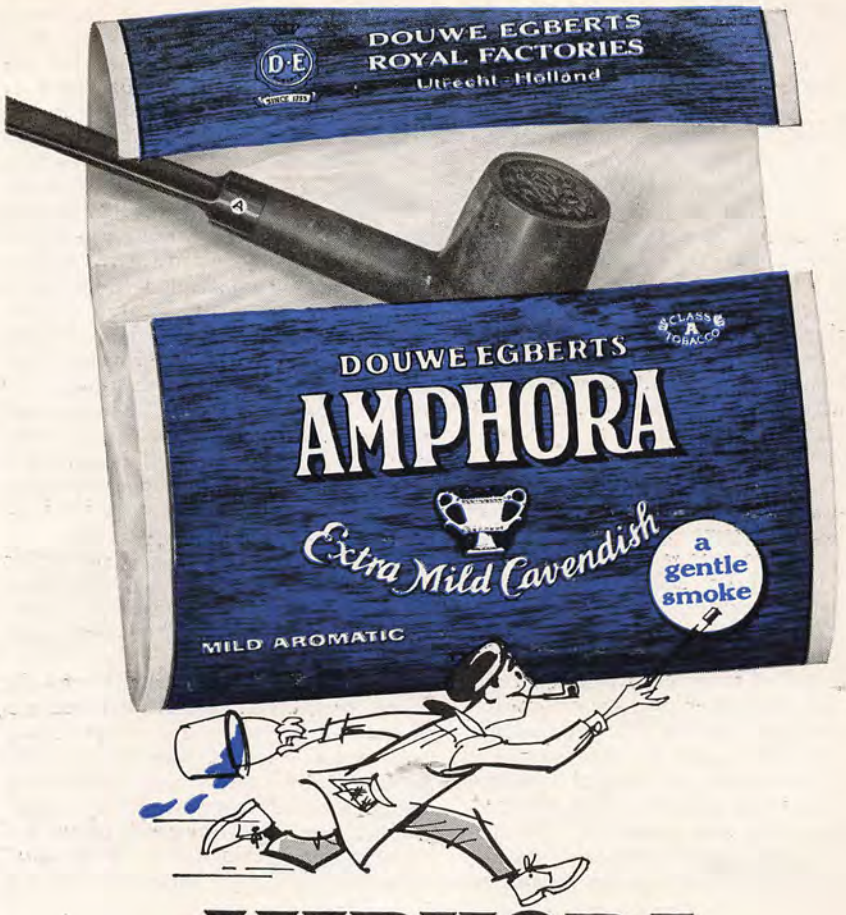
CBS News ran another series of tests which were not shown on the program. These were based on the idea that Governor Connally was hit by a separate bullet from the one which caused Kennedy's neck wound. In this test, the neck block was left out. Again, this test tended to confirm the single-bullet theory. "You get more penetration than actually happened in the governor's thigh," Olivier says. "You get deep penetration and I don't believe this happened."

In the tests using all four gelatin blocks, none of the bullets actually penetrated the thigh block but Doctor Olivier stated that "it would have taken very little more velocity to have caused a similar wound." He went on to say, " I think these tests very strongly show that this one bullet could have caused all the wounds."

Doctor Olivier suggests that one reason the bullet did not penetrate the thigh may be muzzle yaw. This simply means a lack of initial stability in the projectile. The cartridges used in the test were downloaded, so that they could be fired at 20 feet instead of 200. But although the velocity was the same, the stability of the bullet was in all likelihood not the same. Gun experts agree that a downloaded bullet would have more tendency to yaw or wobble. And a bullet with even a slight amount of yaw would probably lose velocity faster than a bullet with complete stability.

In any case, CBS News accepted Doctor Olivier's conclusion. "Difficult to believe as the single-bullet theory may be," Walter Cronkite said, "it seems to be the least difficult of all those that are available." And this, of course, is precisely the same conclusion that the Warren Commission reached.

Is CBS executive producer Leslie Midgley right when he says there is no evidence for a second assassin? These tests certainly do not prove that one could not have existed. But, at the same time, they seem to knock quite a few holes in the arguments of the Warren Commission critics. —Andrew Mills



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CBS IS WRONG

[*Continued from page* 34]

FBI had secured for comparison purposes.

Although CBS News acknowledged that "Oswald's rifle" had not been used in its test, the network declined to share with its viewers the information that the United States government would release neither the authentic weapon from its custody nor the "identical" one. CBS showed no reluctance to criticize *Life* magazine for declining to make available the Zapruder film of the assassination, which *Life* owns, but the network evidently decided against a similar admonition in an instance where the federal government was the culprit.

CBS reporter Dan Rather explained that the rifle used in the network's test was "of the same make and age as Oswald's." Cronkite said it was "like Oswald's." Rather's assertion may well have been accurate, but it seems clear that Cronkite's was not. One of the marksmen who fired the CBS rifle was able to get off three shots within 4.1 seconds. FBI firearms expert Robert Frazier, however, had told the Warren Commission that three shots in "4.6 seconds is firing this weapon [the alleged assassination rifle] as fast as the bolt will operate."

Thus at the very outset the CBS rifle test was thoroughly invalidated by the use of a Mannlicher-Carcano capable of firing three shots at least half a second faster than the weapon said to have been employed by Oswald.

If the weapon used in the CBS test was superior to the one allegedly fired at President Kennedy, the same was evidently true of the quality of the marksmen who participated as compared with the qualifications possessed by Oswald. In 1959, his last year in the Marine Corps, Oswald scored 191, a performance specifically characterized by a Marine Corps official as typifying a "rather poor shot," according to the Warren Report.

After leaving the Marines, Oswald lived in the Soviet Union for nearly three years. He hunted "about six times," the Warren Commission said, but he used a shotgun and not a rifle. On one occasion after his return to the United States —but more than a year before the assassination—Oswald went hunting with his brother and used a borrowed .22.

But the Commission was unable to uncover evidence that Oswald had gone hunting or had practiced with a rifle for more than a year prior to November 22, 1963.

The 11 CBS News marksmen, on the other hand, were quite familiar and proficient with weapons. Three were Maryland state troopers, five others were professionally involved in ballistics or weapons engineering, one was an ex-paratrooper, one a sporting-goods dealer and another was described as a "sportsman." Moreover, although there was no evidence that Oswald had practiced firing a rifle for more than 12 months prior to the assassination and no evidence to prove that he had ever fired the "assassination" weapon before November 22, the CBS marksmen were permitted to practice firing with the network's weapon on the morning of the test.

A further complication which CBS apparently avoided was the defective telescopic sight mounted on the alleged assassination rifle. When the FBI tested that weapon, according to J. Edgar Hoover, the "telescopic sight could not be properly aligned with the target, since the sight reached the limit of its adjustment before reaching accurate alignment."

In order to utilize the rifle for its test on behalf of the Warren Commission, the U.S. Army had to have gunsmiths stabilize and adjust the sight by adding metal shims. CBS News went to some trouble to have its sight mounted, evidently accurately.

The target used in the CBS test, described as a "standard FBI silhouette," was far too large under the circumstances. The hypothesis under examination by the network was predicated upon the assumption that Oswald's goal was to kill President Kennedy. Thus the President's head presumably would have been the sniper's target; indeed only his head and shoulders would have been visible from the rear of the limousine. In any event, the President was hit in the head and in the neck, according to the Warren Report. But the head and shoulders silhouette employed in the CBS News test was in fact more than three times as large as the head and neck and this in turn was placed upon a larger background.

Another crucial shortcoming of the CBS rifle test was the speed at which the target moved. In the first place, the Zapruder film established that the speed of the Presidential limousine varied during the assassination interval (an analysis of the figures accepted by the Warren Commission and adopted by CBS News reveals that the car traveled at a speed of under 2½ miles per hour at one point immediately prior to the first shot and in excess of 17 miles per hour at another point before the final shot had been fired). The CBS target moved at a predictably uniform speed, a considerable advantage for the marksmen. In addition, although the FBI and the Commission were satisfied that the vehicle moved at an average speed of 11.2 miles an hour during the shooting, the CBS target moved at only 10.9 miles per hour, which the network represented as "approximately the speed of the Presidential limousine." Approximately—but a little slower.

The 11 CBS News marksmen made a total of 37 attempts to fire three shots. "Seventeen of those attempts had to be called no time, because of trouble with the rifle," Dan Rather explained. The nature of the "trouble with the rifle" was not specified during the telecast. It consisted either of the bolt jamming (in which case the rifleman was unable to complete the series of three shots) or the bolt slowing the firer enough so that the target completed its run before he could get off his third shot. "In the 20 attempts

TRUE

"Gentlemen of the jury—is this the face of a stickup man?"

where time could be recorded," Rather added, "the average was 5.6 seconds."

The CBS targets were mounted on rectangular boards. The oversized silhouette area was orange and the remainder of the board was blue. According to the scoring rules used by CBS News, a shot which had missed the silhouette completely but hit the background was counted as a hit. This was even more remarkable than the Warren Commission's test, in which a "hit" was defined as a shot which struck the silhouette portion of the target even though it missed the head and neck. Only 25 of the 60 shots fired in the "20 attempts where time could be recorded" struck any part of the silhouette portion of the target, whether on the head and neck or not.

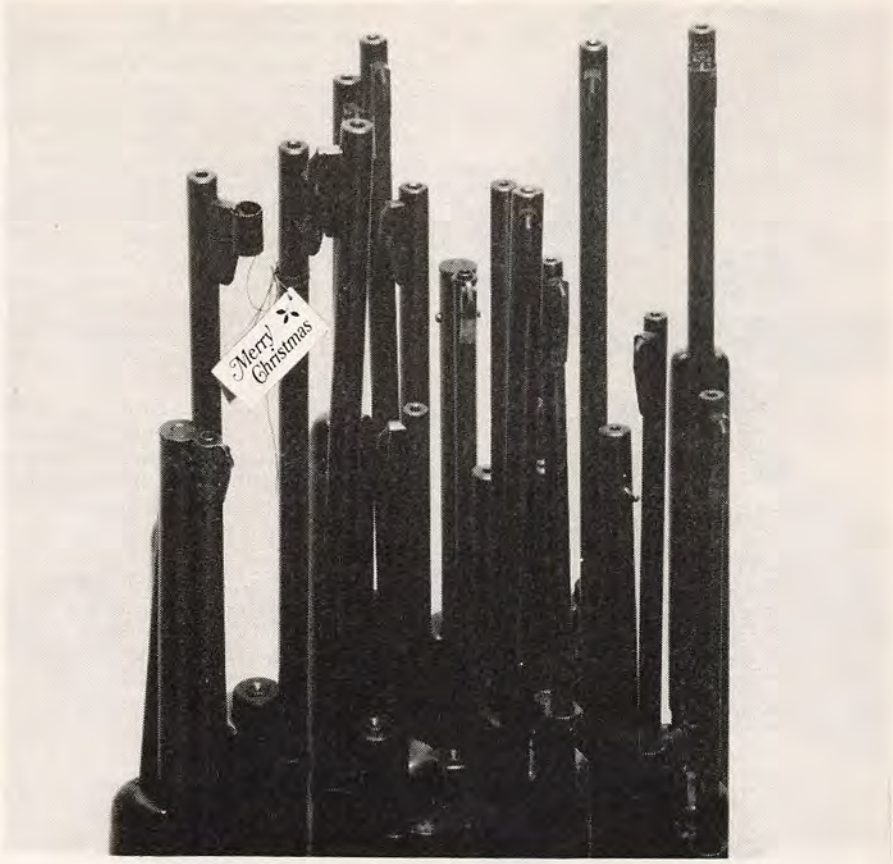
More time was taken by superior riflemen equipped with a better weapon to fire at a much larger target after practicing with the weapon which was equipped with a more effective scope. The target moved regularly, not at an unpredictable speed, and more slowly on the average. Under the more trying circumstances Oswald allegedly fired three shots, two of which hit a much smaller target. The experts were not able to do nearly so well on the average, even accepting the CBS News decision to sever almost half of the efforts from the average because they had been unsuccessful.

THE SINGLE-BULLET TEST

The second major test conducted by the network dealt with the Commission's hypothesis that one bullet struck the President in the back of the neck, exited from his throat, then struck Governor Connally in the back, shattered his fifth rib causing fragments from the rib to become secondary missiles, then exited from his chest, entered his right wrist and fractured it, exited from his wrist and then entered his left thigh. This unlikely circumstance—the single-bullet theory—is, to quote CBS News, "essential" to the Commission's finding that Oswald was the lone assassin.

FBI agents who saw the President's body observed a wound not in the back of his neck but in his right shoulder. Doctors at the Parkland Hospital in Dallas had said that the wound in the President's throat was an entrance wound, not a wound of exit. Governor Connally had said that he was struck significantly after the President had been shot and that he could not have been hit by the same bullet. More grains of metal remained in the Governor's wounds than were missing from the bullet, Commission Exhibit 399, said by the Commission and by CBS News to have been the bullet that caused all of his injuries, to say nothing of the wounding of the President as well.

Nevertheless, CBS News said it was determined to see if this was physically possible. Two questions then require answers. Could one bullet actually make such a journey? If it did, would it resemble the almost pristine and undeformed Commission Exhibit 399 pictured in the CBS advertisement for the broadcast? CBS implied that it had conducted "new and enlightening tests" which might provide answers to both questions.



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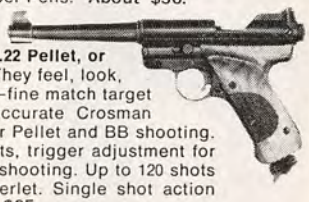

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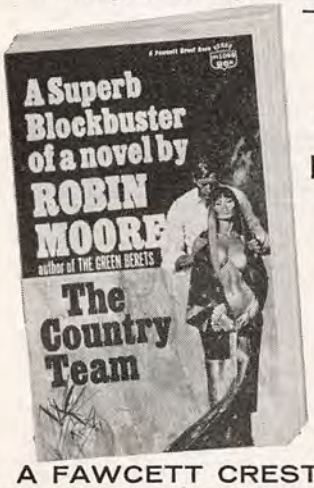

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In *Rush to Judgment* I criticized the test conducted by the Commission. Instead of attempting to fire one bullet through substances representing the President's neck, the governor's torso and wrist and into a substance representing his thigh, the Commission chose an almost meaningless test. Under the supervision of Dr. Alfred G. Olivier, separate bullets were fired, each into a substance representing one of the areas of impact. No effort was made to fire a bullet even through two of the four human tissue simulants. Yet each test bullet described in testimony before the Commission suffered more deformation than Commission Exhibit 399.

"It seemed to us," Cronkite stated, "that the only completely valid test would be a single shot directly through a series of objects with the same thickness and density as the two bodies. We decided to make that shot."

Accordingly, a test was conducted in which bullets were to be fired through four objects. CBS News asked Doctor Olivier to supervise its tests as well. In order to simulate the President's neck, a block of gelatin in a 20-percent solution was used, since the Commission alleged that the bullet which it said passed through President Kennedy's neck struck no bone tissue in its flight. In order to simulate Governor Connally's chest, however, the network merely used another gelatin block.

This clearly failed to simulate the governor's fifth rib, which was struck with sufficient force to shatter it, according to the governor's physicians, and cause the rib fragments to become secondary missiles, several of which punctured his lung. When the Commission fired a test bullet through a goat carcass and produced an injury to the goat rib which Doctor Olivier testified was "very similar" to the governor's wound, the bullet was flattened at the nose, a characteristic not possessed by Commission Exhibit 399.

During the broadcast, Doctor Olivier said, "In his [Governor Connally's] case, the bullet passed along the rib, fractured the rib, throwing fragments into the lung." As to the CBS simulation, Olivier sheepishly admitted, "Of course we have no rib here, but this still simulates passing through the flesh."

Yet Cronkite had previously promised that the bullet would be fired through "a series of objects with the same thickness and density as the two bodies." The

TRUE

"Don't be stuffy, Father! You're proud of *your* decorations!"

test was thus invalidated from the outset. But that omission did not represent the network's only failure to conduct the experiment properly.

In order to simulate the governor's wrist, CBS News used a third gelatin block which contained a piece of Masonite, said to represent the correct thickness and density of the wrist bone. CBS presented no scientific evidence indicating that masonite is an appropriate substitute for bone. The Commission's test utilized wrists from human cadavers, and there seems to be no reasonable explanation why CBS News could not have done likewise.

The fourth and final object used in the CBS test was another gelatin block, which represented Governor Connally's thigh.

According to Doctor Olivier, an undisclosed number of bullets were fired during the CBS test but not all of them were able even to pass entirely through the Masonite representing the wrist bone. "In some cases, it passed through the wrist," Doctor Olivier explained. "In other cases, it lodged in the wrist." Furthermore, he added, "In none of the cases did this thing [the bullet] actually penetrate that [the fourth gelatin block]."

CBS then contended that it had conducted a "valid test" and that "our tests confirm that a single bullet could indeed have wounded both men." Neither assertion is supported by the facts. Even Yale Law Professor Alexander M. Bickel, a defender of the Commission's conclusions, felt constrained to write: "And what he [Olivier] reported on the air was that in none of his tests did the bullet 'actually penetrate' as far as it was required to in order to support the theory, although 'it would have taken very little more velocity to have caused a similar wound.' In other words, the only significance of the tests was that they disproved the theory. But CBS News had Walter Cronkite conclude, right in the next breath, that 'our tests confirm that a single bullet could, indeed, have wounded both men.' The non sequitur of the year!"

The explanation that the bullet may have yawed more because it had been downloaded is just speculative. If that was a problem, why was the bullet not fired from the correct distance without being downloaded, as the Commission fired the weapon? In any event, can we be certain that the downloading would have caused more yawing than the bullet's flight through the air?

The Warren Commission's test revealed that just a flight of 180 feet through the air caused the bullets to lose more velocity than they lost through striking the first target, penetrating it, exiting from it, striking the second target, penetrating it and exiting from it. In fact the bullets suffered a greater loss of velocity just traveling the proper distance through the air than the combined loss occasioned by penetrating the first target and severely fracturing the wrist of a cadaver. Yet CBS News had fired the rifle from just 20 feet.

The second relevant question that CBS implied it would answer related to the shape of the tested bullets. Could they weather collisions with various gelatin simulators and a piece of Masonite and retain the almost pristine form of Commission Exhibit 399? While the Commission published pictures of its spent bullets, all revealing substantial distortion, CBS News refused to share its results with the public.

"Could a single bullet have wounded both President Kennedy and Governor Connally?" Cronkite asked. The CBS test proved that it could not. What would a bullet, spent in that effort, look like? CBS News has the answer—it has the bullets—but we may not see them.

CONCLUSION

What did the CBS tests prove? They used the wrong rifle, one that could fire considerably faster than the one Oswald allegedly used. One rifleman did too well. His speed cast doubt on the entire proceeding as would a box score which stated that a baseball player hit two home runs the first time up.

CBS News tested 37 attempts but when a rifleman took "too long" CBS ruled that it was "no time" and his time was not counted in the "average." With such adroit manipulation of the figures, one could prove that Leo Durocher was the greatest hitter of all time. Just subtract all of his outs and he batted one thousand on "the average."

Not content with improving the "average" speed of the riflemen, CBS tabluated every bullet that missed the silhouette as "a hit" so long as it struck the background on which the target was placed. With that system Durocher's outs are no longer avoided—they are transformed into hits.

In its test of the Commission's single-bullet theory, CBS News was unable to force even one bullet to duplicate that which the Commission said Commission Exhibit 399 did, even thoug'h the bullets were fired at much softer substances. And we were not allowed to see what the bullets that had failed looked like.

There remains need for some impartial group to test the Commission's conclusions properly. The CBS tests, although poorly done, only demonstrated that it is very unlikely that a proper test could sustain the Commission's conclusions.

—Mark Lane

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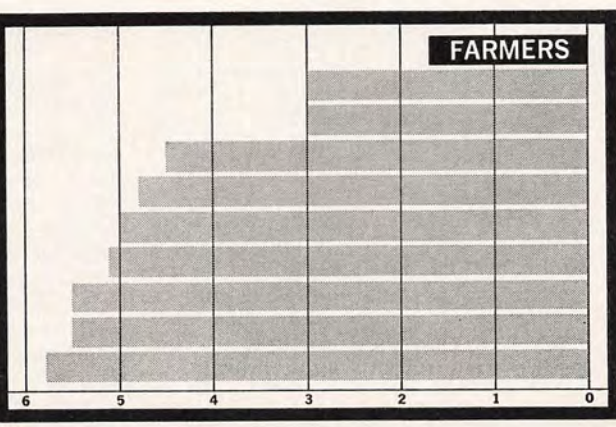

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DANDY DON'S WAR WITH TEXAS

[*Continued from page* 38]

Meredith finished, with another shrug.

Unbelievably, on first down, he passed over the middle into the bunched-up Browns' defense. Right into the hands of a Cleveland linebacker, who caught the ball. The 76,000 almost tore up the stadium when the game ended, 24-17, Cleveland's favor.

"You read about it in the papers?" Dandy asked his interviewer.

"Yes," said the interviewer. It made headlines all over the nation.

"Well," drawled Dandy, "the sportswriters have given me pretty fancy hell-and-damnation, but this time the boys surpassed themselves. One writer opened his story with: 'Outlined against a grey November sky, the Four Horsemen rode again. You remember them—Death, Pestilence, Famine and Meredith.' "

He chuckled. "But I didn't get too upset about what they said. Damn it, I *thought* the play would work."

At other times he has shocked students of the game with equally irrational moves and survived the result, lightheartedly. Meredith is a believer in the full life. "Football," he frowns, "can't come first. There's a lot of rewards to be reaped on the outside, and he who neglects this is just robbin' his soul. The game becomes a cruel mistress if you let her. But the Alpha and Omega of existence is enjoyment an' fulfillment and don't you forget it." Accordingly, Dandy once bought himself an ocelot for a pet. He races around on a Honda cycle, wears jeans and thonged sandals whenever possible, writes about nature, is a photographer, has had a couple of marriages, records country-hip songs for Dot Records and boosts sales with club singing appearances, and has traveled from the Orient to London to Australia to Greece absorbing native culture. His first marriage, to a Texas oil millionaire's daughter, was unusual: they were divorced, then remarried and divorced again. His present wife, Cheryl, an expert surfer and skier, is called "Chigger" by her husband. "He's the most exciting man in the world," she testifies. She always speaks of him as "Dandy." So does a talking bird owned by the zestful quarterback, which is trained to squawk at him, "You're a Dandy!"

There's no law which says you can't put your job second in your overall life scheme, a point Texans miss completely. To them, such a thing just isn't permissible for a whip-arm with the class and leadership qualities of Meredith. Local belief is that the Total Human Condition is pretty much wrapped up in Sunday's football circus, an attitude no one exemplifies more than tense, thin-lipped Tom (appropriately born in Mission, Texas) Landry. Under the Landry system the Cowboys are a science lab on cleats, attacking from all known wingback, "I," split and spread formations and defending with a complex "sliding jaws" arrangement. It is, as writer Ed Linn defined it, the most efficient form of "computerized violence." And Meredith, with all his talent, is capable of turning it into a farce.

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One warm afternoon in Pittsburgh, for instance, he had a seven-point lead on the Steelers, and it seemed Dallas would hold on and win. Hitting his receivers on the nose, Dandy moved the team 60 yards to the Steelers' six-yard-line. One more TD definitely would sew it up. Dancing back to throw and finding nobody open, he scrambled, pumping his thin legs outside end, squeezing past tacklers and reaching the one-yard-line. No one was between Merdith and a score; needed only to take one more step over the goal line. But then he stopped, as if struck with an inspired thought. He pulled back his arm. And he threw a pass into the end zone.

Landry fell right off the bench.

Not only was it an illegal pass (beyond the line of scrimmage), it also was unnecessary, and Meredith added a further touch—he threw a lousy pass which fell incomplete. A five-yard penalty instead of a touchdown resulted.

"Can you explain this guy, what goes on in his mind?" the writers asked Landry, after the Steelers rallied and won the game. No, Landry couldn't. His balding head ached; he was going home to bed. One reporter quoted Dandy Don as blithely remarking, "Stupid of me, wasn't it? Oh, well, I'm just getting warmed up to pro ball, and I figure to let Johnny Unitas have one more year on top before I start bearin' down."

That was early in his career, and the idea that he was dangerous to have around didn't begin to form strongly until he developed color-blindness. Against Cleveland he spotted a man, all alone, in a brown-and-orange jersey. Bang! A pass right to him. The man ran 62 yards and scored. But, ye gods, Cleveland is *known* as the Browns. And Dallas was wearing white. Dandy threw three more interceptions that day and Cleveland won, 27-17.

In a 1965 contest against Washington, Meredith was hit with terrific impact by 265-pound Fred Williams and spread on the grass, as if dead. He stayed there unmoving. Two Cowboy trainers tried to revive him, but all that came from him were agonized moans. "Where does it hurt?" they asked. More moans. The trainers were convinced his back was broken, at least, and then Dandy sobbed, "Why did I ever do it? . . .Why did I do it?"

"Why'd you do what, for gawdsake?" cried trainer Larry Gardner.

"Why did I ever leave Mount Vernon?" sighed Meredith, referring to his hometown in Texas. "Back there I didn't get treated like this." Grinning, he got up, uninjured, pleased with his joke.

Landry, a board director of the Highland Park Methodist Church and a Sunday-school teacher, couldn't swear at him for his gags. He tried father-son-type lectures. A few games later he asked one of his tackles what that odd noise he thought he was hearing on the field might be. "That's Dandy, singing," replied the tackle. "Doing what?" asked Landry, doubting his ears.

"Yeah, he comes into the huddle, snap-

ping his fingers and singing 'I Didn't Know God Made Honky-Tonk Angels.' "

That was a grim moment for the coach. Here Landry had a boy, a natural flinger, who'd broken the all-time college passing record at SMU and who showed up just as great as a pro, when he felt like concentrating. One day against the San Francisco 49ers he accounted for a stunning 30 completions and 460 yards with his arm. He could limp out on a bad knee and with taped ribs and defeat teams like the Bears and Lions—when in the mood. But much of the time he was going around, finger snapping, telling people, "I'm a misplaced man. Show biz is in my veins. It's just an accident I wasn't born in a trunk backstage at the Palace. . . ."

After the Cowboys had lost 18, won nine and tied one in 1963-64, the management learned that there actually existed in Dallas one place where Meredith wasn't booed: the Revelers Club. Nighttimes, he'd drop in there and sing for the customers, who loved it. Encouraged to try a big-time audition, Dandy joined featured Molly Bee on-stage at the Statler-Hilton's Empire Room in New York. "He shows a muscular baritone," said one reviewer, "in his métier, hip-rock music." Next day the New York Giants' métier was football, and they clobbered the Cowboys. Long conferences among Clint Murchison, multimillionaire owner of the club, Landry and Tex Schramm produced but the same old answer: somehow Dandy had to be made to conform, to realize that this wasn't pitch-penny he was involved in. Over their first four years, poor-drawing Dallas lost a reported $2.6 million.

As of today Tex Schramm sizes up Meredith as, "A fellow posing as something he isn't. He never was as flakey as he appeared to be. Until 1966 he was stuck with a very bad team. He was embarrassed at looking so bad and covered it up with a flip, nonchalant attitude. Actually, he very much wants approval. When the fans got on him, he hid it behind a clowning front. Then you have to look further into his motivation. He didn't have any for a long time. With the weak protection the blockers gave Don, he was always getting half-killed. Personally, I don't see how he could take all those injuries and come back for more. He's shown incredible courage."

In short, another quarterback would have quit or asked to be traded. Meredith didn't.

He hung in there, but on his own terms. "The rewards on the outside are many," he reminds those of us who keep our noses to the grindstone. Dandy's home life has pointed this up. Before he remarried two years ago, he bought a north Dallas house, which he christened the "Pago-Pago Club." A steal from *Trader Horn,* it had thatch walls, bamboo furniture, overhead fans, wild-animal rugs. "In the whole NFL there was no more swinging joint," says a former teammate who hung out there. "What with the pink champagne served in coconuts and tropical birds screeching, we had to beat off the chicks with clubs."

One afternoon, while the Redskins were mauling Dallas, Dandy Don decided to give a dull day some life. He was wearing, to keep ruptured stomach muscles from tightening, a hot-water-bottle-sized heating pad filled with a red liquid. Big Sam Huff came through and knocked Dandy several feet into the air. When he lit, the pad broke. A crimson stain spread across Don's jersey. Grasping the opportunity, he imitated a dying man. Gasping, he held his stomach. "My guts! They're coming out!"

Huff, white as a sheet, was down on his knees over Meredith, convinced he was a killer, when the voice changed. "You bastard, Huff, just for that I'm gonna run the next play right over you."

In this atmosphere the Cowboys went on a seven-out-of-10 losing streak and entered 1965 with Murchison still losing money—at which time Dandy visited Hollywood, to test for parts in the TV shows *Gunsmoke* and *The Virginian.* He wasn't hired. But he proudly came up with a Dot Records release of his rendition of "Them That Ain't Got It Can't Lose."

The song's title as irate Texans saw it, precisely described Dandy's rationalization of the hapless Cowboys, and, by God, suh, something had to be done. But what? Midway in'65, against the 49ers, the budding baritone threw two interceptions and, as ball holder, fumbled two snapbacks on extra-point attempts. While the kicker swung his foot at empty air, he leaped up lightly and tried to salvage the fumbles. He did this by flipping the ball into the end zone—both times to an ineligible receiver.

"Can you explain why you did that?" a sports editor inquired.

"Yeah," replied Meredith, with facetious indignation. "On this team we're much concerned with improvin' our pass routes and our completion average. The first time I threw, the guy at the other end ran a lousy route on me. So I decided to give him another chance. Danged if he didn't do it to me again."

Landry benched him for being funny when the sky itself was falling in on the establishment. In Pittsburgh, given another chance, he bobbled the ball on the Steeler nine-yard-line; the Steelers, recovering, scored, and later he fumbled on a field-goal try. That made it five straight seasonal defeats for the Tillerless Texans, and Meredith's pass-completion record was the league's lowest—38.7 percent. Team morale was still lower.

And then, late in October, 1965, a strange thing happened, leading up to Dandy's present position as Half-Forgiven Hero. After the loss to Pittsburgh, Landry locked himself in a room, broke down and wept. It was a humiliating display by a man known for his cool. The players learned of it. Especially Meredith. Suddenly, Landry's plight—and the team's—moved him deeply.

"I surprised myself," reveals Meredith. "I got up in front of the squad and said, okay, if they wanted me to be a real leader *that* much, I'd try to be one. Told the boys I was dedicatin' myself hereafter to winnin' all the games left and wanted them to do the same. Let them know I was gonna be a different guy. . . . Man, I heard myself talkin' like a Saturday night reformer and I thought—*can this be the Dandy?*"

Spectacularly it was a new Meredith. Charged up by his words, the team won five of their remaining seven games, finishing in second place, and carried over the streak into last year, when they made it nine victories in an 11-game span. In that period Meredith clicked for 30 touchdown passes. He was so great he had trouble believing it himself. From pushovers, the Cowboys became division champions. New talent brought in—"fastest human" Bob Hayes at end, half-

TRUE

"Either I've got the wrong case history or she's a mighty sick St. Bernard."

back Dan Reeves, monster tackle Willie Townes, among others—accounted for some of the change, but mostly it was the tight command Meredith held over himself and his men that did it. He was particularly effective in the NFL championship clash with the Packers of Green Bay. Twice the Packers ran up 14-point leads, saw them wiped out and at the finish were barely able to pull out the game by a 34-27 score.

Has success so warped our country-boy hipster that he'll become like every other overregimented, colorless ballplayer?

"He's more serious now," says Pete Gent, the Cowboys' flankerback. "No more rodeo or honky-tonk songs in the huddle. But I don't think he's very damn happy, having to be the inspirational force. For him it's a hard price to pay."

If he stops staying loose, it'll be a shame. The Dandy is one of the few left who can make offbeat headlines without a press agent setting them up.

But the odds are good that he'll remain his own man, an art he cultivated early. Dandy was born in Mount Vernon, a farm hamlet of 1,338 people in northeast Texas. His early life was restrictive: his father Jeff, a community pillar, owned Meredith's Dry Goods Store and the boy worked the counter, sang in the Methodist choir and learned politeness by means of a switch. Never tasting a smoke or drink, he won all-state honors in football and basketball and at 18 drew many college scouts. The scouts at first sized him up as a hick. In dealing with their approaches, however, the youngster showed his future style.

Coach Abe Martin, the homespun genius of Texas Christian University, knew just how to rope Don for TCU. "Son," he said, an arm around him, "yawl just keep on those same overalls and that ol' shirt you're wearin'. Just keep 'em on and come on down to Foht Worth with us folks, who don't believe much in fancy dress and manners."

"Coach," came the reply, "I've already donated these clothes to the Good Will. What I need is a $150-suit sort of scholarship. It's been nice, knowin' you."

Paul (Bear) Bryant, then coaching Texas A. & M., showed him some Quonset huts where Aggie players lived. "Must get hot in there," mused Don. "About 110 degrees, maybe? Well, nice knowin' you."

Passing up bids from Army, Notre Dame, Oklahoma and many others, he moved into the Phi Delta Theta house at SMU in Dallas, deliberately selecting a school which played a wild aerial brand

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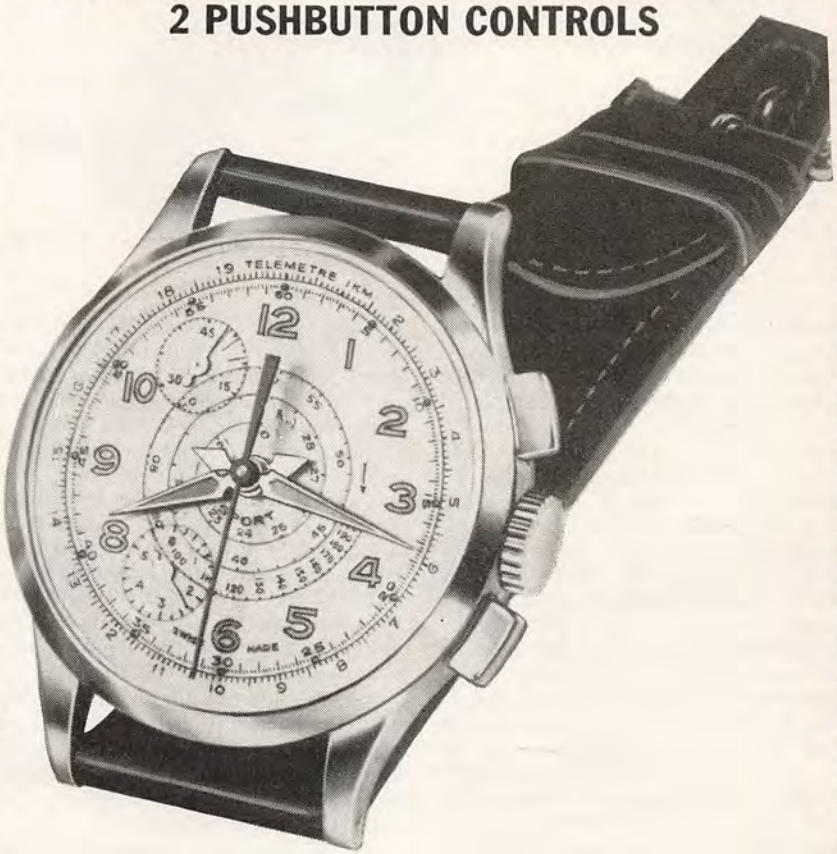

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of football and had the Cotton Bowl for a showcase. He took over Bill Meek's SMU club in 1957 as if he owned it. Against Arkansas, as a sophomore, he completed 20 of 24 passes for three touchdowns, scored two other TD's himself, kicked the extra points and gained 102 yards rushing. "He's a dan-dan-dandy!" fans yelled, nicknaming him. In that first season he surpassed the sophomore-year marks of earlier Texas heroes Slinging Sammy Baugh and Bobby Layne, setting a national record for passing accuracy—69 percent completions. The next year he made All-American. Notre Dame hospitalized him, but Don came back against Texas U., limping. Texas concentrated on his hip injury and beat him up for three periods. "I've been away too long," he told the Texas linemen. "You must of forgot who I am." He demonstrated—lunging through a big line for a touchdown. When the pile uncovered, Meredith lay stretched out perfectly still. When no muscle twitched, a frightened Meek and a trainer ran out.

"This is the hallowed earth, friends," he murmured, winking coyly at them. "You get six points for just lying here." Favored Texas went down to 26-10 defeat.

His comic flair and jauntiness (conrary to Tex Schramm's analysis) is wholly natural. "I've always figured I could do about anything," Dandy admits. At the exclusive Petroleum Club in Dallas, members sat blinking when, still a college kid, he walked in one night with no one else but the late Jayne Mansfield, in an off-the-torso gown, on his arm. Invited to the White House to meet President Eisenhower, Meredith was at ease. "You're doin' a dandy job," Don let him know. President Willis Tate of SMU said (the year Don flunked trigonometry but made All-American again), "We're thinking of changing the name to Southern Meredith University."

By the end of his third SMU season, in 1959, he had set an NCAA record for career accuracy (61 percent completions of 395 passes) while making a stir in the field of international relations. Coach Meek looked around one day after Meredith's junior season and his meal ticket had disappeared—to Europe. While the Dandy Man wandered through London, Paris, Rome, the Riviera, no one at SMU knew where he was. "I'd accumulated $1,200," Dandy explains, "and I was tired of being told how to behave. You know—revere the coach, don't miss chapel, study hard even if you got your ribs cracked last Saturday. I decided to blow it all abroad. See how other people lived. When I came home I had about 10 bucks left."

The thought of a player who could put an extra $50,000 into their stadium every week roaming loose gave SMU officials sleepless nights, but, ignoring complaints, he stayed abroad for seven weeks— "and, man, this was educational."

After returning, young Don went through a trying period—the aforementioned marriage to an oilman's daughter. They split, remarried and then were divorced for good. In '59-'60 he was the prize catch in the battle between two newborn teams, the Dallas Texans of the American Football league—now the Kansas City Chiefs—and the Cowboys. Meredith chose the Cowboys, said to have paid him $150,000 on a five-year basis. A good businessman, he now earns somewhere around $80,000 a year. Dandy appears in Jantzen beachwear ads and in U.S. Steel ads ("Because I'm such a conservative," he quips). He also has his own Texas State Network TV show.

Self-admitted ham, an insufferable egotist according to his critics, minstrel and funster, he resides in a $60,000 home replete with his present wife's paintings. Most of them are of Dandy, in many poses. From a perch his talking parakeet is always reminding him, "you're a Dandy!" There's even a bulletin board maintained by wife "Chigger" which traces his latest dandy-daring adventures. Early this year he visited Viet Nam for the State Department. Told to stay out of combat zones, he swaggered forth. He ventured so far that his helicopter was shot at, he fell through a bridge (damaging his bad knee) and an ammunition dump exploded close by where he was sleeping. You can give Dandy orders, but don't count on obedience.

The change that came over him in football?

All those who'd like to see Meredith in a straitjacket say that what he has done has been to surrender to The System in pro football—admit that he had to play it Tom Landry's way. Others see the change as nothing more than a convenient (for Dandy) compromise. Meredith clues you to which is correct with: "The squirrel-cage life isn't for me. To me every day's a new and interesting experience and without laughs, what have you got? Football teaches that you must reach a goal. The frustratin' truth is that there isn't any real goal. You can win a game, 10 games, the world title—but if you're a quarterback you find out there's never any time when you can lean back and tell yourself, 'Now I've got it made.' Tomorrow is always waitin' for you. Life is just one damn thing after another."

The lid had hardly lifted on the current season when Dandy successfully defended his title of most-damaged signal caller. In an exhibition game with the San Francisco 49ers, he crawled out from under a pileup with a cracked rib. Wrapped in tape, he faced the Houston Oilers in another exhibition. The Oilers' huge Ernie Ladd knocked him cold in the second period, damaging his nose extensively. "One damn thing after another" is the man's life story, but despite injuries, Don's passing got the Cowboys off to a fast start in the regular season play.

In speaking of goals and frustrations, he seems to be saying that pressure is best handled the way, for instance, Red Skelton clowns when he's torn with worries. But you can't sell laughs in the surly NFL. Nevertheless, even during his period of "reform" last year, Dandy got his point across. Late last December, all the eyes in Texas were on the championship playoff with Green Bay, and Don's health was all you heard anybody talk about. Without Meredith in top physical shape the Cowboys had no chance. Given that opening, Don called in an old friend, Stan Barrett, who is a Hollywood stuntman and makeup artist. Barrett built a horrible, fresh-looking scar which wandered from his brow down his cheek to his jawline. Patches of coagulated "blood" were added. Then he staggered into the lobby of the Cowboys' downtown hotel, crowded with players and fans. "Plate-glass window collapsed!" he gasped. "Had a terrible accident."

The reaction was beautiful. His teammates—seeing $10,000 in winning-player's shares lost—reeled back in shock. And then they leaped on him. There was no sympathy, only curses—"Damn you, Dandy, you — — — — — — !" The lobby sounded like a stadium sounds, when, just because the idea pops into his head, he throws a first-down interception from the opponent's one-yard-line. Meredith loved it.

—Al Stump

MAN TO MAN
ANSWERS
from the staff of TRUE

Wide World

In Syracuse, New York, it is not unusual for every street to become a winter snow trail.

Hoping to have an argument settled, George M. Coates of Buffalo, New York, asks, "Which U.S. city gets the most snow?"

If we are talking major city, and the usual definition of 50,000 population or over is applied, the answer is easy: Syracuse, New York, where the mean annual snowfall is 107.1 inches—almost nine feet—according to the U.S. Weather Bureau. The only other large American city to come close is Mr. Coates' own Buffalo, which averages 97.5 inches a year. Contrast these snowfalls with New York City's mean annual total of only 30 inches, 38 in Chicago, 59 in Denver and 57 in Spokane. On this continent only Quebec with 124 inches and Montreal with 112 inches exceed the Syracuse figure.

If smaller communities are included, Caribou, Maine, and its 8,000 or so residents, can claim to be the snow champ with 107.2 inches a year, to nose out Syracuse. But the residents of neither city can lift a snow shovel with the several hundred hardy souls of Yakutat, Alaska, where 214.9 inches of snow falls in an average year.

Other U.S. places with heavy snowfalls include Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan, 103.1 inches; Marquette, Michigan, 102.5 inches; Juneau, Alaska, 99.9 inches; Anchorage, Alaska, 89.1 inches; Grand Rapids, Michigan, 84.2 inches; Worcester, Massachusetts, 76.7 inches, and Portland, Maine, 71 inches.

But none of these communities—big or small—comes close to the record snowfalls in this country. Stampede Pass, Washington, has the highest mean annual snowfall with 443.5 inches. Tamarack, California, had the greatest one-month total: 390 inches. And 1000 inches—more than 83 feet—fell on Mount Ranier, Washington, in 1955-56, for the highest seasonal snowfall ever measured. For obvious reasons, these snowbound spots are sparsely populated.

Meteorologist Gerald L. Shak of the Weather Bureau explains why certain areas get so much snow. The Buffalo-Syracuse area is hard hit during November and December when cold air pours in from Canada before the Great Lakes freeze. The air picks up moisture from the lakes and dumps it as snow in New York state. As soon as the lakes freeze, the evaporation lessens and snows diminish in intensity.

The same sort of thing happens in the snowbound Sierra Mountains along the West Coast, where all the records are set. Warm, moist winds come off the Pacific and rise over the mountains. This chills the air, resulting in immense snowfalls on the western faces of the mountains.

One good thing about snow, it occurs in colder climes where there is less moisture in the air. Imagine what would happen at Mount Waialeale, Hawaii. This is the wettest spot on earth with an average 471 inches of rain a year. If the precipitation came as snow and, with 10 inches of snow equal to one inch of rain, Waialeale would get 392 *feet* of snow each year—as high as a 34-story building.

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Q: I read that during a recent tugboat strike in New York City, the *Queen Elizabeth* had to dock without the aid of tugs. How many tugs are usually needed for this operation? *Louis Bender, Newark, N.J.*

A: Six tugboats are normally needed to nurse the 83,673-ton *Queen Elizabeth* into her narrow pier in New York City. Without the aid of tugs, the vessel could easily crash into the pier by a simple change of current or wind. During the strike, Capt. Geoffrey Marr brought her in alone without so much as dislodging a barnacle.

Q: What are the official names of the various head markings found on horses? *Lester Wunder, Richmond, Va.*

A: They are as follows: STAR, a white mark on the forehead; SNIP, a mark between or extending into the nostrils; STRIP, a narrow vertical mark extending the entire length of the face; BLAZE, a wide vertical mark extending the entire length of the face; BALD, a mark covering most of the forehead, face, eyes and sometimes the lip and nostril areas. These distinctive white head markings may vary with individual horses within the same breed.

Q: What city in China is called "The Forbidden City"? *John Munch, Detroit, Mich.*

A: The Forbidden City is an elaborate museum in Peking, the capital of Red China. At one time it was a moated, walled area within the city which contained the Imperial palaces. It was called forbidden because the masses were not allowed to enter it.

Q: How far back has science been able to place the appearance of man on earth? *Tom Brody, Milwaukee, Wisc.*

A: A piece of elbow bone recently found in Kenya by Dr. Bryan Patterson places man's appearance on earth back as far as two and one half million years. Earlier, within the past 10 years, Dr. Louis Leakey found remains dated at 1.75 million years in Tanzania, Africa. Before these two important discoveries, the history of man was thought to have begun only 600,000 years ago.

Q: Last year, a large number of ducks were found dead of lead poisoning at one of my favorite shooting sites. How can a duck get lead poisoning? *Albert Masters, Saginaw, Mich.*

A: By eating even one lead pellet from the more than 6,000 tons of lead shot that is deposited each year at hunting sites throughout the U.S. and Canada. A spent lead shot, swallowed by a duck or goose, can cause fatal lead poisoning. As many as two million waterfowl die each year in this manner, and the numbers will continue until an efficient nontoxic metal can be found for shot usage.

Q: What do the letters "MG" stand for in the car of that make? *P. F. Myers, Kingston, Ontario, Canada*

A: Morris Garages, where at one time ordinary Morris cars of Great Britain were customized.

Q: I understand that 1967 is Canada's Centennial Year. What does this anniversary celebrate? *Howard Provost, Augusta, Ga.*

A: The British North America Act. This went into effect on July 1, 1867, making Canada a federal union within the British Empire. Accordingly, Britain retains only nominal control over Canada in the person of the queen. Her personal representative resides in Ottawa and performs such duties as dissolving Parliament, designating the prime minister and receiving ambassadors—all on the advice of Canadian ministers.

Q: Who invented champagne? *Victor Luden, Dallas, Tex.*

A: It was invented in the late 17th century by a scientifically-minded monk named Dom Pierre Perignon who served as cellar master of the Benedictine Abbey of Hautvillers in the Province of Champagne, France. Until that time sparkle only occurred in wine as a natural phenomenon and when it did, the wine was highly prized. Perignon successfully controlled the fermentation of wine so that the gas bubbles would be trapped inside. This was done by stimulating a second fermentation of processed wine by adding minute quantities of sugar. He also introduced the thick glass bottle and the wire-topped cork in order to control breakage caused by pressure. Each year a festival is held in his honor in the hilltop town of Hautvillers.

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Q: I have seen farmers burning fields of corn stalks after a harvest. Isn't this dangerous to the soil? *Jim DeMaranville, Council Bluffs, Iowa.*

A: Yes, it works against good soil fertility. A generation ago, however, it was quite common for farmers to burn fields because they did not have the proper equipment to plow crop residues under. Today crop burning is rare. It is done mainly through ignorance.

Q: What's the difference between the Army's honorable discharge and general discharge? *Thomas Lovette, New York, N.Y.*

A: A general discharge is a separation from the Army "under honorable conditions" of an individual whose military record is not sufficiently meritorious to warrant an honorable—the highest—discharge. Both discharges entitle an individual to full federal rights and benefits.

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A LONELY, RUGGED ROAD THROUGH ICE AND SEA

[*Continued from page* 42]

case of a puncture; its slope lets the ship ride right up onto ice thick enough otherwise to stop it. The weight crushes the ice, and the ship falls into the water again.

Now *Edisto* sliced into a frozen desert of solid ice about three feet thick. As we sheared through it with a satisfying hiss, triangles, squares and spires of ice fell away from the bow with gleaming facets of translucent whitish blue. Ahead, a seal saw us coming, and lumbered out of the way on rubbery flippers.

Edisto is one of nine American icebreakers that open up shipping channels to Alaska, Labrador, Greenland and in the Great Lakes during summer, and operate in the Antarctic during the opposing season, the South Pole summer. Seven of them are sister ships in the "Wind" class: *Edisto, Northwind, Southwind, Eastwind, Westwind, Burton Island* and *Staten Island.* The eighth, *Mackinaw,* works only in the Great Lakes, while the largest icebreaker, *Glacier,* is assigned to Operation Deepfreeze in McMurdo Sound, Antarctica. This year, *Edisto* and *Southwind* were to escort 10 ships into Thule. The next of these would not arrive at the rendezvous point, off Upernavik, a settlement 350 miles south, for several days, and *Edisto* was using the time to break the ice in Inglefield Bay, 60 miles north, so that a Danish ship could make its annual visit to the Eskimo community of Kanak.

Now we were 30 miles from Kanak. The ice was becoming thicker, and a line of icebergs sat in the distance below dark-brown rock bluffs. *Edisto's* skipper, Capt. William K. Earle, emerged from the doorway on the enclosed bridge in khakis and a zippered Windbreaker, and scanned the ice ahead. At 51, Captain Earle has seen 27 years of service, and his eyes hold a spark that makes it clear he is delighted with the job of smashing ice. Still, an icebreaker must avoid as much ice as it can, using leads of open water wherever possible. Scouting out the best route for *Edisto,* as for its sister ships, is done by a pair of Navy helicopters. With that line of bergs ahead in mind, the captain ordered the whirlybirds into the air. I was invited to go on one of them.

Riding as a working passenger beside me was *Edisto's* executive officer, Com. Lambert J. Larson, a slightly built, friendly man who has spent four and a half years on icebreakers. The ice looked about the same to me in all directions, but Larson knowledgeably marked contour lines on his chart as he laid out the ship's easiest path. We hovered hummingbird-style beside the bluff, where fine streams of water shot over the lip of the cliff and streaked down—water melting out of the massive ice cap that covers six-sevenths of Greenland to a height of 10,000 feet, and seems about to crush the barren rock into the sea.

Further along, on a gravelly beach, small houses painted red or green stood out from the brown-gray bleakness of the stone. A lone figure, his round, brown face turned up toward us, waved both arms excitedly. We kept going, scouting the thousands of huge bergs in Whale Sound before returning to the ship. This year the icebreakers have wide red bands painted across their bows which make it easier to spot the white ships amidst the white ice.

Although the helicopters are invaluable for selecting routes through the ice, Captain Earle also gets regular reports on ice conditions along the whole west Greenland coast from a Navy ice reconnaissance plane based in Newfoundland. It flies as low as 200 feet, dodging icebergs as three aerographers aboard it chart the ice in the whole of Baffin Bay. Ice density is noted in tenths—the fraction of water surface covered with ice. Density up to six-tenths is considered passable for unaccompanied ships; beyond this amount, icebreaker escort is needed. Ten-tenths means solid ice pack. The recon plane can even do its job over fog-covered areas, because fog over ice looks white, while over open water it seems gray. Backing up the plane in inspecting the 30,000 square miles of ice in Baffin Bay is the Nimbus II satellite, which circles the earth far overhead and sends down pictures of the region twice a week, to provide information radioed to the icebreakers.

FRIDAY: All night the ship crisscrossed the ice of Inglefield Bay in a calculated pattern; the first strong wind to come down off the glacier would blow all the broken ice clear of the waters off Kanak. This morning, each time the ship headed for the settlement on its patterned course, bands of tiny figures began scrambling out over the ice, then, as the ship turned away, they stopped and turned back, obviously puzzled. But no visit was to be made, and about noon *Edisto* headed east into Murchison Sound. Soon we were in clear water studded with hundreds of spectacular icebergs, some spindly and jagged, others stolid slabs squatting like hunks of white cliffside in the mirrorlike sea. There is nothing in the world but an ocean current that has any effect on an iceberg. One of these huge masses, two-thirds under water, can move with a current against the wind, in a direction opposite to that of surface ice.

Edisto now turned to head south toward the ships arriving next week. Last year Captain Earle took *Edisto* almost all the way to Alert, the Canadian base which is the world's northernmost. After gaining a few hundred feet at a time through ice that was piled 20 feet thick in places, with the bow bucking up onto the ice and cracking down through it, *Edisto* got to a point just 480 miles from the North Pole, at 82° 00′ 30″ North Latitude. (The world's northerly record for a surface ship moving under its own power is held by *Eastwind,* which once reached 82° 36′ North Latitude.) This time, though *Edisto* could have kept inching northward, the heavy ice threatened damage to screws and rudder, and the captain, lacking a good operational excuse to keep on, reluctantly reversed course.

Captain Earle, who is from Reading, Pennsylvania, is one of five brothers, all

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of whom became officers in the various services. This summer was to be his last at sea. "I'm already too old to have command of a ship," he said, "and there has to be room for the young men coming up. They have to learn." On the way to Thule this year, the first time sister ship *Southwind* went into pack ice she got stuck. Her skipper was new to the Arctic, and for two hours he tried to work his craft out. Then *Edisto* came alongside and freed her—as Earle's crew displayed a hastily painted sign: "Never fear, *Edisto* is here!"

SATURDAY: Up on the bridge, I peered mystified through binoculars at a distant row of monstrous gray office buildings, a good 200 stories tall. Chief Pond told me this was a mirage effect—the objects were actually images of the low Carey Islands shooting upwards like reflections in a fun-house mirror. It was unsettling to accept that these solid blocks standing sharp and clear were not actually there at all. A few minutes later the office buildings faded away and the Carey Islands returned to normal—low outcroppings on the surface. In the distance, across the mouth of North Star Bay, which would be our route back to Thule, there sat what looked like a solid wall of icebergs gathered during our three-day absence.

But as we came nearer to the bergs, a break in their wall appeared. The twisting channel it led to ran sometimes in open water, sometimes through floes or pack ice. The going was very slow; the big ship writhed its way along, making its turns sharp by backing with one propeller while pushing with the other almost like a pair of oars pivoting a rowboat. On the open flying bridges stretched out from the enclosed control center like wings, we could almost touch the bergs as the ship grazed past.

It was at this point that photographer Albert Fenn decided he wanted pictures of *Edisto* crushing through this icy jungle, but there were problems. From no place aboard could he shoot the bow in action, and walking out on the ice would give him only the briefest of sojourns before he was swallowed up—the ship was splitting the ice in great jagged streaks that darted across the surface with electric speed, leaving fast-opening leads of water. Helicopters could not provide a steady close-up, so at length it was decided to put Fenn inside a plywood crate and dangle him 30 feet out over the side from a crane. As he was swung out, most of the crew were taking pictures of *him*. The icebreaker stuck to business, heaving glassy cakes menacingly upward at his frail perch as the bow crashed into the floes, but he got the pictures.

At about 5 o'clock, we pulled into Thule harbor and tied up alongside *Southwind* for a night on the town and a brief visit to the ice cap 15 miles out. There the dry gravel road stopped, and a few steps farther on was an interminable whiteness, with clouds of snow whipped into the air by the endless winds.

SUNDAY: We were to sail at 1 p.m. In the morning I walked along the pier to watch two Coast Guard divers from *Southwind* at work fastening chains from a floating dock to a mooring. One of them poked his head from the water and pulled off his mask, and I asked him how it was. "Not bad, about 36 degrees," he said through chattering teeth and blue lips. The divers wore Farmer Brown style arctic wet suits five-eighths of an inch thick—the bottom section pulls on like overalls, and a coat goes outside. Since divers have to go down periodically to qualify for their extra $55-a-month pay, they are always looking for work—a cable fouled in a propeller, a leaky underwater valve. Aboard ship they also perform regular seamen's duty. *Edisto's* diving officer, Lt. Richard W. Switzer, told me, "In this water, we can stay down from half an hour to 45 minutes. You can stay longer if you don't actually have to use your hands—they go numb."

The divers also handle the explosives that can be used to blast the icebreaker free of locked-in ice if all else fails. The charge is lowered into a hole cut six feet into the ice, everybody ducks, and the blast goes off, the trick being to accomplish the breakup without blowing up the ship. So far, *Edisto* has not resorted to explosives, but they are kept ready. A 54-pound mine is supposed to be able to crack a floe 30 feet thick.

Aboard *Edisto,* quietly observant, humorous-eyed engineer Buell was about to make the engines ready for sailing. He suggested this would be a good time to visit below. *Edisto,* built in San Pedro, California, was originally commissioned a Navy icebreaker in 1947. She is named for Edisto Island, South Carolina, which itself took the name of a local Indian tribe. The Coast Guard got her two years ago.

Fuel tanks in the sides of *Edisto* provide both a double hull and storage for 688,500 gallons of diesel fuel, enough to drive her 27,000 miles—more than the distance around the earth. The six diesels, lined up in threes, run six generators of 1,375 kilowatts capacity apiece, and these in turn operate two 5,000 horsepower electric motors, connected directly to the screws, at a top speed of 145 rpm. The three-bladed propellers are 17 feet in diameter. The edges of the blades are sharpened to cut more easily through ice, and are bolted separately to the hubs for individual removal in case of damage. The propellers can push *Edisto* through ice five feet thick at five knots.

The rudder of the ship is 17 feet, nine inches high, and nine feet, six inches long, and its 50-horsepower electric motor can shove it a full 35 degrees right or left in just 20 seconds. The ship's instant response to bridge commands comes through direct electric operation of screw and rudder motor controls; thus the delay inherent in the standard ship's telegraph and its dependence on human reaction at the engines is avoided. The officer of the deck has the same kind of control over the speed of the icebreaker as the driver of a car has. The rudder works much like power steering—pull a lever right or left, and the rudder moves with it. The ship can change from full speed ahead to full astern in just 47 seconds; it's this amazing maneuverability that saves icebreakers from dis-

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aster in near scrapes with icebergs. In fact, no American icebreaker has ever been lost or seriously damaged.

A special feature in *Edisto* is a system to rock it loose from clutching ice. Pumps force 220 tons of water from heeling tanks on one side of the ship to tanks on the other, causing a 10-degree list in 90 seconds; the process is repeated until, hopefully, the ship breaks out.

An icebreaker's hull is shaped like a football halved lengthwise. This contour makes for very rocky sailing in rough seas, but in heavy ice under great pressure that could crush an ordinary ship, the icebreaker merely rises like a pea being popped out of a pod, and could theoretically sit on the ice all winter, undamaged. So far, no American icebreakers have been trapped like this, but other ships have. (Most famous was the *Fram*, in which the Norwegian explorers Fridtjof Nansen and Otto Sverdrup circled the North Pole from 1894 to 1896, until the drifting ice released the ship and let it sail off unharmed.)

Edisto uses only four engines operating at peak efficiency when running in open water or light ice because full power is not usually needed except in heavy going. Engineer Buell figures *Edisto*, sailing at 13½ knots in open water, uses 20 gallons of fuel per mile. But consumption for one mile in thick ice with two feet of snow atop it—the snow diminishes the ability of the bow to break the ice—equals 680 miles in open water.

The ship carries a 2,200-pound deep-sea anchor with 1,800 feet of line, four ice anchors for mooring on ice, and two regular three-ton bow anchors. It has searchlights and an air-conditioning system—neither needed in the Greenland summer. But in winter the lights are essential, and when the thick-hulled ship heads for the southern hemisphere, the temperature can reach 130 degrees below deck during the equatorial passage. An evaporator makes 10,000 gallons of fresh water per day from sea water—Buell leaves in one part per thousand of salt to improve the taste. *Edisto* is also equipped with a two-inch steel towing cable 2,000 feet long that can withstand a 50-ton yank; it works in a constant-tension winch that automatically gives way and takes up slack as strain varies.

Two 36-foot landing craft are occasionally used to put supplies on beaches, and a 15-ton Greenland cruiser, with a stainless-steel hull that can cut seven inches of ice all by itself, can be used to explore shallow, uncharted waters. Just in case, the *Edisto* also carries 21 rubber lifeboats holding 15 men each.

But elaborate electronic gear provides the best safety. Lt. William A. Doig, the tall, courteous navigator, offered to show it to me. Banks of transmitters and receivers both assure regular communications and monitor foreign circuits. Three receivers are kept constantly tuned to the international distress signal frequencies and are watched around the clock. Crammed into a niche on deck is an amateur radio station operated by volunteer hams to put through telephone calls for the crew; as we stepped inside, it was broadcasting a description of the 35-degree weather on Baffin Bay to a man in Death Valley, where it was 106.

Doig said the magnetic compass is useless up here because of the nearness of the magnetic pole, due west of us, but a gyroscopic compass worked, though it was four points off. A fathometer makes a running chart of the bottom, adding new soundings to the charts of the world on every trip; whenever a sharp rise is observed, the officer of the deck is notified. "We never know what we're sailing across," said Doig, "and the captain says we don't want to discover Edisto Rock." Even official charts are inaccurate. "Islands are liable to be five or 10 miles off," he said.

To offset the charts, signals from loran (long-range aid to navigation, a worldwide radio system operated by the Coast Guard) and omega (the Navy's own equivalent of loran) help check the ship's position, and radar warns of any objects ahead, though in heavy accumulations of icebergs it gives a confused picture.

Although *Edisto* seems to a landsman the ultimate in capability for its functions, there are plans forming for new designs. Early this year Captain Earle had sat on a Coast Guard board to consider the future of icebreakers. The ships its members had in mind would be a long, long way from the earliest remembered specialized craft to break ice. It was called *City Ice-Boat No. 1*, and it worked out of Philadelphia down the Delaware River about 1837. The 4,955-ton Russian *Yermak*, however, built in England in 1899, was to be the prototype for all seagoing icebreakers. By the early part of this century Russia had 40 such ships, and it has since led the world in icebreaker development because without these craft so many of its ports would be locked in by ice much of the year. Even in summer, it is only with icebreakers that the Northern Sea Route, which runs from the Barents Sea off Norway above the top of Siberia to the Bering Strait and the Pacific, can be kept open. So far, however, although it is supposed to be an international waterway free to all vessels, the Russians have not allowed American icebreakers through.

The biggest and best-known icebreaker in the world is the nuclear-powered Russian *Lenin*. It develops 43,400 shaft horsepower from a pressurized water reactor fueled by uranium. The water is turned into steam at 698° F. for the turbines, and these power direct-current generators for the driving motors. Three hundred tons of lead and concrete shielding protect the crew from harmful rays, but this weight even with the relatively minor weight of the uranium is still small compared with the weight of oil it would have to carry if conventionally powered. The uranium gives it a 300-day range at 18 knots. The 15,747-ton *Lenin* is 440 feet long and was built in Finland in

1958. It has a crew of 900, who enjoy a theater, a library, music and reading rooms, clubrooms, a clinic and live in single and double cabins. Television transmitters on *Lenin's* helicopters send pictures of the ice below them back to the bridge.

The Coast Guard wants six new icebreakers, two of them nuclear powered, with 35,000 horsepower, and four conventionally powered, with 20,000 horsepower. These, says the board, "would put the United States in a posture of at least equal strength and military capability in an Arctic Basin contest." Estimated cost of these new icebreakers is $50 million for each nuclear ship and $30 million for each of the others.

While I was soaking up this information, the engines throbbed. We were getting under way, heading south to Upernavik to pick up the Navy cable ship *Aeolus* and its tug *Seneca*. *Southwind* was to join us later. Last December one of the two cables between the ballistic-missile early-warning system radars in Thule (steel-web structures nicknamed "bedsprings," as big as football fields) and Air Defense Command headquarters in Colorado Springs was broken. Sensitive electronic apparatus located the break in Melville Bay off Cape York. *Edisto*, then in Boston, sailed north in 48 hours to escort the Canadian cable ship *John Cabot* to the site. Joining them were Canadian icebreakers *John McDonald* and *N. B. McLean*. On the way north in the winter darkness, the ships iced up in the intense cold until the crews had to knock off the accumulation with bats.

Arriving at the site of the break, the *John Cabot* immediately began grappling and with great luck caught up the cable quickly. The repair job was soon done—but then the word came through that the second cable to the Thule radars had been broken by the grappling for the first. The Canadians, however, felt they could not wait to do another job of repair because of the danger of the cable ship's being frozen fast all winter. As it was, fixing the first break would cost the United States $500,000.

Now, in midsummer, the American Navy's *Aeolus* was scheduled to fix the second cable. *Edisto* was to meet her and the *Seneca* sometime Tuesday and escort them to the site.

MONDAY: We had clear sailing today, the ship steady as a rock as we moved south through calm waters. The food has been excellent—north of the 50th parallel rations are increased, and there are four meals a day, if a man wants them, the last a hearty supper of thick soup and roast meat at 11 o'clock. Feeding the 208 men of the crew costs $7,000 a month; they eat 160 pounds of steak at a sitting, or 50 pounds of frogs' legs. The ship's store sells snacks for those still feeling the pangs of hunger, as well as the *Edisto* insigne (an embroidered icebreaker with a seal and a penguin in the foreground, and the legend, "To the ends of the earth"). For the breakfast call this morning, as usual, the boatswain's mate had blown into his silver pipe to a public address system microphone on the bridge. All regular events, such as reveille, chow, changes of watch, are piped, each with a special combination of the four popcorn-whistle notes of which the boatswain's pipe is capable. As a kind of signature, each bosun adds his own trills as well, but the ship's hoarse loudspeakers hardly improve the melody.

TUESDAY: The open water had let us get close to our rendezvous point ahead of time, so Captain Earle was now sailing in a two-mile square around an inoffensive iceberg that the gunnery crew was to use for a target. Said the captain with a grin, "We're just like the legendary wapiti bird. It goes around and around in ever-decreasing concentric circles until finally—bang! it disappears up its own tail." The ship's five-inch gun spurted great clouds of yellow smoke all around the bow, while the shells kept splashing farther and farther away from the target.

The captain ruefully contemplated the results of the firing, then said, "Well—we're basically a peaceful ship." Later he was reported to have given a personal criticism of the performance for the gunners' benefit.

Late tonight we met *Aeolus* and *Seneca*. Then *Southwind* joined up and we formed a convoy, the two icebreakers

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out front, *Southwind* in the lead, and sailed toward Cape York and the cable break under the all-night sun.

WEDNESDAY: As we moved north, the icebergs became more numerous and floes appeared. Doig told me that two weeks ago, when the freighter *Craig* was being led up to Thule in fog, *Edisto* ran right into an iceberg, even though it showed on the radar. It was mistaken on the screen for another berg nearby, until it loomed out of the fog as terrifying as some mammoth ghost. With the ship's quick response, however, she was able to reverse her screws and ease the collision; the berg shoved *Edisto's* nose off to one side with a good jolt, but there was no damage.

Last year, again in fog, the same freighter, following *Edisto* close so as not to lose her, drove right into the icebreaker when the latter made a quick stop, caved in *Edisto's* towing rail and guard rail, and split the hull plating of her own forepeak tank. In more civilized waters such stock-car capers would be thought poor seamanship, but in ice these mishaps are a matter of course.

Today, in the early morning, the convoy slowed as the icebreakers began to dodge wide floes or break through them. But the ice was still light enough for *Aeolus* and little *Seneca* to remain half a mile behind *Edisto;* in heavy going they would keep up close to ride the wake of the icebreaker before it closed up.

Now the helicopters were out ahead, trying to scout our route, but a wall of fog rose before us, and there was some danger of losing the aircraft if they could not return before the ships became hidden. The bridge became a busy, crowded place; besides the quartermaster, the officer of the deck, the helmsman, the messenger, two radar men, the navigator, the boatswain's mate with his whistle, and the captain, there were a number of rubberneckers, as well as the lookouts on the flying bridges to port and starboard leaping to the center doorways to cry their warnings of icebergs or to relay the shouted words of a third lookout up in the prow. Calling out, "Right 10 degrees," "Left 20 degrees," was a young Canadian on special duty, Lt. R. C. Sawchuk. Everywhere ahead icebergs surged slowly into view, and there was rising tension on the bridge.

Then the aircraft swooped in and landed safely. Suddenly *Edisto* came upon an iceberg, and Captain Earle took over with the command, "Full astern!" Sawchuk switched to a radiophone to keep *Aeolus* informed of what was happening—the danger was that the cable ship, much less maneuverable than the icebreakers, would hit a berg or ram *Edisto* in the fog, and Sawchuk tried to lessen the possibility of a berg collision by describing to *Aeolus* the ice to port and starboard as we moved through it. On another instrument the captain was in similar conversation with *Southwind,* half a mile ahead, sending us a running comment on the ice. Abruptly *Edisto's* bow lookout megaphoned back, "Bergy bit dead ahead!" and the captain ordered, "Right full rudder!"

Out of the thick fog astern surged the misty form of *Aeolus,* dangerously close and looking huge. The captain glanced at her, stepped to Sawchuk's radiophone and told *Aeolus* to pull back. "You're doing fine, Rambler Hotel," he added encouragingly, using the ship's code name. "This is going to get easier farther along, when we get into solid pack and can move straight through it. Right now we're in a lot of pieces we have to avoid, and all we can do is pick our way."

Shouts came from both bridge lookouts together, along with radar readings over a loudspeaker, and the captain snapped, "I can get too *many* reports, you know." To spare at least part of them, he asked for minute-by-minute reports of the position of *Aeolus* from the radarman—"Keep me informed." The rudder position was shifted almost constantly, along with the speeds of port and starboard screws, as we skirted one iceberg after another and crashed heavily into thick floes that slowed and sometimes nearly stopped the ship. Riding up on ice like this gives the rumbling sensation below deck of taxiing fast in a heavy plane on a bumpy runway. Captain Earle frequently stepped out on the flying bridge to peer through the fog trying to spot *Aeolus;* occasionally the mist would thin and the ship and its tug would be visible as blobs. There was no respite for *Edisto* from the changing speeds and directions until midafternoon, when the fog lifted and we could see our way. Then we got into solid pack and the going was more smooth. *Southwind* now dropped behind *Aeolus,* to guarantee the tug *Seneca's* passage through the heavier ice, and the convoy moved steadily northward. The tension was gone: the lookout in the prow was relieved, and the crowd on the bridge thinned out.

THURSDAY: It's been a full week. Captain Earle would agree with his predecessor in the *Edisto,* Com. John E. Plummer, who wrote in a report: "An ice transit, even a short one of only a few days, takes a terrific toll from the men in the ship. There is no place in the Arctic for the dashing hero. Heroes do not survive. Men in the Arctic must be basically plodders, willing to use all their strength as the days drag into weeks." Now, as the strain drains from the men of the icebreakers, *Aeolus* and *Seneca* grappled for the broken cable just off the sunlit rocks of Cape York and the spectacular glinting glacier leading from them up onto the ice cap of Greenland.

Soon I was circling over the ship in a helicopter on my way to Thule and a flight to Boston, my week's voyage into one of the most rugged regions of the earth at an end. That same day *Aeolus* made the cable repair, and *Edisto* began the escort south again, while her next assignment was in the making. Like the old-time polar explorers, the icebreaker is basically a plodder, but *Edisto* is filled with the enthusiasm of the crew—and with Captain Earle's love for the life: "The best duty there is!" **—Roy Bongartz**

PROBING VIET NAM'S TUNNELS OF TERROR

[*Continued from page* 49]

Frazier in their places. None had a light or a weapon. After about 15 seconds, Fraizer called softly: "Mann . . . Mann . . . you all right?" There was no reply. Frazier called once more. Again no answer.

S.O.P. is cut and dried in such a situation: "If Charlie has you pegged, don't try and play hero. Get out . . . fast . . . and then go back after him—on your own terms."

Since the four troopers had been sent underground with only one weapon and one light among them, and since Mann, now either wounded or dead, had been carrying both, the three other members of the team had no choice but to retreat and plan round two. At the word from Frazier, they turned around and started retracing their steps. Scrambling in the darkness, scraping knees, shoulders and heads against the walls of the passage, they crawled for their lives. Waiting at the mouth of the tunnel, deep in South Viet Nam's Boi Loi Woods, was Charlie Company's C.O., Capt. John C. Trammell, 32, of Portland, Oregon.

Trammell had heard the shooting, and from the looks on the faces of his men he knew something had gone terribly wrong below ground.

"What happened?" he asked.

"They shot Mann, sir," said Frazier quietly. "We heard three rounds of an automatic weapon."

"Someone's got to go back down and bring him out," said Trammell. Frightened though he was, Loudis didn't hesitate. "I'll go, sir," he said. Out of many other volunteers, Trammell picked three NCO's, including Frazier, to go with the young soldier.

Back through the narrow entrance, down the perilous passage, around one turn and then another, up through a trapdoor, the four soldiers crawled with Loudis at the point. They made their way without lights, for fear Mann's ambushers would still be there, see them coming, and chalk up additional American victims. The fear was justified.

Reaching the first branch in the six-foot-deep tunnel, Loudis spied a glimmer of light. He edged around the bend and spotted a shaft leading down several feet. Crawling headfirst down the narrow opening with Frazier a few feet behind, Loudis saw the glow of light become brighter. The other two NCO's stayed at the top of the shaft to await the all-clear sign before proceeding. Creeping slowly to the next bend in the tunnel, Loudis cautiously poked his head around the corner—and his heart almost stopped.

"Mann's body was facing me," Loudis recalled later. "It looked like the VC had jammed his legs under him in a kneeling position and propped his hands up in front of his chest with a stick. His face was sideways on his folded hands and the light was shining on his face. It was awful."

Instinctively, Loudis knew his buddy was dead, but he still called his name several times. The next step was to pry Mann loose from his grotesque position.

As Loudis started to do so, he heard the sound of voices, three distinctive Vietnamese voices, chattering excitedly. He realized that the VC had spotted him and were moving in for another kill.

"I shouted to the sarge "they're still in here . . . let's make it," Loudis said. Once again the GI's executed a wise withdrawal, harried all the way by several pursuing Viet Cong guerrillas.

Twelve hours later, with the aid of bulldozer working through the night, the men of Charlie Company recovered the body of Pfc. Eddie Mann. He had been shot three times. Once in the throat and twice in the chest. A 25th Division doctor said death had probably been instantaneous.

"We had the 'dozer work the tunnel over and we searched and searched for the guys that got Eddie," Loudis said. "We didn't find a trace of them. They'd gotten away . . . that time."

Mann was not the first American soldier to die in one of the myriad of subsurface mazes that gnaw at Viet Nam's underbelly from the Ca Mau Peninsula to the DMZ; nor will he be the last. There have been many Eddie Manns in this war that is being fought as viciously beneath ground as above. It is some consolation that for every GI killed in the underground war, four of the enemy meet the same fate.

The U.S. troops engaged in this eerie work are called "tunnel rats." They are a breed apart, cavern commandos who probe subterranean lairs with the guts of a mongoose and the nerves of a safecracker. They never know when their time will come. Danger may be around the next corner or beyond a crude trapdoor. When it does come, it will be in a dark, clammy, terrifying place infested with ants, scorpions and bats, poisonous and constrictor snakes, booby traps or, most perilous of all, a black-pajama-clad gunman who knows the cavern complex like the back of his hand and has the advantage of being able to ambush.

But the tunnel rat is a skilled soldier, a professional who doesn't bother to complain about his dirty, dangerous job because he asked for it. He wants to be where the action is—and it was he who found out that these labyrinths were where a special kind of action was.

When American combat forces first came in strength to South Viet Nam in mid-1965, the tunnels they found from time to time rarely were considered important. Unit commanders would give a hole in the ground a cursory check and then order it destroyed by tossing in a grenade or setting off a crater charge to seal the entrance.

In 1966, as search-and-destroy operations grew in size and scope, more and more tunnels were discovered, particularly in such longtime Viet Cong sanctuaries as the Iron Triangle, the Ho Bo and Boi Loi Woods, the Filhol Plantation and War Zones C and D. Occasionally an order would be given to investigate a tunnel system before rendering it uninhabitable. Often the order would result in a tunnel rat emerging with an armful of important intelligence documents or a cache of weapons.

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But it wasn't until early this year, during Operation Cedar Falls, a massive manpower attempt to trap a VC division believed hiding in the Boi Loi Woods, that the American high command learned what it had been missing by treating tunnels lightly. A chance discovery resulted in the most significant intelligence advance of the entire war—and the credit for this coup goes to a GI tunnel rat whose name is not even known.

He was a member of the mechanized 1st Battalion, 5th Regiment, of the 25th Division, which during Cedar Falls was, for the umpteenth time, again sweeping the Boi Loi Woods 25 miles northwest of Saigon.

"Frankly, I didn't figure we'd find anything," said one battalion officer. "We'd been over the same ground several times and, in this instance, precisely in a spot we'd 'cleared' only a couple of months before."

Suddenly there was an excited shout. A tunnel rat, looking for telltale signs that would be overlooked by the ordinary infantryman, sang out: "here's a hole."

It turned out to be far more than just a hole. Beneath the well-camouflaged trapdoor entrance was a network of many miles of tunnels—over seven levels—all leading to what was the command headquarters of the National Liberation Front's (Viet Cong's) 4th Military Region, which includes Saigon, itself.

It took days to search out the complex, and its almost unbelievable contents. A squeeze-fit tunnel would suddenly turn into a monstrous room, 10 feet high and wide by 20 feet in length. There were hospital wards complete with surgery facilities, communications rooms, mess halls, and even bunk-lined sleeping quarters, segregated into officer and enlisted billets. There were also administrative officers with adjoining storerooms. And it was from these that the tunnel rats extracted a gold mine of intelligence: enemy documents which, when the final count was in, totaled slightly more than 500,000 separate pages.

The Cedar Falls tunnel haul also included 500 enemy weapons, including machine guns and mortars; 60,000 rounds of assorted ammunition; 750,000 vials and ampules of penicillin and other antibiotics; 3400 tons of rice and a supply of brand new black-pajama uniforms sufficient to outfit a division of guerrilla troops.

It was the deluge of intelligence data, however, that prompted Maj. Gen. W. E. DePuy, then commanding the 1st Infantry Division and masterminding Operation Cedar Falls, to comment:

"This was one of the most significant finds of the war. The unearthed documents described in detail the activities of the Viet Cong's Military Region IV from early 1962, including plans of future attacks. The documents stated the strength of various VC units, the names of both political and military cadre, the towns and villages in which they operate, locations of their meeting places and other valuable information that even today cannot be discussed in full."

Shortly after Cedar Falls terminated, a general order was issued from Saigon to search every tunnel found. It became apparent that tunnel rats were to play an increasingly important role in the war and it was decided at division levels to turn what had been an occasional job for anyone who volunteered into a military skill.

Criteria for choosing from among troopers who volunteer now vary from outfit to outfit, but any GI with claustrophobia need not apply. The littlest guys usually get the nod—if they meet other qualifications—because of the zipper-tight dimensions of most of the underground mole holes. This isn't always the case. Honcho of the 1st Infantry Division's tunnel rat team, 1st Lt. Ken Maloomian, 24, of Weston, Massachusetts, maintains that "size isn't the deciding factor" in making his seven-man squad.

"I look primarily for a guy who won't lose his cool," said Maloomian. "If you push the panic button down there, you've had it."

Other requirements to make the Big Red One's exclusive tunnel-running club are: three to six months of combat experience in Viet Nam, and schooling in the delicate art of demolition. In addition to the $55-a-month combat pay every GI in Viet Nam collects, members of Maloomian's crew pick up another $55 monthly for handling with expertise a variety of high explosives.

Some line outfits are not as demanding in the recruitment of tunnel rats. "Let's face it," said one officer with the 173rd Airborne Brigade, "going down into those tunnels is no picnic. If we get a guy who volunteers to take the job, we don't ask for references. We grab him."

Motivation is an exclusive term insofar as it applies to tunnel rats. Some troopers sign up to go down because the mission affords far more personal satisfaction than merely toting an M-16 or machine gun with a line company. Others take it because it means they are, while below, their own boss, without an officer constantly looking over their shoulders supervising. And, for some, it is simply the idea of competing against the unknown.

Each tunnel rat has a personal list of subsurface fears. For many, the Viet Cong are the last thing to worry about. The dark passageways are littered with lethal booby traps of one sort or another—a favorite enemy trick being to implant a grenade in the wall, or attach it to a trapdoor, with a cleverly hidden trip wire hooked to the pin. Punji pits with excrement-smeared stakes also abound and are a constant hazard. Likewise, the various insects, rodents and snakes that inhabit the VC's underground redoubts present a threat to both the safety and sanity of the Americans who go below.

Tunneling is an ancient art with the Vietnamese. Centuries ago each hamlet had its own underground hiding place to conceal food and valuables from roving bandits and enemy armies, usually Chinese, that occasionally marched through looking for loot. Apparently the practice of using the dark passages diminished until shortly before World War II when Japan took over Indochina from the French colonialists. The Vietnamese hated the Japanese even more

than they hated the French. Guerrilla units, formed and led by none other than Ho Chi Minh himself, discovered that the old dodge of hiding men and weapons underground completely puzzled the Japanese.

The Viet Minh continued to make use of tunnels during their protracted, and eventually victorious, war against the French. But even after the Geneva accords were signed in 1954, the digging continued. The communist leaders of the movement knew their only chance of controlling South as well as North Viet Nam would be through subversion and military might. Looking to the day when more battles would be fought, they employed the shovel with as much enthusiasm and effectiveness as they would a rifle. The result: tunnels by the thousands.

Sometimes the end result is nothing more than a well-concealed sniper hole. It could just as well be, however, a mammoth regimental command post complex, heavily camouflaged and protected in some instances by earth-covered concrete bunkers 14 inches thick, and able to withstand almost any size artillery or air strike Americans can throw at it.

Down in the tunnels, the VC use bamboo and heavy logs to shore up and reinforce the underground compartments against artillery and bombing runs. The large tunnel complexes are used quite frequently in the role of bomb shelters. The only thing the VC fear underground is a direct hit. Judging from the time-worn timber and supports, some of the major corridors are at least 20 years old.

The majority of large enemy tunnel complexes are in the mountainous areas north of Saigon and along the Cambodian Border. Because of swampy lowlands in the Mekong Delta, tunnels are a rarity in that area.

In order to survive underground for days on end, the VC vent the tunnels by putting a rabbit or gopher into an open-ended cage fastened to the ceiling. The animal then burrows its way to freedom up to ground level, providing the guerrillas with an air hole in the process. Most tunnel complexes also have several openings for use both as entrances and exits.

Exploring the maze of enemy subterranean lairs requires the tunnel rats to utilize a strange assortment of personal equipment. They are issued revolvers (.22 up to .45 caliber, depending on the man's choice) with silencers to deaden the effect of a below-ground blast. Some of the pistols being used currently have a special light attached. Wherever the beam points, so does the barrel. Some rats (they are proud of the title) wear miner's hats with built-in lights, although others prefer a hand-held model. Not a few wear knee pads to absorb the constant grind of crawling over stones and packed-earth floors, sometimes as hard as a brick. Another important item is a compass. The whiplash turns of a tunnel that may branch out for a mile or more would get even an Eagle Scout lost in short order without a compass to check his bearings.

Usually only the lead man and the last man carry weapons when a tunnel rat team descends. If everyone were armed in such cramped quarters, there'd be too much risk of hitting each other should a VC be spotted and shooting begin.

If the air in a tunnel is too stale to breathe, or has been made unbreathable in the past by doses of riot gas, the tunnel rat dons an oxygen tank, worn on the back like a scuba diver, and a breathing mask that gives him up to 45 minutes of fresh air underground. If a deep shaft is encountered, the rat is lowered down by nylon, four-ply rope, the kind used by mountain climbers for rappelling.

Some of the underground GI's wear earplugs to cushion the concussion of a pistol shot or TNT explosion, but Sgt. Stephen A. Thompson, chief instructor of tunnel reconnaissance at the 25th Division's Mine, Booby Trap and Tunnel School at Cu Chi, advises against the practice. "I don't recommend them," he says, "because you can't hear Charlie moving around if your ears are stopped up. Better to lose your eardrums than your life."

Tunnel rat Thompson, who hails from Charleston, West Virginia, is a veteran of 2½ years duty in Viet Nam. He points out that the game he's teaching is so new the S.O.P. is still evolving. "Each time a tunnel rat goes down into a hole," Thompson says, "he's helping to write a new page in the manual."

The manual remains subject to change because the VC's tunnels are the strangest aspect of this strange war. One thing the tunnel rats have learned is that they can never tell in advance what they are going to find when they start exploring down below. Generally the VC hide or flee at the first indication that the GI's have spotted a tunnel. But about one time in 10, a tunnel rat will have the shuddery experience of coming face to face with an enemy in one of the dark passageways.

This sweetest sound to a tunnel rat's ear is the familiar cry: "Fire in the Hole." This means the tunnel has been checked, everything of importance removed and that the time has come to destroy it, and quite possibly some guerrillas as well.

Many of the VC killed in tunnels are done in by massive bulldozers or TNT blasts used to cave in all possible exits. It takes approximately 100 pounds of dynamite to destroy 150 meters of tunnel. The usual tactic is to place a charge at each opening and a few more in the middle. Other times, tunnel rat teams will use the Mighty Mite, a 35-pound portable, gasoline-powered blower, to saturate the passageways with tear gas,

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an effective means of convincing VC to surrender without a fight.

By far the most effective method of rendering a tunnel uninhabitable is to place a few 10-pound sacks of CS, the crystallized riot-control agent, on top of some dynamite.

The blast scatters the gas throughout the tunnel system, permeating floors, walls and ceilings. It remains there virtually forever because of the dampness. Anyone entering the tunnel afterwards will disturb the crystals and activate the CS once again, bringing himself a miserable siege of nausea and vomiting. When the crystals come in direct contact with the skin—especially sweaty skin—they also cause painful first-degree burns.

Every tunnel that is sealed or made useless represents a major U.S. victory. Each unit of the underground network is of inestimable value to the enemy. Guerrillas use one-level tunnels as fighting trenches, popping up out of small openings called "spider holes" to snipe at a GI column. The bigger tunnels are used effectively during jungle battles to pull disappearing acts just when an American unit thinks it has a guerrilla band trapped.

The time a guerrilla spends underground depends mainly on the number of U.S. troops sweeping the vicinity and the amount of natural cover and concealment the terrain affords. But from letters and documents confiscated from tunnels and dead Viet Cong, U.S. intelligence officers have discovered that many VC live constantly underground except when they surface to fight or search for food. Thus, the Vietnamese tunnels are probably unique in military history.

The VC tunnels have been used as base camps, training centers and even R & R havens, complete with pretty prostitutes. Once, when Lieutenant Maloomian was checking out a large room three levels below ground that looked to be the sleeping quarters of a high-ranking officer, the beam of his flashlight picked up an unmilitary item draped across a bamboo mattress.

"I almost laughed out loud," says Maloomian. "It was a black-lace brassiere."

Items found by the tunnel rats often end up on the walls of their tents as souvenirs. The chance to find and claim an enemy weapon is one reason why there is no shortage of men to go below.

One of the more recent additions to the tunnel rat ranks got himself a weapon, and a VC as well, by sheer accident. Sp4 Donald R. Webb, 21, of Des Moines, Iowa, and the 25th Division, was helping search through a Viet Cong hamlet near Saigon, last July 4th.

"We figured there must be tunnels around some place, but for the life of us we couldn't find one," says Webb. "I was walking away from a hut when I stepped on a pile of straw. The next thing I knew I was halfway down a camouflaged hole."

Webb reached for his revolver and flashlight and began exploring the tunnel. Six feet later he came to a bend, started around it and almost stumbled into a guerrilla who was in the process of pulling the pin out of a grenade.

"I aimed and fired before I was conscious of doing it," Webb says. "I got Charlie through the shoulder and he dropped the grenade. Fortunately the pin was still in—although just barely."

That tunnel, turned up by accident, contained two Chicom carbines, an American M-1 and a Browning Automatic Rifle, plus ammunition for all four weapons. It also netted military intelligence types with a prisoner who soon was eagerly talking.

"And I got to keep a carbine," says Webb.

That same Independence Day, another 25th Division tunnel rat came within an eye blink of death while checking out a cavern complex in the heavy undergrowth of the Filhol Plantation just a few miles away.

Jerry Rensel, a bespectacled 20-year-old, Specialist 4th from Anderson, Indiana, was leading a four-man tunnel recon team into the ground. He had only crawled about 30 meters along the dark passage when he reached a T-shaped intersection.

"Instead of sticking my head around the corner," Rensel said later, "I stuck the flashlight out with my left hand and inched forward until my eyes were almost even with the corner of the tunnel wall. Something told me to take it easy."

This instant of hesitation saved his life.

Laying three feet away, a VC had heard Rensel coming and fired a blast from his carbine which missed the American by a hair. Jerking his head back, Rensel fired one round to keep the enemy off balance and quickly squeezed around in the tunnel for a quick getaway.

Rensel's three buddies had heard the shots and already were heading out for safety. As Rensel hounded the GI crawling in front of him, he heard two more bursts from Charlie's carbine.

"All I could think of was that someone would get stuck in the narrow entrance and I'd be hung up in the tunnel behind him," Rensel said.

But the four men made it out unharmed and immediately called for a bulldozer to cut off about 25 meters of the tunnel before going back down again. This time, Sp4 George Mahan led the way. When Mahan reached the deadly corner, he found an ammunition box and a canvas bag lying about six feet down the left intersection of the passage. Mahan started to crawl towards the box when he heard movement at the other end.

"He's here," Mahan said softly to the troopers a few feet behind him.

As the Americans made their second hands-and-knees retreat in five minutes, there were two more bursts of gunfire behind them. But their luck held and once again they surfaced safely. This time they called on the bulldozer to seal the tunnel for good, and the VC in it.

In doing jobs like these, the tunnel rats have proved themselves as fearless as any combat soldiers in Viet Nam. A sign that hangs in the headquarters of the 1st Division's tunnel-rat team in Di An best sums up the irreverent, devil-may-care attitude of these young GI's who are trying to weed Charlie out of his underground sanctuary.

In large black letters the sign reads: "NON GRATUM ANUS RODENTUM."

In bastard Latin the phrase means: "We don't give a rat's behind."

—**Robert Stokes and Paul Avery**

TRUE

"Another double and I'll be my jolly old self."

THE MAGICIAN AND HIS MIGHTY MINI

[*Continued from page* 57]

bile engineering that was on his mind.

After his graduation from Battersea in 1927 at the age of 21, Issigonis first designed an automatic transmission—quite advanced for those days—which, he says, "never came to anything." Next he went to work for the Humber company where he specialized in designing automobile suspension systems. In 1936 he went to work for Morris—where, in a sense, he has been ever since.

When World War II began, Issigonis was 33 and his progress in the industry still gave no hint of what was to come. Associates recognized that he was an original thinker, a bit of an odd stick in his bachelor ways and a remarkable freehand draftsman and doodler. Although during the war years many of Britain's scientific boffins made some remarkably ingenious contributions to the defeat of Hitler, others labored up blind alleys. Issigonis was one.

After World War II Issigonis designed his first complete automobile, the 1948 Morris Minor, a small, low-price car that he had been doodling on paper ever since 1945. In appearance it was frumpy, but in performance it was outstanding. It had a four-cylinder engine up front, a unitized body (i.e., no separate chassis) and, because of a novel torsion-bar suspension, it was best known for its ability to handle well on all kinds of roads. Today, 19 years after its introduction, 1.6 million Minors have been sold and the car is still being produced without noticeable change at the rate of 4,000 a week.

Issigonis enjoyed the freedom the Morris company had allowed him in designing the Minor. This was the way he liked to work. "I'm really just a blacksmith," he says. "I deplore committees. I deplore formality. I deplore standard management."

Unfortunately, it was standard management that was about to come into Issigonis' life. When Morris and Austin merged to form B.M.C., the first order of business was to consolidate designs, do things more efficiently, eliminate waste and duplication. "The engineering objective," says Issigonis of that period, "was one of standardization and commonising, It wasn't my type of job, so I left."

Like that. It was a characteristic move, for Issigonis is nothing if he isn't a loner. He has refused to work with a large staff of assistants because he says they would only get in his way. He freely admits what many manufacturers of small cars would rather not mention—that "the smaller you make a car, the more its cost per pound goes up." He believes American automobiles are mechanically the most decadent in the world and he says so—to Americans. He will listen intently if an assembly-line worker tells him something is wrong with the design of a part, but he has been accused of having no patience whatsoever with theoretical arguments about his cars. He says Volkswagen advertising is "done to perfection," but accuses his own B.M.C. promotion men of painting his cars to "look like a bloody bathroom" for automobile shows. When he walked out on B.M.C. in 1952, a member of the firm said, "We've just lost the world's greatest designer—thank God."

For several years, while B.M.C. sorted out its merger problems, Issigonis did some independent design work—and some independent thinking about motor cars. When the call came to design what would be the Mini, he was ready to go back to work for B.M.C. and create a car not only for fuel-starved Britain, but for all the cities of the world where automobiles have nearly lost their usefulness because of traffic congestion. This car, he postulated, would be the smallest four-seater in the world on the outside, yet the roomiest for its size on the inside. This neat trick—to fit a larger interior box into a smaller exterior one—had been the ambition of every designer of small cars who had ever faced the problem.

Issigonis, however, is not "every" designer. He is unique. Stirling Moss, the great British racing driver, and himself a Mini driver from the start, puts it this way: "He's the sort of man who will not copy the work of others. He doesn't have to. If he had lived under the dynasties in Japan, before that country was opened up to outside ideas, I believe he would have been able to create an original motorcar."

Example: Issigonis took a look at the small, four-cylinder engine he would use in his car and saw that, measuring from radiator to transmission, it required 40 inches of front-to-rear space. It was, however, only 18 inches wide. Why not, he said, turn the engine sideways, design a sideways transmission to go under it and save a full 20 inches. In a 120-inch automobile, this was a one-sixth gain in passenger space. Then why not propel the car with the front wheels and eliminate the drive shaft that would otherwise go down the middle of the floor? Finally, why allow the wheels to take up so much room within the passenger compartment when they might be made much smaller and placed at the extreme corners of the car?

Why not indeed? Except that in 70 years of automobile engineering, no one had parlayed this combination before. It had sprung, "curiously complete" from the brain of a man who has been called the only designer in the world likely to have thought of it. The idea progressed from doodles to engineering drawings. Within four months the entire car had taken shape in wooden mock-ups; within another three months two automobiles were on the road. After nine months of testing, Sir Leonard Lord, pleased with what he saw, made the decision to go ahead with production. Less than a year later, the cars were being delivered to buyers. From concept to finished product had taken a little over two years and had cost $28 million. At about the same time in the United States, the Ford Motor Company was spending 10 times that amount to bring the Edsel to market.

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Ford had placed great faith in market researchers who said the Edsel was just what the public wanted. Issigonis, by contrast, dosn't believe in market research. "Market research men insist you can't sell a car that looks unconventional," he says. "Well, we didn't do any market research on the Mini car—we just built it and sold it."

Perhaps most remarkable, the Mini was not only created at low cost and without market research, but it was, in an era of design-by-committee, truly created by only one man—with the assistance of two junior engineers, four draftsmen and two errand boys.

First reaction to the Mini in England was restrained. The knowledgeable but sometimes pompous British motor press gave the car high marks. Road testers remarked on its interior roominess, 72-mph. top speed, good handling qualities and 42 miles per gallon. Technical writers praised the originality of the transverse engine and such things as constant velocity front-wheel-drive joints. Reviews of this sort are more important in England than in the United States and they should have helped launch the car quite successfully in the marketplace. But they didn't. To many people, the Mini, despite its engineering sophistication, was an ugly little beast.

It was true that no stylist had been called upon to make the Mini look pretty—none was ever thought necessary. Issigonis had wanted a box to hold people—a box that was 10 by four by four feet—and that is what he built. "For all that he's a really great engineer," says a friend, "he's really quite feudal in his outlook on life. You can tell by looking around that office of his. He won't have a rug on the floor, although God knows B.M.C. would give him one, and he doesn't mind at all being surrounded by all those odd bits of castings and machinery. It's no surprise that he paid so little attention to the Mini's appearance."

If the customer for whom the Mini was designed remained aloof from buying the new British volkscar, there were those for whom it was never expected to have appeal who now came to the rescue. Quite unexpectedly and without promotional effort of any kind, ministers of government, theater personalities, grandees of industry, champions of sport, members of the royal family—"all the wrong people," as Issigonis says today—started buying Minis. A wave of inverted snobbism seemed to sweep England.

In London Princess Alexandra was invariably seen in a chauffeur-driven Mini and Dame Margot Fonteyn in a custom Mini limousine. Princess Grace Kelly drove one; so did Anthony Armstrong-Jones, the queen's brother-in-law.

As it became apparent that the Mini had such a mischievous appeal to members of the wealthy gentry, old-line British custom coach-builders began to get some extraordinary requests: customers wanted to turn Issigonis' pumpkin of a car into a gilded carriage. Harold Ratford Ltd. produced a version which they call the Mini de Ville. By spending 2½ times the original cost of the car, a Mini de Ville buyer could have seven coats of hand-rubbed cellulose paint with a matching vinyl-fabric roof, whitewall tires, electrically operated windows, cowhide upholstery, a wood-grain dash panel with full instrumentation, wall-to-wall nylon carpeting, a wood-rim steering wheel, twin radio speakers giving stereo effect, enough control switches for a lunar journey. This produced a car which looked pretty much like a Mini on the outside and, on the inside, like Cleopatra's barge. It cost nearly $4,000.

Actor Peter Sellers had his Mini gone over with an even more elegant touch at Hooper Motor Service Ltd. For $5,320 (not including the cost of the car itself, which was trivial) this famous old firm turned out a vehicle which has been called either the most expensive Mini in the world or the cheapest Rolls-Royce.

After being bombarded with this sort of tacit endorsement from on high, the workaday Englishman who was supposed to buy the Mini in the first place took a new and more favorable look at the car. Sales began to climb and, as Minis became more familiar on the road, they somehow looked less ugly. Further, yet another of the little car's many charms soon began to make pub talk: the Mini could, in the English idiom, go like stink. It ran around corners as if it were on a track, made poor drivers feel like daredevils and good drivers feel like Stirling Moss himself.

The nimble handling of the Mini is a by-product not only of its suspension but of its front-wheel drive. In any FWD vehicle, the front wheels pull the car along, into turns and out of them. With 65 percent of the car's weight up front and the front wheels pulling, it is difficult to make a Mini skid. Conversely, on snow and ice, the combination of weight and traction gives Minis a grip on the road that is freakish.

All of which made it inevitable that Minis would soon find their way into races and rallies. All that was needed was something more than the 37 horsepower that the basic 850cc. engine provided. England being a land not only of custom coach-builders but of many garages specializing in the ways of making a car go faster, a hot Mini wasn't long in coming. When it did, it was called a Mini-Cooper and it was the result of a collaboration between a speed-shop operator named John Cooper (whose Grand Prix cars are among the world's best) and his old friend Issigonis.

Cooper increased the Mini's engine capacity, changed careburetion and compression ratios and generally souped up the machinery. The result was an increase in horsepower from 37 all the way to 90, an increase in top speed from 72 to 100-plus—and an explosion of activity by Minis on race courses and rally routes around the world. Before 1962 was over, Mini-Coopers had won 153 separate motoring events and tied Mercedes-Benz for the European Championship.

"I was amazed," says Issigonis innocently.

During the winter of 1962-63 a yet more powerful version of the Mini called the Cooper-S was developed. The engine, after being further enlarged to 1071cc.,

now developed 70 horsepower and the car went 94 mph. A year later a new Cooper-S with a 1275-cc. engine put out 90 hp. and gave road speeds up to 125 mph. At this point, for the present at least, the horsepower race stopped. It is worthy of note that all this extra speed and power was packed into the Mini without the necessity of making any changes in the basic Issigonis steering and suspension designs of 1959. Disk brakes were added on the Cooper models, however, to provide extra stopping power to go with the new go power.

Extracting such high performance out of such a relatively small engine gave the Mini a tremendous handicap advantage in competition. Perhaps its greatest achievements have been in winning the world-famed Monte Carlo Rallye four times running, in 1964, 1965, 1966 (this win was later disqualified on a technicality) and 1967.

Mini-Coopers may be purchased for ordinary street use and the demand for them has exceeded supply ever since they were introduced. The waiting time for a plain Mini is now 3 to 4 weeks; it is six to seven months for the Coopers. They cost up to $2,200 in 100-mph. trim and they have brought a new excitement to driving on the English roads. A famous English cartoon depicts a Jaguar driver sputtering at a Mini which has just passed him: "If the good Lord had meant cars that size to do 100 mph., He'd have given them larger wheels!"

Successful in racing, successful as a supercompact passenger car and adored almost as a pedigreed pet by the rich, the Mini concept continued to expand. It became available as a tiny van, as a pickup truck, as a station wagon, as a beach car (with a surrey-fringed roof), as a Good Humor-type ice-cream wagon and, in its most unusual form, as the Mini-Moke. Issigonis conceived the Moke as a sort of super-jeep which could be airdropped to soldiers in the field and which, because it had an engine at each end and all four wheels driving, could move over almost any kind of terrain. No military contract for the car was obtained, but a civilian version was also developed and because of its fore-and-aft engines became known as the Twini-Mini.

With the success of the 10-foot Mini established in all its forms, Issigonis went back to his drawing board in 1961 to create two larger cars which are first cousins to the original. The first of these was stretched out to about 12 feet and is known in England as the Austin or Morris "1100"—or in the U.S. as the MG sports sedan. A yet longer version (just under 14 feet) was introduced in 1965. Pinin Farina, the Italian stylist, was hired as a consultant on the larger cars with the result that they are seldom called ugly. Combined with the original Mini, these cars now represent about 75 percent of B.M.C.'s production and are directly responsible for moving the company out of the red and into an area of profitable volume for the first time since it was formed.

Now Issigonis, like his cars, is heavy with honors. He has been made a director of B.M.C., his queen has made him a Commander of the Order of the British Empire, he has become a celebrity of sorts and Smyrna was never like this. He is interviewed on television, photographed with royalty, tape-recorded by the world's journalists—and is, in the tradition of the absentminded professor, expected to say outrageous things at the slightest provocation.

If the Mini has turned the engineering clock ahead, its creator seems to take pleasure in turning it back in his own personal life. He takes the same winter trip each year. "I go down to Monte Carlo," he says, "and I stay at the same hotel and just swim and drink dry Martinis and sleep."

And how does Issigonis travel? "Oh, I do not go by car. The traffic is dreadful." —**Charles N. Barnard**

THE DAMNEDEST FISH STORY EVER

[*Continued from page* 53]

mighty thrash, snapped the gaff off low on the wooden handle as though it were a breadstick, and took off again.

Although Arnold was tough and wiry from years of harvesting coffee, he was almost done in by now and ready to concede that the marlin had won. But doggedly he started to haul the fish back with his raw hands and as he did he began yelling for help. It so happened that a cowboy named George Manoa, foreman of a nearby cattle ranch, was driving by in his pickup truck with a friend, a Mr. Gouveia. They heard the frantic yells, stopped and scrambled down the rocks toward Howard. The astonished cowboy sized up the situation before they reached the fisherman and hurried back to the truck. Grabbing his lariat, he returned to where Gouveia and Howard were struggling with the marlin. Manoa tried roping the fish as it thrashed by the rocks, but the marlin shook off the rope every time the noose went over its bill. Finally Manoa managed to get the rope around the fish's tail and the fight was over. Probably the first marlin ever caught from land, it most definitely is the only one lassoed by a cowboy.

The men hauled the great fish up the rocks, where they discovered they had a Pacific blue marlin that weighed over 200 pounds. They took it home where it served as both the excuse and the nucleus for one of the finest feasts and all-out luaus that the community had ever seen.

But the story has an ironic postscript: Arnold Howard says he hasn't gone fishing again for some time. The publicity resulting from his marlin catch has sparked the imagination of all the fishermen on the island, and now the limited shoreline from which the lines can be drifted out over the ledge is all taken up by anglers dreaming of repeating his success.

"Went down last weekend," he says with a wry laugh, "and there wasn't room for me to even get my raft in the water."

He probably never should go fishing again. *Anything* he'd catch now would be an anticlimax. —**Barnaby Conrad**

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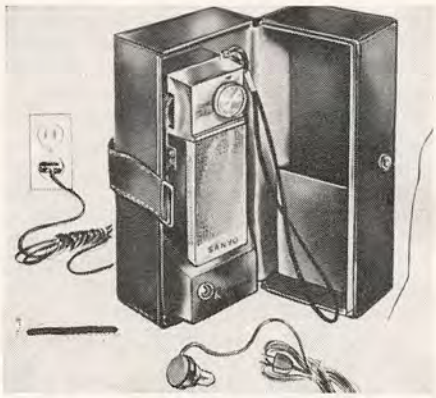

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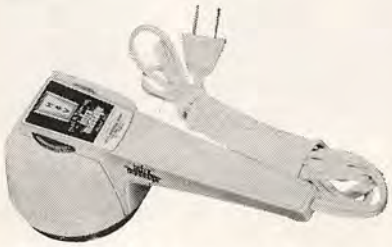

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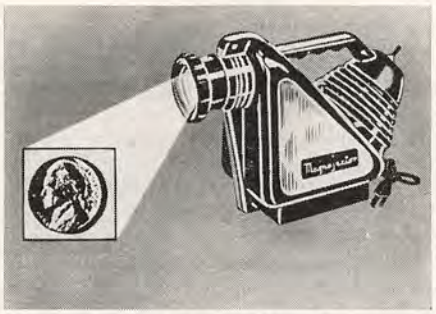

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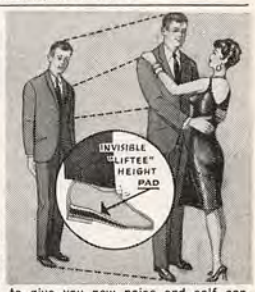

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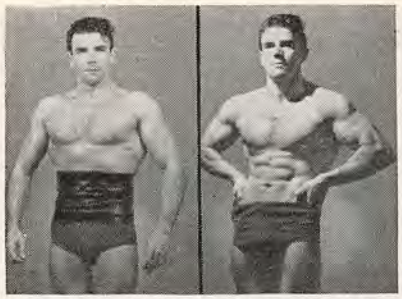

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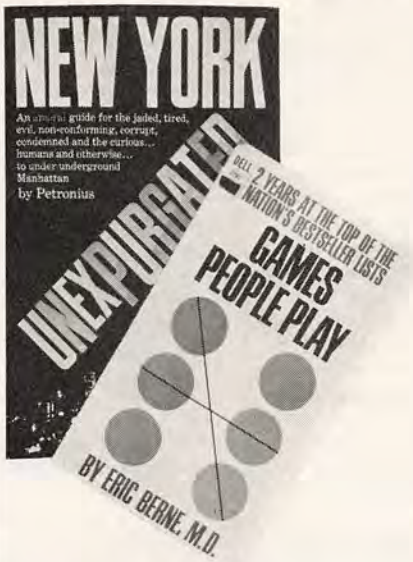

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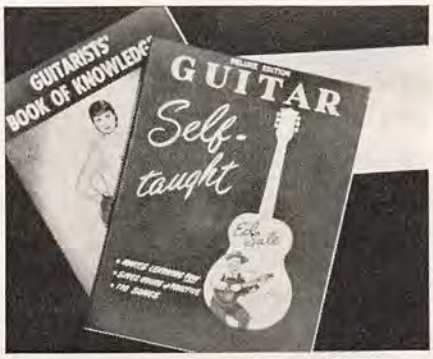

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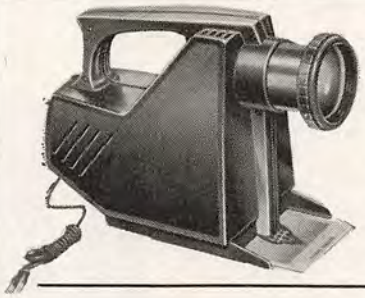

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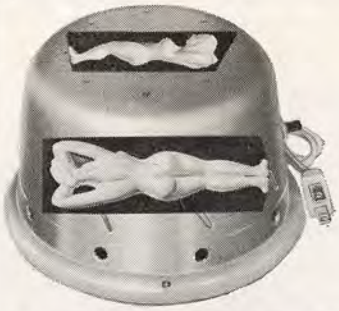

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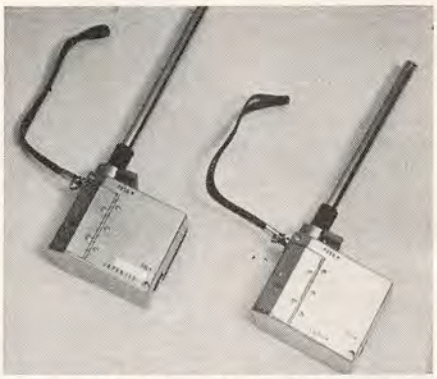

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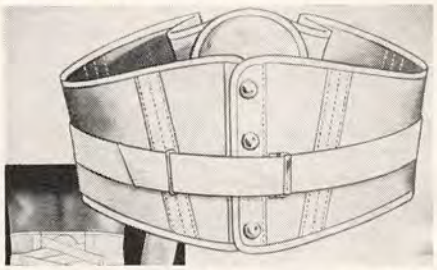

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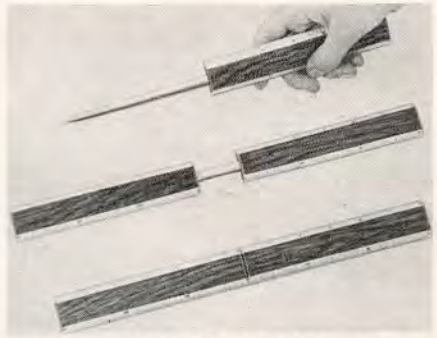

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THE PIED PIPER OF TUCSON

[*Continued from page* 52]

Alleen had met Smitty and his group a few months earlier through Mary. She didn't take seriously his braggadocio or Mary's tales of the group's sexual high jinks. It may have been a fatal mistake. Mrs. Rowe insists her daughter incurred Smitty's ire by refusing to join what she called his "sex club." She recalls thinking that Smitty and his friends were interested in luring Alleen "out on the desert to have sexual intercourse with her. And I told her that if that ever happened, to just play along. I said if anybody ever tried to do anything to her, she should just play it cool—and not laugh. Laughing would make them mad. 'Remember that your life is valuable,' I told her."

Before leaving for the hospital and her job as a night-shift nurse, Mrs. Rowe looked in upon her daughter. Alleen appeared to be peacefully asleep. She leaned over and kissed the girl good night, then left the house.

It was 10:30 p.m. Alleen was not asleep.

In the French home, just a few doors away, the conversation dominated by Charles Schmid had reached a portentous end. Now the plans were complete; only the act itself remained. What was about to be done, County Attorney William Schafer III would tell a jury many months later, had begun to take shape in Smitty's mind "some time" before the night of May 31.

He had begun holding a sinister colloquy with Mary French, wondering aloud what it would be like to kill a girl, Alleen, for instance. Later his voice took on a more determined edge.

"I want to kill someone. I want to kill a girl," he told Mary.

As the days went by, Mary remembers, Smitty's resolve hardened; he wanted to kill a girl to see if he "could get away with it," he told her. He insisted she find a victim for him. They mulled over names. Mary, subservient as ever to Smitty's will, suggested candidates. One was Alleen.

Smitty and Mary narrowed down the list, Mary thinking perhaps that Smitty's preposterous proposal was just more of his big talk, that he would never go through with it. Possible victims were discarded for one reason or another. But neither could think of an objection to Alleen; always the talk returned to Alleen. She was close by, the girl most available.

By the morning of May 31, there was no denying Smitty. "I want to kill a girl," he repeated to Mary. "And I want to do it tonight." So Mary applied herself seriously to accommodating him.

Late that afternoon they saw Alleen, and Mary proposed a double date with Saunders. Alleen refused. By 8 p.m., Smitty's impatience was uncontrollable. "If you can't get Alleen," he raved, "get someone else." Mary made a few halfhearted telephone calls, but without success. Smitty's insistence grew, and preoccupation focused again on Alleen.

Mary traced Alleen to a nearby home where she was visiting another girl who was baby-sitting there. Again, she coaxed Alleen. The evening could be such a lark, Mary assured her, if only she would accompany her, Smitty and Saunders into the desert on a double date. Alleen hesitated, then replied: "I'll think about it."

Mary persisted. Finally, Alleen gave in completely. "But," she cautioned, "I must wait until my mother goes to work. Go to the back alley—I'll be ready."

Smitty urged that they act swiftly, lest Alleen change her mind. They drove to Saunders' home. "Get a shovel," Smitty ordered. Saunders complied.

When Smitty eased the car into the alley behind Alleen's darkened home, Alleen was not there. Mary got out and slipped through the alley to Alleen's bedroom window. She tapped. "Come out with us for a beer," she whispered.

Perhaps it was merely a hot night's whim that made Alleen yield. She stepped into her thongs and slipped a white shift over her black bathing suit. "When she went out," Mrs. Rowe said later, "I don't think she ever intended to leave the yard. Alleen wouldn't have gone on her own. She hated to be seen in public in curlers."

But, with Smitty at the wheel, the car bore the foursome east from the Rowe home toward the desert. Blackness quickly enveloped the car. Residential developments slipped past, their lights flickered, then disappeared altogether. The desert closed around the speeding car.

Smitty spun off the main road onto a dirt track and followed that until he reached a spot littered with mashed beer cans, broken bottles, torn inner tubes, discarded clothing, and abandoned refrigerators, a favorite "boondocking" site for Tucson youth.

The four young people got out of the car, walked down to a dry wash, and, for a few brief minutes, sat on the sand, talking and drinking beer. Then Smitty ordered Mary to return to the car for a portable radio. He accompanied her until, about halfway to the car, they heard a scream.

"Either he or she needs help," Smitty blurted out. "Go on back to the car." Mary did as she was ordered, and Smitty raced back toward the wash. Mary waited. Forty-five minutes later, when Smitty returned, Alleen Rowe was dead.

According to Saunders and police, this is how she died:

Smitty found Saunders and Alleen standing side by side in the wash. "Tie her hands," he ordered Saunders. Upon hearing that, Alleen thrashed out with her hands and feet and screamed. Smitty and Saunders overpowered the frightened girl and lashed her hands behind her back.

"Take off her bathing suit," Smitty told Saunders, who tried but couldn't remove the garment; the shoulder straps would not slip past her bound hands. The two untied her hands and stripped the suit from Alleen.

Smitty ordered Saunders to rape Alleen. Saunders later said he refused. But Smitty confided to Mary later that Saunders was too impotent with fright to do so. Saunders walked away, leaving Smitty and Alleen alone for perhaps 20 minutes. When he returned, Alleen was wearing her bathing suit and standing beside Smitty.

Smitty picked up a rock, handed it to Saunders and told him to hit Alleen with it. Saunders did, but Alleen screamed again and ran. Smitty tackled her, grabbed a stone and hit her repeatedly with it until her struggle ceased. Alleen was dead.

Smitty walked back to the car. He took Mary in his arms and kissed her. "Whatever happens, remember, I love you," he said. As Smitty spoke, she felt a wetness on her blouse. Later, she discovered it was Alleen's blood.

"We killed her," Smitty said. Mary felt him trembling with excitement, "breathing very hard."

Then Smitty left the car, walked around to the trunk and removed the shovel from it. "Charles," she recalls, "gave me the shovel and told me to dig. So I dug." Smitty, Saunders and Mary took turns overturning the sand, hollowing out a shallow grave for Alleen's body. "I took Alleen's feet and Charles took her arms and we lowered her into it," Mary said. On top of the body, Smitty placed Alleen's white shift, then the three covered the dead girl with sand.

Alleen's curlers had fallen from her blonde hair during the struggle. Smitty found them and he and Saunders buried them about three feet from the body. All three returned to the car and wiped it clean of Alleen's fingerprints. On the way back to town, Smitty rehearsed Mary and Saunders in an alibi, should the need for one ever arise. Alleen had agreed to accompany them into the desert that night, they would say. But she had failed to keep the appointment; she must have run away instead. You know how kids are in Tucson.

3

Next day, Smitty was back on the street, cruising Speedway Boulevard, which to teen-age Tucson was the Sunset Strip, Times Square, Soho, the Near North Side, and Main Street, U.S.A., all rolled into one and tied with a ribbon of neon.

Speedway, Smitty's street, is a broad boulevard that cuts across the grided face of the city with lancelike directness. By day shoppers dart in and out of glass-front shops, restaurants with too-quaint names, Laundromats, gas stations, and garish shopping centers. By night the wild neon of Speedway splashes down on the face of thousands of the city's youth seeking after the elusive.

While Smitty was looking for action, Mrs. Rowe was looking for Alleen. Reporting her daughter missing, she said flatly that she thought Charles Howard Schmid, Jr., was behind it. Police listened sympathetically. But to them it was an old story with just offbeat variations. For the runaway count is astronomical among teen-agers in Tucson, where great segments of the population are newly arrived and even drifters.

Still, at Mrs. Rowe's insistence, police picked up and questioned Smitty, Mary French and John Saunders. Smitty coolly brazened his way out of all implications, and no matter what officers thought of the plausibility of his story, they had no evidence to convict him of being anything more than a cocky, sawed-off weirdo. What's more nobody could be found to indicate that Alleen had been killed. So police let Smitty go, and officers continued to tell Mrs. Rowe her daughter was a runaway.

But Mrs. Rowe was convinced that Smitty had killed her daughter, and she began an 18-month campaign to prove it. She badgered the Tucson police and the Pima County Sheriff; she wrote the state attorney, the Department of Health, Education and Welfare, the FBI and a New Jersey mystic. None could help, although the mystic said she could see Alleen's body lying in the desert under a big tree.

As the agonizing, frustrating weeks slipped by, Mrs. Rowe decided to conduct her own investigation. She began questioning Alleen's friends, searching, making tape recordings. Four times she followed Smitty in her car, terrified that he might spot her. One night in the fall of 1964, she was walking in her neighborhood, wearing blue jeans, sneakers and a tan corduroy jacket that had belonged to Alleen. As she walked down the dark street, a car approached rapidly from the rear, then suddenly slammed to a stop. It was a red compact car, and she glimpsed only a white, startled face through the window before it roared off again. She did not recognize the face, but she felt certain it had belonged to her daughter's murderer.

As months passed, Mrs. Rowe invariably repeated her belief that Alleen's refusal to join a "sex club" presided over by Smitty was behind her daughter's disappearance. Finally, however, there was nothing she could do but wait.

Meanwhile, Charles Howard Schmid, Jr., rushed headlong toward new girls, new trysts, new heights of egomania.

4

Smitty was born July 8, 1942, and adopted the next day. Precisely when he learned that the Schmids, who owned a convalescent home, were not his natural parents is uncertain. Presumably he found out by accident in his early teens. According to close friends, the discovery wounded him.

Smitty's early school years differed little from those of any other Tucson youngster of the time. His best friend in grade school was a boy named Paul Ginn, who was only 15 when he shot a man to death.

The boys belonged to the same Scout troop. "We joined when we were about 10 and stayed until we were about 12," Ginn said. "In junior high and high school, we separated."

Smitty was an indifferent student. But, even though he was small, he was a superb gymnast. In a meet held at the University of Arizona, he captured first place in the flying rings and still rings, second in the long horse and fifth in the horizontal bars.

But even his athletics got him into trouble. "He once took a sweat jacket and pants with the school's name on it and didn't give it back—not to thieve it, but this was an egotistical little kid who needed everything he could get," said an instructor. "He tried to compensate for his smallness."

In his senior year, Smitty refused to return some welding tools to class and was expelled from school. He never returned, although he could have after a semester. Instead he haunted the kid hangouts, looking for action.

"He changed right when he got out of school," said one instructor. "He went from a normal situation in school to out of school, where he became infatuated with girls younger than himself. I think he impressed younger girls, got on a kick and couldn't get off it."

Smitty's girls, Tucson Police Chief Garmire once observed, "ran the entire stratification," from daughters of the wretchedly impoverished to youngsters born to wealth and even position. But the sexy-eyed Pied Piper scored best among the lonely little wretches of down-at-the-heels South Tucson or among girls who came from other backgrounds of oppressive poverty, or at least from homes, or nonhomes, in which nothing resembling a healthy family background existed. They were not evil girls, only lost ones. The same was true of the tedium-numbed boys who gravitated into his orbit. The monstrous dullness of their lives was the common denominator among Smitty's circle, male and female. To these aimless youngsters Smitty was the most dramatic, most theatrical and, above all, the most interesting figure in their lives. Nutty maybe. But different.

Yet why, in Tucson of all places, did there exist kids like these who needed a Smitty to fill a void in their lives? The answer lay in the flat sea of bungalows, ranch houses, cottages and shopping centers that has spread into the desert around the core of the city. Tucson's population has swelled from 55,000 in 1955 to over 300,000. It simply was not prepared for this kind of human explosion. As a result, in the mid-60's it was a raw giant with shallow roots.

The young sensed this shallowness, this rootlessness. "Everything here is for the old and the little kids. So you have to start making up things of your own," said a restless youth, waiting for something to happen in one of Smitty's favorite haunts. "Everyone just comes here and sits because there's nothing else to do," said another.

Jobs are hard to find, schools are overcrowded. "We have two jobs in one day, two high schools in one day," complained

one adminstrator there. "Kids on the 7 a.m. shift are tired from the night before. Those on the p.m. shift are wandering around all morning with nothing to do." Despaired another educator: "The kids have more time on their hands and less responsibility than ever. They've got oodles of energy and they're not just going to kill time; they're going to use the energy if they can. Their parents work and hope that their kids are going home to study. But they're not."

"They roam like a pack of animals," said another.

The girls in Smitty's pack were hard. They had to be in order to survive.

"I'm 18 now," said a girl that can be called Rachel. "I left school because I was pregnant. I was going back this year 'til I got pregnant again. It seems like every time I want to go to school I get pregnant. I'm going to change my sports. But I'm going to have the baby. I decided if I'm woman enough to get pregnant, I'm woman enough to have babies."

Rachel was skinny, pathetically so. But she wasn't a blonde. Smitty took care of that, however, as he did with so many other girls whose hair wasn't quite light enough to suit his quixotic taste. "He would buy the dye and the dressing and fix our hair himself," explained Rachel. "Smitty was good at it. He could have been a hairdresser."

For all her sordid little flirtations with others and the pregnancies that followed, Rachel really dug Smitty. Yet, she said: "On dates Smitty was drunk a lot. At a drive-in we spent more time cracking jokes than watching movies. He only made a pass at me once and we were both pretty drunk. Was he queer? It crossed my mind. When we went to the drive-in, we never made out. He never went out and necked. I think all the times I went out with him, I kissed the poor guy twice."

Rachel's romantic experiences with Smitty appear to have been fairly standard. It often crossed the minds of his other friends that he wasn't all the lover-man he pretended to be, that he simply wanted girls around to flatter his giant ego.

But sex and its possibilities were Smitty's dearest preoccupation, outside himself, and perhaps they were one and the same. He talked about sex, read about it, daydreamed about it. He even wrote about it. Once he showed a girl a theme he had written: In it he said that his big dream, what he really wanted to do, was to run naked down the main street of Tucson, masturbating and screaming obscenities at the world.

In the pad his parents provided for him, he kept copies of *Playboy* and of detective magazines, rife with stories of rape and sexual misadventure. His taste in books ran along the same line: James T. Farrell's old Chicago shocker, *Studs Lonigan,* and cartoonist Jules Feiffer's *Harry, the Rat with Women,* a modern novel wherein the nasty little hero is so compelling he drives a woman to self-destruction. "Smitty talked about how his goal was to make a girl fall so fantastically in love with him that she'd commit suicide over him," said gangly Richard Bruns, who, at 18, was Smitty's closest confidant. "I guess it built up his ego, or something. He was just a guy that enjoyed torturing girls. He liked to make girls fall in love with him and then just drop them flat."

But, for the boys Smitty always seemed to know a good number, and for the girls he always knew a guy who had just broken up with his chick. To his set, this was just another sign that beneath his goofy exterior beat a heart of gold, with cash in hand to back it up. Like the way he'd buy Cokes and cigarets for the guys and gals at Johnie's or the Hi-Ho Club.

Bruns, however, held mixed emotions about the motives behind Smitty's generosity, especially when it came to fixing a friend up with a girl. "The only reason Smitty would line you up with a girl was when he knew she was in love with him. Then he'd double [date] with you and dominate the conversation. That way, he had two dates and you didn't have any. He always had money. Once he wanted Beatle boots with tops that came up to his knees. But he was ashamed to take his shoes off. So I had to go in and get measured for the boots. Later he said they hurt his feet and gave them to me. Sixty-five dollar boots."

Smitty often sat on a wall at Johnie's Drive-in on Speedway, waiting for a happening, his face a study in cocksuredness. "He'd sit there and pound a rock or something, mouth off to everybody who went by," said Bruns. "Once we got into trouble with two guys, either one of whom could have just picked him up and twisted him in two; they were both pretty big. He had this big rock in his hand and the guy said, 'Why don't you put that rock down?' and he says, 'Here. Would you like it in your nose or your teeth?' So the guy thought twice about it and didn't say anything more and just drove off.

"Smitty didn't scare at all. Even though he was scared, he wouldn't show it. He'd just get more cocky, more cynical, more funny."

Bruns met Smitty in 1961 when both attended dances in a roller-skating rink popular with teen-agers. "He always dwelled on the 14-15 set," Bruns said. "He built himself up to be an idol. But he was strange even then. He wanted people to feel sorry for him. He said he was anemic, that he had only a few years to live. He stuffed all that junk in his boots, saying he had swollen ankles. You could believe nothing he said and about 50 percent of what you saw."

But Bruns, full of self-pity at the time and in need of a crutch for his crippled ego, was a natural for the kind of comradeship Smitty had to offer. Bruns had arrived in Tucson in 1955 from his birthplace, Columbus, Ohio, and had been a misfit from the start. He attended several different schools, before quitting. He was in freshman classes until he was 18, partially because he spent two years in reform school for burglary. He finally gave up school for good in his sophomore year. "The only book I ever read all the way through was *Dracula,*" he confessed.

Bruns called Smitty a "phony perfector," but noted with admiration Smitty's verbal pyrotechnics—"I can manifest my neurotical emotions, emancipate an epicureal instinct, and elaborate on my heterosexual tendencies"—and impeccable manners.

Smitty rehearsed his manners in front of a mirror so "he could feel one way inside and come out and act a completely different way," said Bruns. "He used to put that stuff on his lips. He told me it was chapstick. He gobbed it on so much it looked like white lipstick. He'd sit there and always pucker his lips. And when he'd drive his car, his mirror was completely out. You couldn't even adjust it when he was through with it. He'd be sitting and looking at his mirror like that. He'd check out his little bump and he'd sit there and pucker his lips, sit there and pat his hair. Yeah. And then when he'd go home, he'd constantly be in front of the mirror, always combing his hair, puckering his lips, checking himself over. I talked to this girl he was out with one time, and she told me she saw him smear on eye shadow and wipe it off."

Smitty, said Bruns, perfected his manners, "so that if he went to meet a girl's parents or something, he could sit down and make them think this was the polite, up-and-coming young man that he wanted them to think he was. It was all a big game with him. As far as he was concerned, everybody was a phony and it was just a matter of being a little bit more clever, being a little bit more phony."

A lot of people had a lot of different ideas about what made Charles Howard Schmid, Jr., the spooky kind of guy he was. How and when the trouble began with him would make a nice, fat study for an enterprising team of psychologists, psychiatrists, and sociologists. But even a casual acquaintance could see the obvious possibilities. And that's discounting what unknown hereditary forces may have helped shape the bizarre young man.

No student of Smitty's wayward conduct, nutty habits, and grotesque appearances could overlook what appears to have been his adoptive parents' patent permissiveness. Mrs. Schmid freely admitted having a good idea of what carousing went on in the little cottage she set up for him near the convalescent home after he was suspended from high school. Even before the gift of the cottage, the Schmids had paid all their son's bills, provided him with a nice car, and given him a monthly allowance of $300. In return, he was expected to help around the convalescent home. He may have done a few chores, as his parents claimed. But when would he have found time for them?

Paul Ginn, Smitty's grade-school friend, thought the discovery that he was adopted had had a traumatic effect on Smitty. "He used to put out the story he was adopted. To get girls. Then one night he found out that he *was* adopted. That really shook him. His mother told him. He told me he

had been fooling the whole world, and now, came to find out, the whole world was fooling him." In any event, from 1960 on, Ginn had an opportunity to observe, as he phrased it, Smitty growing "wilder . . . more irresponsible." Ginn was released that year from the same Fort Grant reformatory in which Bruns had served time.

Upon his return, Ginn found Smitty "was staying in good [physical] shape. He belonged to the YMCA." But as the pair renewed their friendship, they "fell into" what Ginn described as a "more normal after-high-school type of activity—drinking a little bit, working a little bit, chasing women."

Smitty sometimes got hankerings for California. He dug the Hollywood scene, the golden girls on the beaches. When he got the urge, he'd take off from Tucson and head west, with someone like Ginn or Bruns. But for some reason, his California expeditions almost always turned sour. "In March, 1962," said Ginn, "we decided to go to Balboa and Newport for Easter. At Easter, man, everybody from Oklahoma onward packs up and goes to Balboa. Smitty was driving a 1960 fire-engine-red Chevy convertible."

We went with Stanley Donaldson and blew about fifteen hundred dollars in three weeks. I had about a hundred and thirty-five dollars, and Stanley, maybe seventy-five dollars, and Smitty, twelve hundred. He got it from his mother . . . well, I assumed he did. He didn't say where he got it.

"We returned to Arizona and were double-dating and running around. We talked about religion and the philosophy of life. But we couldn't work anything out. We were trying to work out how to get into a position where you're halfway satisfied with where you are. It seems like most people work 'til they're 65 and then do what they want three or four months, then die. I decided it depended on myself and there was nobody you could go to for the answers. He and I more or less agreed. But he didn't have any sense of value as far as money or property went."

For the most part Smitty was lavish. But he could be obstinate and even sadistic about the pettiest of concerns. Said Ginn: "We're deciding all this about life, and time's moving on. I was worried about money. Smitty, who really didn't smoke, used to try to bum a cigaret, and when I'd refuse, he'd say, 'Naw, man, I'm really going to smoke it.' So I'd give it to him. He'd back off 20 feet, then crumple it in his fist and laugh."

California never was a happy hunting ground for Smitty. Bruns remembers one trip that was particularly galling for Smitty. The two of them were drinking beer in the Yankee Doodle one night when suddenly, at 11 p.m., Smitty proposed, "Let's go to California."

"We went over to Oceanside," said Bruns. "He was driving up and down the beach, watching all the girls in bikinis—and he was going ape." But, for all his sorcery, his preening and his strutting, his soulful blue eyes, and his practiced manners, Smitty made no impression on these tawny young lionesses. "No girls would talk to him," said Bruns. "He wasn't the big Smitty over there, and that night before we left he wanted to go out and rape a couple of girls—and kill them. Leave 'em right on the beach.

"I told him I wanted to go back to the hotel. So we went back to the hotel and then we left."

The pair drove home, back to Smitty's fiefdom, where the pickings were richly available, if not so exotic.

Time passed. Smitty entered into his affair with Mary. He became pally with Saunders, whom Ginn as well as Bruns, thought a "wimp," or a weakling. He moved into the little cottage provided by his parents. There he held frequent parties, where people sat around amid his stacks of *Playboy* magazines, playing Elvis Presley records and drinking beer.

He continued to prowl Speedway with unwavering dedication, checking the scene and looking tough. But swagger wasn't enough for Smitty. Compulsive talker that he was, he couldn't keep his mouth shut. In his need for adulation, to play the big man, he became even more of a braggart. He boasted to Ginn that he had killed Alleen Rowe and buried her in the desert. According to Ginn, Smitty said, "I was there with her and it was like my mind left my body, like it was standing above, watching me do this thing. My own body doing this thing. Choking her." Ginn decided Smitty was kidding him. Later, said Ginn, Smitty "offered to take me there and show me where she was buried. I said forget it. I didn't believe him. He said, in these words, that he had gone out and 'stuck a stick in the ground and a great stench arose.' It was too poetic. Like a novel."

Smitty also told Bruns the same. How many others he may have told is uncertain. Police and school officials reportedly later assembled a list of 30 youngsters who knew something about Smitty's connection with Alleen's death, if not the details.

"The slightest bit of cooperation," according to Detective Lieut. John L. Carter, would have prevented what happened next.

Why did none of the youngsters step forward after Alleen disappeared? Was Smitty's hold on them really that strong? Some, indeed, may have been terrified of him: those who believed a fanciful story he told of cutting off a dead man's hands, those who thought he was a dope and gun smuggler. Others may have thought, as Ginn claims he did, that it was just a joke. Bruns thought that at first, though he said, "I knew he was capable of it."

Smitty, said Bruns, repeated on subsequent occasions his assertions about killing Alleen. "He'd say something like, 'Well, I did it once, I might as well do it again.' " Exactly why Smitty was impelled to repeat his risky story about Alleen Rowe to Bruns, the latter was not certain. "He just had to tell somebody," he guessed. "Maybe he trusted me. It's hard to say."

Meanwhile Smitty went out and bought two imitation diamond rings and engaged himself, on the same day, to both Mary French and a 15-year-old named Kathy Morath, a name to remember. The rings had cost about $13 apiece; Smitty told each girl that her ring had cost $100. "And they both believed it. Or pretended to," Bruns said.

Smitty suggested to each girl that she work and deposit her salary in a bank account jointly with him. Kathy quickly wised up, and 10 days later, with Bruns looking on, threw her ring back at Smitty. But Mary French, working in the convalescent home his parents owned, did indeed put her earnings in an account with Smitty. He withdrew the money and bought a tape recorder, which he used to pass himself off as a guitarist.

It was a typical Smitty scheme. He hired the best guitarist he could find in Tucson to cut a tape of numbers then popular. Then he got a cabinetmaker to build him a seat. Hidden beneath it was a recorder, which he could turn on and shut off with a tap of his boot. He took this elaborately contrived rig and his guitar along with him to parties, where he strummed away with professional finesse. "He'd just be playing out of this tape recorder," said Bruns. "Faking it out. Nobody was the wiser at all, nobody had the slightest idea what was actually going on. They all thought he was great. Then, when he ran out of tape, and everyone wanted him to play some more, he just said, 'Well, boy, I'm tired. I won't play more.' "

By this time, even Ginn, who felt indebted to Smitty because "it was a big thing to me coming out of Fort Grant and having him the only one to bum around with me," wondered what was happening to Smitty. Once, watching him apply mascara (which he denied using) and fondle the ugly mole-like bump on his face, Ginn could not resist saying, "Goddamn, Smitty, people will think you're turning queer or something." Smitty replied that it broke the monotony.

After that, said Ginn, Smitty "just kept getting wilder and wilder," and "very antagonistic. Seems like I couldn't hardly talk to him any more. In the early part of '65, I was seeing him less and less."

By then, it's unlikely Smitty cared about what Ginn thought, for he had found a new girl, one from a social level to which he was not generally accustomed. Her name was Gretchen Fritz.

6

Smitty saw Gretchen for the first time at a public swimming pool in the summer of 1964. She was thin, blonde and then 16, pretty but with an anxious, nervous, searching air about her. After a good look at the girl, whatever it was that flicked on Smitty's visceral switches blew all fuses. He determined to meet her, and if it took brass to do so, brass it would be. He followed her home, knocked on the door and, when she answered, said, with inspired unoriginality, "Don't I know you?"

Whatever she replied provided a sufficient prelude for an

hour's conversation. "From then on," said one of her friends, "nothing mattered to Gretchen except Charles. She always was lonely and looking for someone to love her. Charles gave her what she wanted and she was afraid of losing him.

Gretchen was something a little bit special. Her family had money and position. Dr. James Fritz was Phillips Exeter, Princeton and the University of Chicago Medical School. A Tucson resident since 1953, he had attained such a reputation for surgical virtuosity that he often was called upon to exercise his skill throughout the Southwest. Unassuming and introspective, he dressed immaculately, was a board member of the Union Bank. By the mid-60's, friends believed, he commanded an income of close to $50,000 a year.

Nancy Fritz, well-spoken and exquisitely groomed, was slightly taller than her husband and wore her ash-blonde hair in a stylish windblown cut. She mixed in the city's smart social circles and hailed from an influential Iowa insurance family. The Fritzes lived in a tasteful ranch-style Georgian home, hidden from the street by high hedges, in an old but fashionable part of the city.

Beside Gretchen, the Fritzes had three other children—Bob, a year younger, Heidi, eight, and Wendy, a bright-eyed, gamin-like 13-year-old. But it was Gretchen who had problems. A teacher at the fashionable school that she attended described her as "erratic, subversive, a psychophatic liar." The headmaster of the school suggested that Grechen see a psychiatrist rather than return for her senior year.

Neither Ginn nor Bruns could find a good word for her. Bruns admitted he "detested" her; she had "blackballed" him at school, he explained, and girls wouldn't date him. "I don't know what Smitty saw in her," said Ginn, with distaste. "She was extremely nervous and flighty, a scatterbrained nut." All this dislike was reciprocated by Gretchen.

She wore a fluffy, modish hairdo, and the chiseled, patrician features beneath it clearly were the gift of her attractive mother, a slim, graceful matron. But the eyes set in that splendidly wrought face often glittered with a feral quality. "Gretchen," said a girl friend, "was excitable most of the time. She had a kind of wild look about her a lot." She was not "easy to get to know. She was wary of people mostly. But she'd accept you if you were a friend of someone she knew and trusted. She didn't seem to get along well with her family. They yelled at her a lot."

Despite Gretchen's troublesome capers, her parents apparently allowed her unlimited use of a 1964 maroon Pontiac hardtop convertible, a brand-new compact, and, it seemed, considerable freedom. But they often sent Wendy or brother Bob along as a chaperone. Both Dr. and Mrs. Fritz totally disapproved of their daughter's relationship with Smitty, a fierce and stormy alliance which seemed to have been held together by as many elements of hate and jealousy as it was of love and kindred rebelliousness.

"She was afraid of him, but she loved him," said her girl friend. "She knew he went out with other girls and when she found out about it, they would quarrel. I remember one night when they were at a show together they started arguing and Charlie hit her several times."

Gretchen's compulsion to make Smitty her exclusive property set her apart from his other girls, even more than her moneyed background. Ultimately, it may have proved a fatal difference between her and them. Not even Mary, who shared his knowledge of the dark truth about Alleen, had been so bold. Or if she ever had been, her challenge was brief and in vain.

In truth, Gretchen never fully belonged to Smitty's *in* set. She preferred it that way. The girls who mixed with the group that gathered in Smitty's Adams Street cottage knew Gretchen —or knew of her—only through Smitty. She was seen inside the cottage only once. When she visited it unseen, "she would always come in the alley behind the house." And when she wasn't with him, "she called him every 10 minutes of the day." Said Bruns, "She kept track of him every second of every day."

Smitty's tactics were more bizarre. He spread a rumor that Gretchen had venereal disease, yet he went to absurd lengths to impress her. Once he bought a cheap wig at a discount store, then had Bruns go into an expensive wig shop and buy a can of hair spray. "He just added onto the receipt [for the hair spray] 'one wig' and put a fantastic price on it." When Smitty presented the wig to Gretchen as a gift, he left the bogus receipt in the box, where she couldn't miss it.

Early in 1965, claimed Bruns, Smitty took Gretchen into his confidence about Alleen. "He said he had taken Gretchen out to where Alleen was buried so that she could see what kind of guy he was. He said she told him she didn't care . . . that she would always love him."

The amour continued through the summer of 1964, into fall, winter, and spring, into the following summer. But even as it waxed hotter, it grew more and more abrasive. By the summer of 1965, Smitty spoke of Gretchen with increasing peevishness in the presence of friends. He angrily hinted that she held a dark secret over him, that she was using it to "blackmail" him into marriage, or at least into the promise of enduring faithfulness. He might have to take desperate steps to break her hold on him, he confided.

"You've had fun all your life," Bruns claims to have heard her tell Smitty, "now I'm going to make it miserable for you."

All the while, Smitty's outward behavior toward Gretchen became increasingly erratic. "Oh, I hate her guts," he would tell Bruns as they drove along a street near her home. Then, catching sight of her car traveling in the opposite direction, his eyes "would just pop open real wide, a big smile would come over his face" and he "would peel around and take off after her, run red lights and everything, until he caught up with her. And then he'd get out and talk with her for about forty-five minutes. Then he'd come back and say, 'Oh, I hate her guts.' "

But during that summer of 1965, something began to build up within Smitty. More and more he began to speak of a "hold" Gretchen had upon him. He talked about a diary in which he had bared his innermost thoughts—and recorded his worst misdeeds against society. He had shown the diary to Gretchen, he confided to a few select listeners, and she had stolen it and now was threatening to destroy him through its contents.

Whether such a document ever existed, other than in Smitty's extravagant accounts of its grave significance, remains an unsolved question. Almost all of Smitty's companions said they had heard of a diary or notebook. But none actually saw it. Some said the record was in Smitty's handwriting. Others said Gretchen merely had taken notes while Smitty raved on boastfully about exploits that could incriminate him.

In mid-July, Smitty showed up at the home of a 16-year-old girl friend, Deborah Ellson. She lived adjacent to a junkyard in South Tucson, and was an unwed mother. Deborah was curious that day about his relationship with Gretchen. She asked him why "he did everything Gretchen said, why he jumped everytime she asked for something." He said Gretchen had stolen a diary from his house and that the diary contained information about a guy he had killed, cut off his hands and buried—in the East.

Deborah's mother, Mrs. Wilda Ellson, remembered another conversation about Gretchen, late July or early August. "Charlie sat in my living room," she recalled, "and said he was going to kill Gretchen because she was holding something over his head."

At about this time Gretchen was in San Diego, where the Fritzes were vacationing. The Fritzes returned to Tucson either August 13 or 14. The following night a typical Charles Schmid, Jr., party was gathering momentum in his little cottage. The telephone rang. It was Gretchen calling Smitty. According to Bruns, who was present, she "admitted to him that she had gone all the way with this guy in California." Smitty, said Bruns, "busted out into tears."

Those present at the party remembered that, after gently putting down the telephone, Smitty ran into a back room and began kicking at a door. Then he dashed from the cottage. Outside, he paced up and down, crying. When Bruns went to him. Smitty blurted out, "I really loved that girl." Another boy at the party, Larry Waddell, claimed Smitty said even more: "I'll kill her. I'll kill her. I'll kill her."

A short time later, Smitty left the party and went to the Fritz home. Gretchen's brother, Bob, answered the door. She was in her bedroom. Smitty strode purposefully past the brother and into Gretchen's room, whose location he knew so well. Bob could hear them arguing. Then he saw his sister come from the room, crying. Smitty followed her outside the house, where, said the brother, he pushed Gretchen against a wall, knocking her down. Then he left, calling, "That's it. That's it."

Smitty spent the afternoon of August 16, 1965, at home, dyeing the hair of a 17-year-old South Tucson girl named Jabron Breeze, who had a baby but no husband. He received two telephone calls that afternoon. Both, Jabron knew from

Smitty's gestures, were from Gretchen Fritz. During one of the two telephone conversations between Gretchen and Smitty, Jabron could tell that the two were arguing, but not about what.

The work on Jabron's hair required considerable time, but Smitty was in no hurry. He had no particular plans for the night. Or did he?

Gretchen had plans, but for that particular night they did not include Smitty. While her parents attended a show downtown, she intended going to a drive-in movie with her two sisters and brother. As it turned out, eight-year-old Heidi got a stomachache and Bob stayed home with her. So, with Wendy as chaperone, Gretchen drove off to see an Elvis Presley movie. Her family never saw either of the girls again.

At the same time, Smitty found himself entertaining about half-a-dozen young visitors who had just drifted by, looked in, and settled down in his cottage. The first to arrive was a slender, plain-looking blonde of 16 named Edna Holder. She had showed up between 5:30 and 6 p.m. in a truck driven by a girl friend. With her was her sister Rosalee, two years younger. Both Holder girls had visited Smitty before. But this evening only Edna stayed. Rosalee and the girl friend driving the truck left.

At about 7:30, Smitty's telephone rang. The call set in motion a chain of events that Edna would never forget.

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When Gretchen and Wendy did not return from the movie, the Fritzes reported them missing. Tucson police assumed once again that two more teen-agers had joined the ranks of the city's runaways. The Fritzes told police about Charles Schmid, Jr., just as Mrs. Rowe had. Police questioned him extensively again. And Smitty told officers he had nothing to do with the disappearance of Gretchen and Wendy, that they probably had gone to California "with some guy Gretchen had met on one of her trips over there."

Again Tucson police could find no evidence on which to base a complaint against Charles Schmid, Jr. So they released him.

The Fritzes, as had Mrs. Rowe before them, took matters into their own hands. They hired a private detective, Bill Heilig, a forthright, balding, pug-nosed man with a salty tongue and an air of quiet confidence. Heilig went immediately into action. Within a week he had grilled Smitty—fruitlessly—and had found Gretchen's car. It was in the parking lot of the Flamingo Hotel, about half a mile from Smitty's cottage. The car had been sitting there for "two or three days."

Police and Dr. and Mrs. Fritz were summoned to the parking lot. The car was searched. The results were disturbing. Gretchen's purse was on the back seat. Two ticket stubs from the drive-in movie were on the front seat, which was pushed back farther than Gretchen would have preferred if she had been driving. The speedometer was disconnected. A card bearing the name "C & S Upholstery Co." was found in Gretchen's purse. This was the name of a briefly lived firm that Smitty had started up with Deborah Ellson's father, Jack, as a partner. It was now a Sunday evening, not quite a week after the girls' disappearance.

Just about then, Smitty told Bruns he had killed Gretchen and Wendy.

"You know I killed her?" he said, according to Bruns, as they sat in the living room of Smitty's cottage talking about Gretchen.

Bruns said he didn't know, and Smitty boasted, "I did it here in the living room. First I killed Gretchen, then"—he indicated with a gesture that he throttled the gasping Wendy.

After that, he explained, he put their bodies in the trunk of Gretchen's car and dumped them in "the most obvious place I could think of because I just didn't care any more. Then I ditched the car and wiped it clean."

Bruns displayed only lukewarm interest in Smitty's recital. After all, months before Smitty had told him of the murder of Alleen and nothing had come of that; a body had not even been found. But shortly after that, according to Bruns, he and Smitty were picked up by a couple of no-nonsense characters, taken to an apartment and questioned by several men about Gretchen's disappearance. Smitty, who kept his cool throughout the episode, later claimed that some of the men were local Cosa Nostra.

Mrs. Katherine Schmid, in sworn testimony later, said that a man she identified as Joe Bonanno, Jr., had come to her home looking for Smitty, but that her son wasn't there. Later, she said, Smitty told her the visitor was "one of the guys from the Mafia" who was asking him about the Fritz girls and telling him he had "better produce these girls or else."

After their "interview" in the strange apartment, both Smitty and Bruns were a little shaken. Smitty, incredibly, telephoned the FBI and complained that he was being harassed by the Mafia. The FBI promised to have someone in touch with him soon.

By then Bruns was scared. With the Mafia on one hand and the FBI on the other, Bruns figured that if what Smitty had boasted about were true, "my neck had got into it, too." So he decided it was time to make Smitty "put up or shut up."

"Let's go bury them," Bruns said. "Either you got some bodies out there or you don't. If you do, I'm in trouble."

They drove out to an old drinking spot in the desert, about 15 miles northwest of where Alleen had been slain, and Smitty showed Bruns the girls' remains. One of Wendy's legs jutted out from a shallow grave. But Gretchen, her blouse pulled up around her shoulders, lay uncovered. She wore a white bra and Capris, and her legs were bound with a strip of cloth.

They tried to dig a grave for Gretchen, but they were unsuccessful. They had only a flat shovel, and the ground was baked hard. So, as dawn approached, they gave up and dragged the body into a shallow wash instead. "It stunk like hell," said Bruns.

When it was over, Smitty told his friend, "Now you're in this as deep as I am."

Bruns thought later: "I honestly believe in my own mind that he was planning that, if the bodies were ever found, he was going to present enough evidence to make it look like I did it." He was an anxiety-ridden young man as he rode back into town with Smitty that early morning about two weeks after the sisters had disappeared.

That morning Smitty was interviewed by FBI agents who had visited the cottage while he and Bruns were doing their grisly work in the desert. Bruns came too. They took Smitty's complaints about Mafia harassment "very serious," Bruns said.

Later in the day, Smitty accompanied two Mafia types to California, "to look for Gretchen." They found nothing, of course; instead, Smitty was picked up in San Diego for allegedly impersonating an FBI agent. The San Diego police, suspicious of this weirdo, booked Smitty on suspicion of murder, but released him when the Tucson authorities wired that they had no evidence against him.

For a brief time after his return home, Smitty seemed once again his chipper, cocky self. He kept insisting that he still believed Gretchen was in California, and that it might be a long, long time before her parents or anyone else would find her.

But soon it seemed to Bruns, and to Ginn, too, that Smitty was beginning to act very strangely. Ginn went to Brun's home one day in early September. He asked Bruns what was troubling Smitty. Bruns said he didn't know. Then Ginn asked flat out if Smitty had killed Gretchen. Bruns said no, but that didn't satisfy Ginn. According to Bruns, Ginn said he "knew" Smitty had done something to Gretchen, "because of the way he was acting." Then Ginn related to Bruns a wild scene that he said had occurred in Smitty's cottage just the night before. He and Smitty had gotten into a "big argument" when he asked Smitty what business a man his age, 23, had dating a 15-year-old girl.

Ginn said Smitty had screamed, "Shut up. Shut up." Then he jumped up and down and rammed his fist through the plaster wall of the living room; he slammed doors, dashed from the little house into the backyard in nothing but his undershorts, jumped a fence and ran through the night, shouting at the sky, "God is going to punish me!"

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Shortly afterward, Smitty married. The bride was Diane Lynch, a virtual stranger to Smitty's crowd. Diane was 15. She was no raving beauty, but she had a quiet, friendly manner and a sweet face. Bruns, however, thought her "mousey," and "pale and skinny."

Smitty met Diane on a blind date on September 9, 1965,

less than a month after the disappearance of the Fritz girls. The courtship lasted about a month and a half. During it, Smitty was the very model of propriety, and he impressed Diane's parents mightily. "He's always been a gentleman, polite and considerate," said Mrs. Lynch. "I never entered a room that he didn't stand up."

Smitty's announcement that he was going to marry Diane startled his pal, Bruns. "He just popped out of the clear blue sky one day on the phone, told me he was gonna get married." Bruns added: "He still had that big patch on his nose, and his [waste-stuffed] boots." As for the "mole," Smitty "was taking axle grease and he kept rubbing it in, started out with just a little dot there, then he got kinda taken away on the thing and the thing just kept getting bigger and bigger—I think he would have covered his whole face up."

While Bruns thought Smitty had grown even more warped at the time of his marriage to Diane, Smitty's new wife thought her husband's tall, spindly friend singularly woebegone. At the reception, she noted "he just didn't say anything. Just sat and stared in front of him. He acted so strange."

"Strange" was hardly the word for the way Bruns was comporting himself during the autumn of 1965. By his own admission, he was really hung up.

Brun's particular monomania revolved around Kathy Morath, the slim, pretty 15-year-old daughter of a Tucson postman—and one of Smitty's former interests.

Kathy was the girl Smitty had given one of the two $13-cut-glass engagement rings for which he claimed to have paid $100. When Kathy threw hers back at Smitty, Bruns was there to comfort her. Then he began dating her. He was used to Smitty's castoffs, but, as far as he was concerned, Kathy was something entirely different, and he went into a swoon over her.

As with so many of Smitty's followers, Bruns was out of touch with the rest of the world, only maybe a little more so. But he was intelligent and sensitive enough to recognize the fact—and even a little paranoid about it. "I've always been messed under," he said. "I always was getting attacked and beat up at school. Every lunch hour the girls would run into the john and smoke cigarets and decide what rumors to spread about me today. For once in my life, I'd just like to fit."

But it seemed Brun's destiny never to fit. Although Kathy found nothing odd about Smitty, she thought Bruns was weird and only tolerated his attentions.

Bruns bought her an engagement ring and gave it to her on July 4. Kathy sent the ring back next day via an emissary, "with no explanation at all, other than the fact that she was afraid of me. Of all people, she was afraid of me—and yet she trusted Smitty. That destroyed my faith in humanity."

After Kathy spurned him, Bruns fell into a lovesick melancholia. He poured out his passion in long letters, poems, even a fledgling novel. He also took it upon himself to protect Kathy—from Smitty.

Before Bruns and Kathy had broken up, she had told him that after one of their dates she had been chased through a nearby park. She also said someone had cut the Moraths' screen door; that there had been a prowler around the house, and that she was so frightened her mother had to sleep with her.

Bruns, certain that Smitty had staked out his next victim, started keeping a vigil outside Kathy's house, "waiting for someone" to sneak up to her window. At the same time, he began dreaming that Smitty was raping and strangling Kathy in the desert, while he could never quite reach her to save her. When the dream ended, said Bruns, "I'd just get this urge, I couldn't stop myself. I had to know if she was home."

When Kathy was home, he would guard the house; if she went out, he would follow her. Sometimes, he said, "I'd have my buddies drive up and down the street. I'd have everybody watching. . . . I'd just go and lay down in the alley and sit there and watch the front door, and I'd get up and I'd walk around the block." He patrolled the sidewalk, as he said, "from morning until late at night, seven days a week, acting like a crazy person, watching everything. I was terrorizing her parents to the point where they wouldn't let her go out. I wasn't quite to the point where I could turn Smitty in—but I had to do something."

Smitty knew that Bruns was spying on Kathy, but not why. Bruns told him he was just keeping an eye on Kathy so no one else would date her—"the same line he gave me about Gretchen."

Brun's devotion, however, wasn't appreciated. Kathy and her family and even the neighbors were simply annoyed, and at the end of October, 1965, police finally arrested Bruns for harassing the Moraths. The judge placed him on six months' probation provided he left town until he got over his infatuation.

Bruns agreed and he went to Ohio where his grandmother had a farm. But when he got there, he realized his exile was hopeless. He couldn't sleep, and when he closed his eyes, his old nightmare returned. But from Ohio, Bruns no longer could protect Kathy. He agonized: "Just being so far away, not knowing, but wondering and going through the same thing. I'd get the urge and I'd actually start to walk to the front door and I'd realize—I ain't about to walk to Tucson."

Bruns didn't want to finger Smitty, but one night, after a few beers, he blabbed everything to his grandmother. She thought the alcohol had affected him and she dismissed the whole story. "The one time in my life I need advice," Bruns raged, "what do I get?" Then he picked up the telephone and put in a long-distance call to his father, an electronics technician. Mr. Bruns listened to what his son had to say, then did the only sensible thing that a father could do: He got in touch with Tucson police.

"Cops called me back," said his son. "Asked me what I knew. I said I knew where the bodies were, where the shovel was. They asked me would I be willing to come back to show where they were at, and I said, 'Yeah.' " The skeletal remains of Gretchen and Wendy Fritz were discovered in the desert precisely as Bruns said they would be.

The next day Tucson police picked up Smitty at his cottage. According to his young wife Diane, Smitty was on the telephone when he heard a knock on the door. Diane went to see who it was and found three men standing there.

"They asked if Smitty was home and I said yes. They pushed by me and went to the bedroom, opening the door. I heard one of them say, 'Hang up. You're under arrest.'

"Smitty said, 'What for?'

"And the man said, 'Murder.'

"Smitty said, 'Who am I supposed to have killed?'

" 'The Fritz girls,' the man told Smitty."

Police then set in motion the machinery that resulted in the arrest a few days later of John Saunders and Mary French, corroborating witnesses needed to establish Charles Schmid, Jr., as the murderer of Alleen Rowe as well as of Gretchen and Wendy Fritz.

Saunders was found working as a carpenter's helper in Branford, just outside New Haven, Connecticut. He confessed immediately, but insisted Charles Schmid, Jr., had been the one who killed Alleen, that he and Mary were only witnesses.

Mary, whose family had moved to Belton, Texas, was enrolled in a beauty college there. As readily as Saunders had, she admitted her role in the death of Alleen and related to police in great detail how her ex-boyfriend, Smitty, had methodically planned the killing.

Both Mary and Saunders agreed to show police where they had helped Smitty bury Alleen. But they couldn't find the 18-month-old grave, even though both personally led searches into the desert and deputy sheriffs and others dug up 20-odd miles of desert in their search.

John Saunders pleaded guilty to first-degree murder and was sentenced to life imprisonment. Mary French, pleading a lesser charge, drew four to five years. Both youngsters were kept immediately available, however, for they would be needed as principal witnesses against Charles Schmid, Jr., when he came to trial, first for the murders of Gretchen and Wendy Fritz whose bodies had been found, then for the slaying of Alleen Rowe, a trial in which the state would not have a body to offer as evidence.

On November 16, Smitty appeared for arraignment before a justice of peace, along with Saunders and Mary, who were represented by court-appointed attorneys. Smitty was represented by William Tinney, a slender young man with a boyish grin whose services had been obtained by Smitty's parents for a reported fee of 5,000 dollars.

Smitty remained the picture of insouciance, though his face twitched at times. He was dressed tastefully in a dark suit. His tie was neatly knotted, his long hair carefully combed, his face scrubbed clean of makeup. Aside from scowling at Bruns, he appeared polite and agreeable.

The November 16 arraignment was but one of a series of preliminary legal maneuvers required to bring Charles Schmid, Jr., to trial for the Fritz girls' murders. The trial finally was set for February, 1966.

Meanwhile, the citizens of Tucson, particularly parents, took a hard new look at their city and its youngsters' mores.

From the tony cocktail parties where the rich and the beautiful gathered, to proper businessmen's luncheons, to the give-and-take in the lowbrow bars of South Tucson, they talked about the revelations of Richie Bruns, Mary French and John Saunders. And of the hasty fall of that unkempt but tireless playboy of the Golden West, Charles Howard Schmid, Jr.

Tucson waited uneasily for whatever new and disturbing disclosures the trial might bring.

Superior Judge Richard N. Roylston, however, enjoined County Attorney Norman Green, Police Chief Bernard Garmire and Sheriff Waldon Burr and their agents and employees from "making any comment, written, oral or visual" on the case. His purpose, he said, was to protect the defendant's right to a jury trial unbiassed by "inflammatory reporting." And rather than muzzle the press, he would limit their sources of information.

Judge Roylston's unprecedented edict created great furor in the press. But the order stood, and nobody tested its legality. Smitty's preliminary hearings also were closed to the public and press, on motion of the defense in one instance and of both attorneys in the other.

Defense Attorney Tinney sought a trial postponement to allow public passions to subside. But his motions were denied, and the trial opened, as scheduled, on February 15, 1966.

The Pima County Courthouse is a venerable three-story structure of improbable color and construction: pink adobe. It owes its external design to the influence of nearby Mexico. The sherbert-colored old building is so faithful to the architectural style popular in that part of southwestern United States that it even has a patio.

Inside, however, the national tradition remains inviolate. The courtroom in which Smitty went on trial for the murders of Gretchen and Wendy Fritz is high-ceilinged and austere. Slightly smaller than the average courtroom, it has seats for about 100 spectators. Most of these were occupied that first day by men and women from whom the jury would be selected.

This first day of the trial put an official end to the news embargo, and a clot of reporters grouped in the chamber. William Tinney, Jr., Smitty's youthful-looking attorney, claiming that "excessive coverage of the case by Tucson news media" still ran too high to assure his client a fair trial in a Pima County courtroom, asked the court to move the trial to another Arizona county. His motion was denied.

Smitty was immaculate when he walked into the chamber to take his seat alongside Tinney. They sat behind a long wooden table whose top glistened with such high gloss they could study themselves in it. Smitty wore a charcoal herringbone sport coat, white shirt, dark tie and tan slacks. These would be his uniform for the duration of the trial. He was clean-shaven, but as the trial wore on, a trace of a mustache appeared above his upper lip.

During the first day, devoted to jury selection—a process which began slowly—Smitty sat with his hands folded in his lap; his lips moving nervously at times, set in a pout at others. Superior Judge Lee Garrett, at the very outset of the proceeding, ordered that, once selected, the jury be kept together day and night—and under guard at all times. Accommodations, he told the veniremen that first day, had been arranged for such a purpose at the Pioneer International Hotel, where jurors would be required to remain during all nontrial hours.

Judge Garrett also informed prospective jurors that the state planned to ask the death penalty.

A panel of 93 prospects had been assembled, and from it 12 jurors and two alternates would be selected. Fewer persons than expected were dismissed because they professed conscientious scruples about the death penalty. An equally small number confessed to preconceived notions because of the publicity the case had received.

Once Tinney objected to what he called the "hostile attitude" of a prospective juror, who admitted he had formed an opinion about Smitty's guilt or innocence, and who said that he had two young daughters, one of them named Wendy. Tinney moved for a mistrial. The motion was denied. The juror was excused.

Later, Tinney moved for a mistrial on the basis of a page-one photograph reproduced in the afternoon Tucson *Citizen*. The picture showed Smitty sitting at the defense table, his head bowed. Tinney claimed the photo was prejudicial to his client. The judge denied his motion, and jury selection proceeded anew, but only after Tinney asked the judge to bar photographers from the courtroom. Judge Garrett patiently turned down the request, saying that, as long as the trial was not in progress, he saw no objection to taking of pictures.

As the jury selection continued, Smitty became an attentive listener, leaning forward in his chair to catch the replies of candidates when they were questioned about their qualifications or lack of them. He looked intently but respectfully at each prospect. Sometimes he shifted into a more comfortable position against the back of the chair, fiddling with a pen or scribbling on a blue-lined yellow legal pad in front of him, placed there so he could communicate with his attorney without distracting attention from testimony. His single show of emotion during the jury selection came when Judge Garrett, at one point, mistakenly told prospective jurors that the defendant had entered a guilty plea. Smitty frowned. The judge quickly corrected himself.

By Thursday afternoon, after less than three days of selection, a jury was intact, sworn and seated.

That night eight housewives and four men, plus the two alternates, got their first taste of what jury service under Judge Garrett's astringent provisions was like. Then, and in the days and nights that followed, they picked up their newspapers and found them less than satisfactory, because bailiffs had carefully clipped from them all mention of the Schmid trial. Jurors were able to enjoy television—up to a point, that point being when newscasts were on. Bailiffs took up strategic positions near TV sets so they could flick them off at a second's notice. Jurors were permitted to take short hikes, or to go on brief shopping excursions, but always in the company of bailiffs who made certain they were exposed to no comment about the case.

The jury's composition cut through the community's social and economic stratification. Its members included an ex-airline stewardess married to a bottling-company executive, a janitor and a carpenter; the widow of a gasoline-station owner, a welder's wife and the wife of the operator of an insurance and loan firm; a county laborer's wife, a hardware merchant, the wife of a cocktail-lounge owner and a copper miner with 10 children.

Five of the jurors were over 50, three over 60, only one, John Washburn, the copper miner, under 40; he was 35. None but the insurance man's wife was a native of Tucson; only three others had lived in the city for as long as 20 years. Most were comparatively new arrivals, from California, Washington, Indiana, Ohio, New York, West Virginia and Iowa.

William Schafer III was chosen by the county attorney to prosecute the case. Like Tinney, he was a young lawyer, 34 to be exact. But already his crew-cut hair had a distinguished salt and pepper color. He spoke deliberately, but in clipped, efficient tones. He avoided theatrics and reflected integrity.

Bill Tinney contrasted sharply with the prosecutor. He, too, was a deliberate speaker, but his studied delivery appeared to have been born of imperfection; he stuttered. Some colleagues insisted the impediment won him sympathy, which may very well have been true.

Presiding over this conflict was the tall, thin arbiter, Judge Lee Garrett, hawk-featured, eminently fair and determined to prevent his courtroom from degenerating into a circus arena.

The trial began, with Schafer laying out in his opening statement the state's case against Charles Howard Schmid, Jr. The prosecuting attorney was straightforward in his approach. Schafer was confident that the allegations presented in his low-

key statement would be damning enough if accepted by the jury as fact.

In his exposition, Schafer recalled in blunt but graphic detail the events that had led up to the arrest, the deaths of the Fritz girls, and, before, that of Alleen Rowe. Tinney balked at the prosecutor's introducing such specifics in his opening argument. Again he asked for a mistrial, contending that Schafer's allegations about previous misconduct by his client, particularly in bringing up the Rowe murder, were "inadmissible and prejudicial." Judge Garrett denied the mistrial motion. Prior acts of misconduct, he said, may be brought out if they can be proved to show motive or intent.

Tinney then moved for a year's continuance, again on the grounds that community emotion was so impassioned the likelihood of his client's receiving a fair hearing was nil. Dr. Roland G. Tharp, a clinical psychologist at the University of Arizona, took the stand in support of Tinney's contention. But Judge Garrett ruled that psychology "is not an exact science," that "the issue raised is too speculative, too indefinite to justify the court granting the motion."

After that, there simply was nowhere else for Tinney to go. Now it was his turn to address the jurors. He kept his opening argument brief. Gazing at jurors over a rack of lawbooks on the defense table, Tinney advanced his thesis in painfully measured phrases. "Smitty," he said, referring to his client by his nickname, "did not kill Gretchen and the child. Gretchen was never afraid of the defendant and he never threatened her life. Oh, they argued as kids do. They would fight. But 10 minutes later, they loved."

Tinney paused ever so briefly, then moved to the attack. "But somebody did kill Gretchen," he said. "Somebody did hate her. Somebody did threaten her life. Somebody knows too much about how the girls died. And somebody fingered Smitty for it. And that somebody was Bruns."

Tinney returned to his seat. The time for testimony had come.

Tall, ashen-haired Mrs. Nancy Fritz, mother of the dead sisters, was called by Schafer as the first prosecution witness. Mrs. Fritz, clad in a simple gray dress, was a striking figure as she strode gracefully into the courtroom. She was sworn in and a small microphone was fitted about her neck. She answered Schafer's opening questions with poise.

Only once did she lose her composure, then only briefly. She was asked to identify, one by one, articles of clothing found near the two frail skeletons on the desert. Undergarments. Parts of girls' blouses. Girls' shorts. Gretchen's shoes. She looked at the shoes, nodded her head and said, "Those are Gretchen's—I recognize them. I never liked them much."

Then Schafer showed her Gretchen's bra. She studied it a moment, then her shoulders sagged suddenly and she bowed her head. The "yes" she uttered was a chilling gasp. She snapped open her purse, reached into it and took out a handkerchief. Schafer paused while she dabbed at her eyes. Almost immediately she regained control of herself and nodded to the prosecutor, indicating she was ready to proceed.

When Tinney's turn came to question the mother, he drew from her an admission that, whereas she never had heard Gretchen express fear of Smitty, her daughter had told her that Bruns once threatened her with a gun.

"Was Gretchen afraid of Bruns?" Tinney asked.

"I wouldn't say she was afraid of him," Mrs. Fritz replied, "but she disliked him."

The mother was followed to the stand by a series of witnesses whose official or quasi-official position would make them basic to the prosecution's case at any murder trial.

A dentist established that the remains found on the desert were, indeed, those of Gretchen and Wendy Fritz. An ambulance driver testified that he had collected the skeletal remains, put them in plastic bags, and delivered them to the Arizona Mortuary. Dr. Louis Hirsch, a pathologist, that the skeletons were those of two females, one "16 or 17," the other "13 or 14," and about the height that Mrs. Fritz said her daughters had been.

Because of the condition of the remains, Doctor Hirsch said, he was unable to determine the cause of death. When Schafer pressed him about possible "neck injuries," the pathologist replied there was no way of telling.

Then came witnesses from the police department, and almost immediately it became apparent why the prosecutor had sought to elicit from Doctor Hirsch at least a speculative response about "neck injuries"; Schafer hoped to convince jurors, through "this chain of circumstances," that Smitty had choked the sisters to death with a cord from his electric guitar.

The prosecutor called to the stand Tucson Detective Ronald Byerly and began the process of forging the links. Byerly first recalled the finding of the skeletons. Then, the detective testified, he found lying beneath the jawbone of the skeleton of Gretchen Fritz a black guitar cord, between three and four feet long.

After Byerly came a succession of witnesses through whom Schafer established that Smitty's electric guitar required "an odd type cord" similar to the one found in the desert. Before the girls' deaths Smitty had pawned his guitar, minus such a cord.

Under questioning by Schafer, Capt. Carl R. Kempe, director of the crime lab, testified that the cord "fit that guitar, it works on that guitar, but I cannot tell you if it was ever placed in that guitar and I cannot tell you if it was not placed in the guitar. This plug rotates in there and does not leave an identifying mark." Captain Kempe added that scientific scrutiny of the cord had produced no trace of human tissue, hair or blood.

Under cross-examination by Tinney, Captain Kempe conceded that, while the cord did plug neatly into Smitty's instrument, it could have fit countless other guitars in Tucson.

Except in the case of Mrs. Fritz, all of this early testimony was delivered in the perfunctory language of men doing their duty as good citizens or good officers, but with no emotional involvement in the case before the court. But now it was time to hear from Smitty's circle, the people of Speedway, the girls from South Tucson.

There was Deborah Ellson and Deborah's mother, Wilda. There were the Breeze sisters, Jabron and Sharon, to testify about the mysterious diary. There was Charles Stenz, a young service-station attendant who had heard Smitty threaten to kill Gretchen. And there was Bob Fritz, the brother of the dead sisters, a good-looking blond boy who belonged to a world apart from these others. He recounted Smitty's stormy visit to the Fritz house just before the girls disappeared. But of all the testimony offered that day, that of Mrs. Ellson, a sharp-featured woman, probably was the most damaging to Smitty.

She recalled a visit by Smitty to her home in July, 1965, when she heard him arguing bitterly over the phone with Gretchen Fritz. When he hung up, she said, he turned to her and snapped, "I'm going to kill that bitch." Gretchen, she said, called him "two or three" times more, and "he told me: 'I wish she would disappear, get lost, quit hounding me.' "

Tinney, in his cross-examination, sought to show that Smitty's outburst was merely the response of an angry lover. "You didn't think about calling up the police to say there was going to be a homicide?" he asked Mrs. Ellson.

"No, sir," she replied.

But she testified that, after the girls disappeared, she asked Smitty a question and got a response that caused her to wonder how much he knew. She asked him what he thought had happened to the 20 dollars that Gretchen was reported to have been carrying in her purse and she recalled his replying, "Oh, bull! It was over three hundred dollars."

When Mrs. Ellson's daughter, Deborah, took the stand, she testified that Smitty often had informed her "he hated Gretchen and wished she'd get lost and stop bothering him." And, quizzed about Mrs. Fritz's testimony that Gretchen once said Bruns had threatened her with a gun on a movie double date, Deborah responded by saying that Smitty had told her about the incident, but described it as "a prank."

As Deborah, neat in a short tweed skirt and white blouse, left the witness chair, she passed by the defense table. "How are you?" she whispered to Smitty.

A lot of the kids were wondering that.

On Speedway Boulevard, they still cruised, orbiting the drive-ins, checking the joints, playing it cool. Some of the regulars, however, were missing. Parents had declared Smitty's Speedway off limits to their teen-age children. Kids groused

about it. "I thought my folks were bad before," lamented a grounded 16-year-old, "but now they're just impossible."

As for the Fallen Hero himself, confinement may have mellowed him. Or it may have given him a chance to play a new role, maybe his most dramatic. Smitty got along well with his jailers, and amused himself drawing caricatures of them. But it was as the faithful, loving husband that Smitty satisfied his ego during imprisonment. His young wife, Diane, became the recipient of a bountiful correspondence from the Pima County Jail. On Diane's birthday, he sent her roses, a handmade greeting card, a sheaf of songs he had written and this note:

If I die before we meet, at least you know I love you. Here is my heart, my laughter, my love and my soul in the songs I wrote. Something I could not buy for you with any amount of money.

The Tucson *American* obtained Diane's permission to reprint one of the six songs Smitty sent her for her birthday. The newspaper noted it was "written for the guitar in the progressive blues manner." The lyrics follow:

Forbidden, our love is forbidden,
And so I cry
Until we can try,
Alone in anguish, in anguish I cry,
Because they hate me
And won't set me free,
Oh, please tell me, what should I do,
Without your love,
Angels cry from above,
Lord, please don't let them kill me,
'Cause my darling needs me for eternity,
I'll give her all the love I own,
You know she'd die if I left her alone.
So Angels hear my prayer,
Don't leave me here crying,
While my darling is dying.
(Bridge)
I never have done wrong,
So take me where I belong.
I'll treat her, oh so tenderly.
So give me just one more time,
To give her love and make her mine.
I'll never make her sorry or sad.
(End of Bridge)
So don't make our love forbidden,
'Cause our love is pure,
And meant to endure.

"All those stories about him just can't be so, even what they said about his dyeing his hair. It's always been black, and I've never seen it any other color," Diane Schmid said plaintively shortly after her birthday. "I love him and I believe in him and I know he's innocent and there's nothing to all those things they've said about his makeup and the parties."

But, as the trial entered its second week, others were expected to testify differently. Mary Rae French and John Saunders were removed from the modernistic county jail and brought to the ornate old courthouse. Having turned state's evidence, their testimony was expected to cement the state effort to establish "intent" on the part of Charles Schmid, Jr., in the murders of Gretchen and Wendy Fritz.

Schafer called Saunders as his first witness Monday morning. But when he asked Saunders his name, the slender young man replied, "John Saunders." After that, invoking the Fifth Amendment, he would say no more.

"I'm surprised and amazed," Schafer said afterward. The next day Saunders' attorney claimed that his client had balked because he was afraid "the other prisoners will kill him for being a stoolie when he gets in the pen."

Meanwhile, Tinney moved for a mistrial. He argued that Saunders "should not have been placed on the stand if it was known that he would answer in the manner he did. The answers could cast a question in the mind of the jury about what he might say . . . and cause the jury to begin speculating."

Judge Garrett denied the motion, and the state resumed its prosecution without benefit of testimony from John Saunders.

Schafer called Mary French to the stand. Mary lived up to her agreement. She repeated the grisly story she had told after being returned from Texas, how a 15-year-old nurse's daughter had been selected as the choicest, most available prospect for a desert execution and how that execution had been carried out. Her testimony, delivered in a low, husky voice, held courtroom spectators spellbound. But when she left the witness stand, she was a pitiable figure in a gray cardigan and beehive hairdo. She walked from the courtroom to spend a large share of her remaining young womanhood in prison.

Mary's was the most damaging testimony against Smitty thus far in the trial. Although it incriminated him only in the death of Alleen Rowe, and he was on trial not for that but for the murders of Gretchen and Wendy Fritz, Judge Garrett ruled the testimony entirely proper, since, as Schafer argued, it was useful in establishing a motive for the murders of the Fritz girls.

Now there approached the witness stand the male half of an ill-favored man-and-wife team, Charles and Betty Fields. Fields was a reedy, sharp-nosed man with a shock of unruly hair. Betty, round-faced and full-lipped, had been crippled by polio and was confined to a wheelchair. They had lived briefly with Smitty in the summer of 1965.

The couple had met Smitty during one of the misfortunes that appeared to dog them: Their car ran out of gas on the highway from Tucson to Nogales. Smitty passed by, gave them a lift into town, and offered to rent them his cottage. They moved in, but paid no rent, said Fields; for "about a month" the couple lived there with the odd young man who had befriended them.

Fields pushed his wife into the courthouse in her wheelchair, then entered the trial chamber and took the stand when his name was called. His wife, too, had been subpoenaed as a witness, but would not be called until Wednesday, two days hence.

About a week after he and his wife had moved into the cottage, Fields testified, Smitty told him about a diary that recorded how he had slain a young man. Gretchen had broken into the cottage and stolen the diary, and that's why he always had to do what she ordered. Fields quoted Smitty as saying —"because she had enough on him to send him to the electric chair."

Gretchen, Fields added, pestered Smitty with phone calls that frequently deteriorated into violent quarrels. Following one of these, Fields overheard Smitty snarl, "I'd like to kill that bitch. . . . I'd like to twist her pretty little neck." Under cross-examination Fields was asked by Tinney if he ever thought he should tell police about the diary. "No. I didn't think he was capable of murder," Fields said.

Paul Ginn, Smitty's boyhood chum, was the next prosecution witness. Ginn, who also had lived off and on at Smitty's cottage repeated the story he had told police earlier about Smitty's boast that he had killed Alleen.

Asked about Mrs. Fritz's report that Bruns once had threatened Gretchen with a gun, he volunteered the information that the weapon was a BB gun that resembled a German Luger. Tinney, over Schafer's objection, questioned Ginn at length about Bruns' dislike for Gretchen, and elicited the kind of intelligence that was vital to the defense posture. Ginn said that during the previous spring and summer, Bruns had waxed "rather voluble" about Gretchen, had said frequently that he "utterly detested . . . hated . . . wanted to kill her," and had confided that his antipathy for the now-dead girl had begun when she "blackballed him at high school socially."

And on that note the jury returned to its isolation for a day's rest. Tuesday was Washington's Birthday.

When the trial resumed on Wednesday, Bruns was the star witness. But, before calling him, some unfinished business remained to be settled. Much of Ginn's testimony about Bruns's animosity toward Gretchen Fritz had been offered in the absence of the jury because Prosecutor Schafer had objected that it was mere hearsay, thus not admissible.

Judge Garrett ordered the jurors to leave the courtroom so he could hear first what Ginn was prepared to tell them. Then, he said, he would make a determination as to the admissibility of the kind of information defense attorney William

Tinney proposed to seek from Bruns under cross-examination. The judge said, however, that he would reserve a ruling until Wednesday, when he announced that he would permit Ginn's testimony about Bruns to be heard by jurors. "The offer of proof shows some sort of hate between Gretchen and Bruns. There was that incident at the drive-in movie," the judge said.

After Ginn repeated his testimony in the presence of the jury, Schafer asked Mrs. Fields to take the stand. She supported what her husband had said, and added some flourishes. Yes, she said, she had been told about the diary and had heard Smitty's telephone arguments with Gretchen. Sometimes, Mrs. Fields estimated, Gretchen telephoned every half hour. When told by Smitty that there was enough in the diary to send him to the electric chair, Mrs. Fields testified that she had said, "Oh, no, Smitty, you're kidding."

"No, I'm serious," she quoted him as replying.

Schafer, seeking to strengthen his argument that Smitty had strangled the Fritz sisters with the guitar cord, asked Mrs. Fields if she recognized the black one that had been introduced as evidence. She replied that it "looks like" a "broken" one she had found in the cottage and "tried to fix." She said she remembered Smitty's pawning his guitar, but knew the cord had not been with it because she herself had stuck it in the amplifier that had remained in the house.

Now in from the wings where he had been awaiting his cue came Richard Bruns. He looked a bit of the dandy as he loped into the courtroom in pointed boots, dark coat and tie, white shirt, and dark pipestem trousers that accentuated his extraordinary lankness. He moved confidently enough to the witness chair, but something about his expression hinted that his poise was only superficial.

Smitty stared intently at Bruns from across the defense table, just 10 feet from where Bruns deposited his six-one frame after being sworn in. Bruns avoided Smitty's eyes, and, for the most part, kept his own fixed on the jurors.

He repeated what by now had become an old story. But the jurors, hearing it for the first time from the informer's own lips, sat riveted to their seats. He recalled how Smitty had told him first of killing Alleen Rowe, then months later of murdering the Fritz girls. He described his and Smitty's clumsy attempt to bury the sisters' bodies. He told of the strange love-hate relationship that existed between Smitty and Gretchen. The telling required all of an afternoon, and when it was done, if the jurors believed Bruns, the stumpy, muscular young man in the defendant's chair was in very deep trouble.

On Thursday, Schafer tried to nail shut the state's case against Charles Schmid, Jr., with a 17-year-old girl named Edna Holder.

Edna was slim, plain, ash-blonde. She entered the courtroom with a diffidence that indicated she would have preferred to be almost anywhere else. She wore a fluffy pink sweater, and when she paused to catch her breath, her mouth hung open. Spectators, too, sat agape. For Edna Holder's testimony revealed something entirely new.

Edna began by testifying that she had met the defendant about two weeks before the Fritz sisters disappeared. During that brief period, she and her own sister, Rosalee, a year younger than she, had been frequent visitors to Smitty's cottage, attending parties there with others in Smitty's set.

Schafer established that Edna had been at Smitty's cottage on August 16, 1965, the day Gretchen and Wendy vanished. She had arrived between 5:30 and 6. "Now," he asked, "when you got to the defendant's house, who was there, if anyone?

A—Paul and Smitty.

Q—Paul. Do you know the last name for Paul or did you know at that time?

A—No.

Q—And had you ever seen him before, Paul?

A—No.

Q—This was the first time you had seen him?

A—Yes.

Q—Did there come a time when anyone else came to the house, Miss Holder, the defendant's house that night?

A—Yes.

Q—Who came?

A—Larry Waddell, Nancy Veale and me.

Schafer asked her to tell what happened after she arrived.

A—Well, a phone call came and Smitty told Paul to answer it. Paul answered and it was Gretchen.

Q—How do you know that?

A—Because Paul told Smitty.

Tinney then objected, however, Judge Garrett overruled it.

Q—Paul told Smitty what?

A—That it was Gretchen and that she wanted to meet him and that if he didn't come she would—

Tinney objected again that this was hearsay, but again his objection was overruled.

Q—Now, will you tell us what Paul said to the defendant?

A—Paul said that it was Gretchen and she wanted to meet him, and if he didn't come, she would tell her father.

Q—What happened after that?

A—So Smitty went in the back room and called Paul in and they were in there for just a matter of minutes.

Q—After Paul said this, was there anything said by the defendant? Can you recall, Miss Holder?

A—He said that he was going to go to see Gretchen and then he was going to go to the Flamingo Hotel to get—

Q—Now, did there come a time when anybody left the house after that?

A—Yes.

Q—Who left?

A—Smitty and Paul.

Q—Did you notice if they had anything with them when they left?

A—A brief case.

Q—Who had that?

A—Smitty.

Q—Could you describe that, Miss Holder, generally?

A—Well, it was old and scuffed up and darkish color with two handles.

Q—Had you ever seen that before?

A—No.

Q—Now, what happened after that?

A—Well, they left and—

Q—Did you remain at the house?

A—Yes.

Q—How long did you remain at the house?

A—Between 1 and 1:30 [the next morning].

Q—Who came back?

A—Smitty and Paul.

Q—Can you recall what time, approximately, that the defendant and Paul returned?

A—It was about—well, it was between 1 and 1:30.

Q—Were you the only one there?

A—Yes.

Schafer asked Edna if she had heard Smitty say anything as he and Paul approached the house.

A—Yes.

Q—Can you tell us what that was?

A—Oh, "You had better shut up, Larry [Waddell] and the rest might be there."

Q—Did you hear Paul say anything?

A—He said he wasn't going to get in it. He said that he wasn't in it and Smitty said that he wouldn't.

Schafer wanted to know how Smitty looked when he finally entered the house.

A—Well, he was pretty mussed up. His hair was down on his face and—

Q—Did you notice his clothes?

A—Yes, they were dusty and raggedy-looking.

Q—What did Paul do at this time, if anything?

A—Well, he took a couple of knives with him and then he left.

Q—Now, can you describe, other than the clothes and the hair of the defendant, his appearance?

A—Well, he looked real scared.

Tinney objected, and Judge Garrett ordered Schafer to reframe his question. He did, Tinney objected again and was again overruled. After a third objection—again overruled—Judge Garrett instructed Schafer to proceed with the questioning.

Q—Did you have occasion to leave the house, Miss Holder, that night or early that morning?

A—When my mother came.

Q—Did you have occasion to speak with the defendant the next day?

A—Yes.

Q—How did you speak with him, Miss Holder? What way?

A—By telephone.

Q—Was there any conversation with the defendant at that time in relation to the Fritz girls?

A—He said that they were missing and that now he could go out with anybody he wanted to.

Q—Did you have occasion to see the defendant that day?

A—No.

With that, Schafer ended his examination, and Tinney rose to cross-examine. He hoped to wreck Edna Holder's credibility as a witness by showing that she had deliberately set out to destroy Smitty because she thought he had scuttled her romance with the boy named Larry Waddell. But the result of their dialogue turned out to be something else again: an insight into the all-night revels at Smitty's cottage.

After establishing that Edna and Larry had broken up, Tinney asked Edna when she attended her first party at Smitty's, and she replied, "Well, around the first of August." Could she remember who else was there?

"Well," she replied hesitantly, "I don't know because—because I was drunk."

"Because you were drunk?" Tinney allowed a note of incredulity to creep into his voice as he looked at the frail teenage girl before him. Then he asked her when she had arrived—she didn't remember and when she had gone home.

A—Oh—oh, that night we stayed all night.

Q—Who stayed all night?

A—Me, my sister [Rosalee, then 15].

Tinney then asked Edna about another party, one that occurred after the Fritz girls had been missing for nearly two weeks. Unable to remember when she had arrived, when she had left or who had taken her home, Edna broke down on the stand. After she regained control of herself, Tinney turned to the crucial night of August 16. He asked about the youngsters who had assembled in Smitty's cottage that evening. Who besides Edna had been there? She named some of the familiars.

Q—Paul Ginn?

A—Yes.

Did Edna drink that night, the night she insisted Smitty had returned to the cottage with the "scared" look and his hair and clothing in disarray?

Again Edna answered with hesitation: "No, well—"

Tinney seized on her hesitancy: "Let's have it."

"Paul," said Edna, "made some—made some of his own stuff. I just tasted it."

Did Edna have anything else to drink that night? "No," she said.

How many times, Tinney wanted to know, had she discussed this incident with the county attorney? "I don't know," she said, "four times, I guess."

Tinney then brought her back to the point where she entered the cottage. "Did you see any girls killed there in that house that night?"

A—No.

Q—Did you hear any screams?

A—No.

The defense's strategy, at that point, was to prove that no matter how damaging Edna's testimony had been earlier to his client, it nevertheless contradicted Bruns' story that Smitty had told him he had strangled the girls in the cottage.

Under further cross-examination, Edna repeated substantially what she had told Schafer, with one addition. Asked if she had heard anything when Smitty went into the back room, she replied, "No, but as Smitty was walking into the back bedroom he said—he said something about he was going to get that bitch if it was the last thing he would do, or something like that."

Clearly, the questioning now was not going the way that the defense attorney would have liked it. He took a new tack.

Q—Did Smitty tell you anything about being in a fight with Paul?

A—No—well, he said something about a fight, but I don't remember who with. He said something about getting in a fight with somebody, but I don't remember who it was.

Tinney then asked Edna if either Smitty or Paul ever told her about fighting over Diane Lynch, the girl Smitty would marry, and Edna said that neither had. Tinney asked if Paul left the cottage before she did early the morning of August 17, and Edna replied, "Yes."

Q—Then you were at the house after Paul left?

A—Uh huh.

That concluded Tinney's questioning.

Schafer, during a few seconds of redirect examination, brought out that Edna never had spoken with the county attorney, but to him, Schafer, and that the two times they talked about the case, they had conversed at her home in the presence of her parents.

Edna Holder left the witness chair. Before the youths still loyal to Smitty received the call to rally 'round in his defense, the prosecution offered one more witness whose testimony caused a stir among spectators. Frances Stone, only 14, was the youngest witness who would appear during the trial. She described a telephone conversation with Smitty which occurred the day after the Fritz sisters disappeared.

As Prosecutor Schafer summed up the conversation, Smitty told Frances: "Yes, I did see them just five hours before they disappeared. At that time I argued with Gretchen because she wanted me to marry her and I refused." And: "What is said about Wendy? Gretchen had to take Wendy. She knew all, wanted to tag behind, the one who got mixed up in all of this. She had to take Wendy with her because Wendy knew all and she would tell her family.

"This he tells to Frances Stone, and then . . . she said two or three times after that he called up. He didn't talk about the Fritzes any more. What he was concerned about was whether they had told the police, whether she had told her mother and they had told the police what he had told her."

On Thursday, February 24, Prosecutor William Schafer rested the state's case against Charles Schmid, Jr., and the defense took over.

Tinney began by introducing a series of motions that would have watered down or dismissed the case against his client. Judge Garrett rejected them all.

Left with no legal recourse, Tinney attempted to show "a stream of hostility," toward Gretchen by Bruns that "culminated with the deaths" of both Gretchen and Wendy Fritz.

On Friday, the first day of defense testimony, seven teenagers—including Bruns' beloved Kathy Morath—and Smitty's adoptive father were called by Tinney in support of his thesis. Only the teen-agers could support Tinney's case against Bruns, and under cross-examination, Schafer turned some of their words against them.

Prosecutor Schafer sat patiently through these attacks on his star witness. But, as the testimony of pretty Kathy Morath sharpened the offensive against Bruns, he rose and objected to the line of questioning being pursued by Tinney. The judge ordered the jury from the courtroom, listened to the prosecutor's objection and sustained it. "Bruns is not on trial here," he snapped.

Smitty, largely emotionless until now, threw down a blue ball-point pen he had been shuffling through his fingers. His expression darkened with disgust. "Stop that," Tinney admonished his client, and Smitty dropped his hands into his lap.

Now Tinney mustered witnesses to support further his argument that Bruns had threatened the life of Gretchen. He also hoped to counterbalance Edna's damaging account of the night of August 16.

Among the next witnesses was Larry Waddell, Edna's "ex-boyfriend." Waddell and a friend, Robert Lee Wilburn, also a 16-year-old, both said they had been to several parties at Smitty's during August, and, not once, both said, did they see Paul Ginn there, as Edna had claimed. Another youth, Richard Lance, a nervous, red-faced 17-year-old testified he had heard Rickie Bruns say that "he'd like to kill Gretchen and was going to kill her."

Prosecutor Schafer counterattacked. Under cross-examination he drew from Lance the admission that he disliked Bruns intensely and that, indeed, he and Waddell had talked about "shooting" Bruns to avenge Smitty.

Schafer then asked Waddell if he had attended a party at the cottage in mid-August when Smitty had received a phone call from Gretchen. Waddell replied that he had, and that the call had infuriated Smitty: "He was shouting . . . said he would kill her."

"Did he say this three times?" Schafer asked.

"Yes," Waddell replied.

Now Charles Schmid, Sr., slight, balding, fiftyish, approached

the witness stand. He wore a loose-fitting green suit. From behind horn-rimmed glasses, he glanced briefly at his adopted son, but once seated, he avoided his son's eyes and spoke directly to the jury for the most part. Smitty gazed intently at his adopted father. He sat erect, but impassively, sometimes folding his arms, sometimes shuffling the pen.

Schmid spoke in a calm, clear voice. But he appeared somewhat embarrassed, and he deliberated carefully before replying to questions. When he did answer, he spoke in slow, measured but steady tones. What he said, however, contributed little to his son's defense.

He said, of course, that he was aware of his son's parties, but he confessed, "I never interfered." The night of August 16, he recalled, one of these parties had become so "loud" that his wife had telephoned from their nearby residence about 10 p.m. She had asked her son to be more quiet, he said, because they were going to bed. That was as near as he came to providing his son with an alibi, insisting under oath that Smitty still was in the cottage at an hour when Edna Holder had claimed he and Ginn had long since left. Otherwise, he said, "I don't recall seeing Charles that evening."

The father's testimony ended Friday's session. When court reconvened at 9:30 a.m. Monday, February 28, the preeminent witness was Mrs. Katherine Schmid, the defendant's mother.

Publicly Mrs. Schmid had said nothing since her son's arrest. Thus, her arrival in the courtroom was an occasion, a happening—and she was up to it. She wore a black silk dress with a V-neck, a six-strand pearl necklace and pearl earrings. Ed Meagher of the Los Angeles *Times* described her as "billowingly stout, with powerful arms and a strong chin—a woman with the appearance of solid capability needed to run a rest home and a boardinghouse in different sections of town, as she had done. Some might describe her as formidable."

As defense attorney William Tinney guided her through a series of questions, she responded promptly and decisively. The father's alibi for his son, at best, had been weak. Tinney addressed himself to shoring this up. Smitty appeared to relax, once his mother began testifying.

Tinney questioned Mrs. Schmid about the night of August 16. She recalled, as had her husband, that a noisy party was in progress that evening in his cottage, near to her and her husband's home. "I called over to his house," she said, "and told him to turn down the music so as not to create a disturbance."

About 10 minutes later, she told the jury, "Charlie came over to the house and said he'd be more quiet. He sat down on the floor, ate pizza with us and watched television for a while. And then he went home."

Mrs. Schmid insisted that Paul Ginn had spent no evenings at Smitty's cottage during the month of August, 1965. A boy named Bobby Garcia had, she said. How could she be so sure? Because, she said, it was her custom to carry her son's meals to him, from her home to his cottage, and she had seen him there.

Tinney earlier had said that he planned to call Bobby Garcia as an "alibi witness," but he never did produce him.

Tinney now turned to the matter of the guitar cord. Prosecutor Schafer had introduced into evidence a black one. Tinney produced a gray one. Could Mrs. Schmid identify it? Of course, she could. It was, she told the jury, "Charlie's guitar cord." Her son had several different guitar cords, she said, but "none of them was black. They all were gray." As for her son's guitar, the one he supposedly pawned, she said that she herself had sold it "last July 18th or 19th" to a man named Alex Bracamonte. That would have been a day or two before the July 20 date on the pawn slip.

Tinney hoped to derive from Mrs. Schmid's testimony an effective alibi for his client. What emerged, instead, was a classic report on parental pampering. It was most sharply dramatized during cross-examination by Prosecutor Schafer.

Upon reaching his 16th birthday, Smitty was provided with a monthly allowance of $300 and was never questioned about what he did with the money. All his bills were paid for him, said Mrs. Schmid, and the cottage, where he lazed in bed until 10:30 or 11 in the morning, was rent free.

"Did he have a regular job?" Schafer asked.

"Well, he mowed the lawn sometimes and was always available to do anything I wanted," Mrs. Schmid replied. But as far as having a regular job, regular duties, the answer was, "No."

Schafer asked Mrs. Schmid whether she was aware of her son's parties and of the ages of the girls who attended them. Mrs. Schmid replied to this line of questioning with a tight-lipped insistence that what Smitty did was his own business.

What of Gretchen Fritz, Mrs. Schmid was asked by Schafer. Did she like her?

"Personally, no," she replied, and added. "I did not like Gretchen because of the reputation she had." But, she had never seen Gretchen and had never discussed the girl's reputation with her son. When asked if the youngsters' relationship was good, she replied: "The same as any other so-called romance."

Was she aware, Schafer wanted to know, that Charles wore certain things in his boots?

A—He had personal reasons, possibly because it made him taller . . . about three inches.

Q—Did he ever practice walking with these things in his boots?

A (after a lengthy pause)—Yes.

Mrs. Schmid was asked if during her cleaning of her son's cottage she had ever come across, or seen, a book resembling "a diary." She denied she had.

Q—How did you find out the Fritz girls were missing?

A—Mrs. Fritz called me. I told Charles later—thank goodness you were home last night.

After two hours of testimony, Mrs. Schmid was excused.

Tinney produced only one other witness to support his contention that Edna Holder was lying or mistaken. Seventeen-year-old Nancy Veale, a confirmed member of Smitty's inner circle, said the gathering at Smitty's cottage, referred to by Edna, as on August 16 really occurred on September 8. Nancy knew, she said, because she had made a note of it in her diary.

Remembering that Edna had claimed that the teen-agers assembled at Smitty's the night of August 16 had just "stopped off," and that a formal party was not on the schedule, Schafer asked Nancy, "Do you also keep in your diary those times that you stopped off and were going someplace else?"

"No, I don't ordinarily keep that in my diary," she replied, and the prosecutor drew from her an admission that her book showed only a blank for the date of August 16.

A short time later, to the surprise of the courtroom, Tinney abruptly rested his case, even while several defense witnesses stood in the corridor outside, awaiting their turn to testify. No one appeared more surprised than Judge Garrett, who indicated that Tinney previously informed him that he planned to put his client on the stand.

Why had he shortened his cast of witnesses? Was Prosecutor Schafer cutting up their testimony to suit the state's ends? Why had he decided not to put Charles Schmid, Jr., in the witness chair? Was he apprehensive lest Schafer trap him in damaging contradictions? Did he mistrust his client's giant ego? Was he afraid the prosecutor might bruise it so that Smitty would blurt out ruinous admissions? Perhaps. In any case, the last scenes were near. Prosecutor and defense counsel presented their final arguments the next day, Tuesday, March 1. The courtroom was jammed. Schafer began an oration designed to convince the jury that Charles Schmid, Jr., deserved the gas chamber.

"Your Honor, defense counsel, ladies and gentlemen of the jury, the story of Case Number 15028 is ended," Schafer said, with the gravity demanded of such a momentous summing up. "You have heard all the evidence now. The case is about to be given you for your verdict and your deliberations. Justice is about to take its course."

The prosecutor said he was confident that by now the eight women and four men knew "as much as anybody ever will about what happened to Gretchen Fritz and Wendy Fritz on the night of August sixteenth." In reviewing the evidence, he said, the jurors could arrive at but one conclusion: that "two charges of first degree murder have been sustained." He added, "I think all of the evidence will point to that one conclusion and that one conclusion only, murder of the first degree."

Schafer explained that, to support a first-degree murder charge, "premeditation and deliberation" need be shown. "If the evidence shows you anything in this case at all," he said, "it shows you that these killings were done with the utmost premeditation and deliberation."

He then reviewed Bruns' story of the killing—meanwhile, debunking the defense's contention that Bruns was the killer

—recapped Edna Holder's testimony and linked together the various bits of circumstantial evidence that had been presented.

In "some murder cases," Schafer concluded, a jury might find mitigating circumstances that would argue against imposition of the death penalty. But this was not one of them. "This man can be shown no mercy. This man has forfeited any right to walk among us."

A silence fell upon the courtroom, as Schafer returned to his seat.

Tinney rose. He didn't have much to work with. "Circles," he said, "point nowhere." He maintained that no one knew the real truth surrounding the deaths of the Fritz sisters. "All you have [from the prosecution] is an approximation." Then he repeated his theory that Bruns was guilty. "That being so," he said, "you as jurors have to come back in and say that Smitty is not guilty."

As provided by law, prosecutor Schafer had the last rebuttal. He discarded the irony in favor of thrust. "There is no approximation on one of the main points here, one of the points not covered by Mr. Tinney: motive—one of the main points in a circumstantial case. There was not approximation heard by you as to the validity of that motive. And the only reason for putting testimony on concerning Alleen Rowe was for that one purpose, to show motive."

Schafer chided Tinney for not having called Edna Holder's mother to establish the date she had picked up her daughter at Smitty's cottage, that early morning after the Fritz girls vanished. "There is a certain rule of law," he said, "that if a witness is not produced, you may conclude, if you so desire, that what she might say would be adverse."

He argued that circumstantial evidence was enough to convict, that in fact, it often was stronger than eyewitness testimony, because "when taken in a circle and drawn, [it] does not admit of much leeway."

On that note the jury retired to deliberate. It was 2:15 p.m.

Inside the jury room, the panelists elected John S. Washburn, 35-year-old father of 10, foreman. "After I was elected," Washburn recalled later, "we waited about five minutes in silence before we began discussing the case."

As jurors wrestled with their thoughts, the persons with the most interest in what decision they would reach clustered outside in a small family knot. Huddled in the arched lobby of the courthouse were Charles Schmid, Sr., his wife, Katherine, their son's young wife, Diane. A small number of other relatives and friends waited with them.

Inside the jury room, once the silence was broken, "anyone who had anything to say said it, and we let the few other members who hadn't spoken think it over for themselves," foreman Washburn recalled. "All the jurors—especially the women—were very deliberate when they expressed their views." After discussing the case for about half an hour, they voted unanimously on the first ballot for conviction, then verified the decision with another vote. Now came the time to decide the matter of life and death. Three ballots were required. "On the first and second ballots," said foreman Washburn later, "two jurors withheld their votes. But there was no argument against the death penalty, and, after discussion, we voted again and reached a decision."

At 4:25 p.m., they announced a verdict.

The courtroom quickly filled. Defense attorney William Tinney, Jr., arrived, pale and somber. Then came the defendant himself. It appeared he tried to smile, but couldn't. He sat in the leather swivel chair next to Tinney, arms crossed and resting on one knee, a position that had become familiar to spectators. Edges of reddish brown now showed clearly through the black dye of his hair.

All the principals were assembled except Prosecutor Schafer. "I think he's on his way home. Nobody expected a verdict so soon," explained William Healy, another deputy county attorney. Healy was accepted as a substitute.

At 4:38 p.m., the jurors filed expressionlessly back into the box. Seconds later Judge Garrett resumed the bench.

"Members of the jury have you reached a verdict?" Judge Garrett pronounced the traditional question.

"We have, your Honor," replied John S. Washburn.

The foreman swiftly handed the verdict to a bailiff, who handed it to Daisy Cash, the clerk of court. Smitty was staring at her stoically while she read the verdict in a quavering voice: "In the case of the State of Arizona versus Charles Howard Schmid, Jr. . . . we find the defendant guilty. . . ."

A sobbing erupted in the first row of the gallery, where the Schmid family and friends sat. Smitty remained expressionless. Daisy Cash continued to read: ". . . and set the penalty at death. . . ."

"Oh, Smitty," his young wife whimpered as she flew into his arms.

"It's okay, honey," he said, holding her.

Photographers leaped toward the pair, fumbling with their gear. As Smitty was led away, he squeezed Diane's hand, but his face was a blank. "Well, Henry, that's the way it goes," he said to Henry Booth, the deputy who escorted him from the courtroom.

On March 11, 1966, Smitty appeared for formal sentencing. Tinney requested a delay, which was refused. Judge Garrett then asked if there were any reason why he should not now pass sentence.

"I have a reason, your Honor."

Smitty's voice echoed through the only partially filled chamber. Judge Garrett and the rival attorneys stared at him, almost in disbelief. This was the first time he had spoken above a whisper since entering the courtroom three weeks earlier.

"I request and demand that I have a sodium-pentathol test to prove my innocence," he said sharply. Sodium-pentathol is the so-called truth serum.

"My conviction was a complete mockery of justice. It was all a perpetration of a fraud by police and the county attorney's office. No one spoke in my defense. I demand a post-trial examination under sodium pentathol. The pretrial publicity did nothing but condemn me, condemn me, condemn me."

Judge Garrett explained that this was beyond his jurisdiction. Then he ordered Smitty to approach the bench for sentencing. He pronounced the death sentence, and ordered that Smitty be executed on June 17. Legal experts estimated it probably would take at least two—maybe more—years for Smitty to exhaust all legal appeals available to him.

Smitty was a model prisoner. He got along well with his jailers, wrote faithfully to Diane and his parents and looked forward eagerly to their frequent visits. He read, wrote poems and mournful songs and entered into some kind of arrangement to publish a book about his travail, the theme of which was to be an innocent man done wrong.

By late spring, 1967, when he finally went on trial for the murder of Alleen Rowe, he had completed two correspondence courses dealing with stocks and bonds. "You know, that's what he always wanted to be—a stockbroker," said his mother.

Diane had divorced him ("mental cruelty"), but she visited him in prison as frequently as regulations permitted, and, if anything, her loyalty to him grew. And he wrote her letters of deepest affection.

He gave prison interviews to two newspaper reporters, Dale Wittner of the Tucson *Daily Citizen* and Phillippe Halphen of *France Soir*, France's largest newspaper. To Wittner he insisted, in a copyrighted story, that the real murderer was Bruns. "I was shocked," Smitty said. "And I was even more astonished that he'd accuse me. It seems incredible."

Halphen was more fascinated by Smitty, the youngsters he influenced and Tucson, the desert stage on which they practiced their occult rites of passage from puberty to adulthood. "I honestly don't think readers in Europe can comprehend what happens in a place like Tucson," he said.

The Frenchman noted that Smitty never looked him in the eye. "He has these strange eyes, you know. Really strange. Beautiful eyes, I guess, like the girls say. But he never looks at you with them. Only once in all the time I talked to him, maybe more than an hour, did he look directly at me. That was when he spoke of his gymnastics. Then he talked genuinely. The rest of the time I felt he was lying, about everything."

On April, 1966, Smitty welcomed another visitor from outside his immediate family, and this whirlwind caller soon took charge of whatever future the condemned man may have been

anticipating. Name: F. Lee Bailey; occupation: criminal lawyer; reputation: contriver of miracles for men with lost causes.

When Bailey met Smitty in the spring of 1966, he was riding the crest of unprecedented public attention. There was every reason to believe the meeting would be beneficial to both. Smitty was just the kind of client Bailey appeared to like best, a loser who seemed as guilty as all get-out.

But it was only because Percy Foreman, another legend in modern legal circles, was busy that Bailey got into the Smitty act.

Foreman, a Texan whose reputation for charging stiff fees was equalled only by his formidable record as a successful defense attorney, had just gotten Candy Mossler, a beautiful Houston grandmother, and her 24-year-old nephew, Melvin Powers, free from a charge of murdering Mrs. Mossler's wealthy husband. Smitty read about this and asked an intermediary to get in touch with Foreman about taking his case. Foreman expressed interest, then decided his case load was too great. He made a suggestion, however: Try for the nation's "second best lawyer," F. Lee Bailey. Whom Foreman ranked first requires little guesswork.

Bailey visited with both Smitty and Tinney. The result of the conversation, he would recall in retrospect, left him "intrigued" by the case because "I thought it so damned impossible." Later, he would add that the experience had also been "financially disastrous" (Smitty had been declared a legal indigent, his parents had gone through bankruptcy).

Bailey returned to Arizona in mid-August and gave Smitty a private lie detector test. The result remained Bailey's secret for several months.

The trial itself began in Tucson on May 10, 1967. Superior Court Judge Richard N. Roylston, the jurist who had imposed the so-called "news blackout" months before was the trial judge.

Smitty was leaner; his brown sports coat hung too loosely from his shoulders. His hair again was fiercely black and combed differently, parted on the right side and flattened against his scalp. His skin was dull, yellowish-gray in pallor. Except for an occasional scowl, he seemed indifferent to what went on. Sharp lines had begun to dig into the flesh above his nose.

Bailey, who loomed larger than life in print, was less imposing in the flesh, but only slightly. Even though his performance was subdued throughout the trial, he radiated electricity.

His first sally was against the newspapers. He cited articles he said contained passages objectionable enough to warrant a mistrial or change of venue. At one point, Bailey asked the judge to prohibit all coverage of jury selection in the interest of obtaining an unprejudiced panel. His request was denied.

Frank Johnson, managing editor of the *Star*, finally became so exasperated with what he considered Bailey's unwarranted criticism of trial coverage that he instructed his staff to delete all mention of Bailey's name from future stories unless absolutely essential to reader understanding.

The jury finally was selected and the trial began. Prosecutor Schafer wasted no time on preliminaries. He didn't bother with the technical witnesses he had called during the Fritz trial, and his opening argument was brief and to the point. He would show, he said, how Smitty had "planned and, with the help of two of his friends, carried out" the murder of Alleen Rowe. Attorneys Bailey and Tinney waived the opening defense statement.

Schafer summoned Mrs. Norma Rowe to the witness stand. She wore a simple black outfit and a single strand of jewelry around her neck. A lock of auburn hair fell fetchingly across her right eye. In a scarcely audible but steady voice, she told her story, breaking down only when shown a photograph of Alleen. When she was finished, the defense waived cross-examination.

During the recess that followed, Smitty's parents, who had been almost entirely uncommunicative during the Fritz trial, chatted easily with reporters. Mr. Schmid, when asked by a reporter if the parties his son gave were really orgies, bridled and snapped: "That's a lot of crap." Then he smiled and shrugged: "With kids, hamburgers and pop are a big party. With us, well, we like a nice cocktail party." Then he became serious. "You know, I've lived here since 1921, and it wasn't until after the boy was arrested that I really found out what goes on here in Tucson. I was astounded to learn what goes on here in Tucson, the parties people give and the things they do. Astounded to find out about the adults, not just these teenage kids."

After the noon recess, Mary French replaced Mrs. Rowe on the witness stand. She, too, appeared to have changed. She seemed slimmer, her hair was tastefully set and she exuded a little-girl air. But the story she told was chilling as ever.

When Mary stepped down from the stand, it seemed to those in the courtroom that nothing more damaging could be offered against the glowering defendant, that whatever later witnesses related would only be anticlimactic. Apparently, from what developed next day, Charles Schmid, Jr., had felt that way too.

The next day, Saturday, May 20, court was scheduled to convene at 9:30. But none of the principals appeared. Instead, they were busy conferring with each other. Tinney and Bailey. Smitty, Tinney and Bailey. The Schmids. Conferences between each and all grew lengthier, the faces longer. The older Schmids met with the two attorneys, then alone with their son.

Some minutes after 11:30, court finally convened. Bailey immediately requested recognition, which Judge Roylston granted.

"Your Honor," Bailey said, "the defendant, Charles Schmid, Jr., pleads guilty to murder in the second degree."

Judge Roylston looked down at Schafer, quizzically, and asked the county attorney if the plea were agreeable to him. Schafer nodded his acceptance, and Bailey continued:

"The defendant is in need of psychiatric help, although under the law as it now stands, he is not legally insane. But I believe such help is needed, and the defendant wishes it."

Judge Roylston ordered the defendant to rise. Smitty stood ramrod straight. The judge drew from Smitty the formal admission that the plea was voluntary and that no promises nor threats had been made. Then he asked, "Are you pleading because you are guilty or for some other reason?"

"Because I am guilty."

"Did you kill Alleen Rowe with malice?"

"Yes."

"Do you realize you could receive up to life imprisonment?"

"Yes, sir."

The judge dismissed the jury, and the guard led Smitty away.

Later Smitty repudiated his guilty pleas in a 38-page letter to Judge Roylston and moved for a new trial. But on June 19, Smitty again conceded his guilt and, sobbing uncontrollably, withdrew his motion for a new trial. Then Judge Roylston sentenced Smitty to from 50 years to life in prison for Alleen Rowe's murder. This meant, according to Prosecutor Schafer's estimate, that he would not be eligible for parole for 30 years—even if he escaped the gas chamber for the Fritz girls' deaths.

On the following Friday, June 23, Smitty voluntarily led deputy sheriffs into the desert and to the shallow grave of Alleen Rowe. The scene was the same lonely stretch that Mary French and John Saunders had crossed and crisscrossed with searchers a year-and-a-half earlier. Smitty used a saguaro cactus as a reference point. Kneeling in the sand, his hands still manacled in front of him, he dug. Twice he made false starts. Three quarters of an hour passed. Threading through the mesquite and palo verde trees, he knelt a third time. About eight inches below the surface, he uncovered Alleen's bathing suit and her remains. He touched the skull and, for a single grim moment, held it in his hands.

Bailey later said he had known Smitty to be guilty after he saw the results of the polygraph test. "But I didn't want Smitty to plead guilty until he was willing to do so voluntarily," Bailey said. "He had been giving it a lot of thought. But we had to let him see the weight of the state's evidence before he could decide." Then he added: "What I'm worried about now is the corrosive effect this might have on him in regard to the Fritz case."

That case currently is being appealed before the Arizona Supreme Court. Bailey maintains that, despite the guilty plea entered in the Rowe case, he is confident the "good judgment and fairness" of the justices will not be influenced. But, he concedes, the situation is "tricky."

Society, says Bailey, should take the opportunity to "study killers like Charlie to learn what it can about them. Don't execute the Charlies to exact an ounce of retribution.

"He's sick. What's behind the sickness? I don't know. That's for the psychiatrists to find out, and I'm not a psychiatrist.

"But there's another Charlie somewhere else, and your daughter might be next."—**Don Moser and Jerry Cohen**

THIS FUNNY LIFE

After gaining entrance to the prospect's home, the salesman put on his personality act. "My, what a lovely home you have," he gushed. "And, pray tell me, what is in that beautiful vase on the mantelpiece?"

"My husband's ashes," said the young wife.

"Oh, I'm sorry. How long has he been dead?" asked the salesman.

"He's not. He's just too lazy to find an ashtray," she replied.

Carl F. McCool
Birmingham, Ala.

We were entering Washington via Memorial Bridge when I noticed the huge bronze horses positioned at the D.C. end. I asked my companion, a native Washingtonian, if he could explain their significance.

His reply was, "It's your last opportunity to see an entire horse until you leave town."

George E. Woodward
Fairfax, Va.

The class at the school for senior military officers was composed largely of general officers and full colonels. By their condescending attitude, it was plain to see that they looked with some disdain, if not outright contempt, upon their instructor for one course, a young captain. It was as if they were saying, "What can this young upstart possibly teach us?"

On the first morning of the course, however, the captain was up to his task. Facing the formidable array of brass, he rapped sharply with a pointer for order and began to speak in a quiet, commanding voice:

"Gentlemen," he said, "I am sure that there are at least a hundred people in the Armed Services who know more about my subject than *I* do." He looked slowly around the room. "However, I don't see any of them here, so kindly give me your attention and we'll get started."

CWO Leo J. Farrell, Jr.
Box 656, APO, N. Y.

My husband was telling our 12-year-old son about the facts of life. The boy listened attentively and asked some questions to clarify certain delicate points of the story.

After the story was finished, our son sat thinking for a few moments. Then he asked earnestly: "But, Dad, how do you convince them?"

Mrs. G. H. Tousley
Independence, Mo.

An elderly farmer always made it a point to learn some personal history about wayfarers to whom he gave free meals. One noon he was feeding a tattered man of the road and asked him what he had done in the past.

"You may not think it," replied the guest, "but I've seen more prosperous times in my life. There was a time when I managed a laundry."

"What happened to your laundry?" asked the farmer.

The knight of the road got a faraway look in his eyes as he put down his coffee cup and his mind journeyed back to the past. "She walked out on me!" he said.

Dan Bennett
Pacific Palisades, Calif.

A Texas town found out-of-area motorists sped through the town in such numbers that the local police could not control the situation. Investigation showed the only police warnings were signs reading: SPEED LIMIT 20 mph.

Upon a citizen's suggestion, the signs were changed to: 20 mph. or $19.90! The speeders got the idea immediately.

Frank J. Galligan
L.I.C., N.Y.

A law professor, lecturing to an all-male class on the last day of classes before the holidays, told his students: "Remember, gentlemen, if she gives her consent but is under 18, it's rape. If she's over 18 but doesn't give her consent, it's still rape.

"But, if she's over 18 and gives her consent—Merry Christmas!"

Daniel S. Aberle
Littleton, Colo.

A neighboring couple were forever engaged in good-natured bickering and practical jokes. The wife particularly objected to the unreliable old sports car which was the couple's only form of transport. Finally, husband put a classic ad in the paper.

"Car or wife must go! 1951 M.G. sports car. Reconditioned engine. Looks good. Gray and red. Asking $300. Ring: —"

That night the phone rang and the husband answered. A man's voice asked, "You the one who put the ad in the paper this morning—*car or wife must go?*"

"Yes."

"Well, you described the car pretty well, but what about the wife?"

The husband was stuck for words for a few seconds, but he saw his wife's reflection in the mirror near the phone. She could hardly contain her mirth. It suddenly dawned on him that this was arranged.

"She is a tall blonde. Good figure. Twenty-six years old. Cooks and sews well but not too hot with laundry," was how the wife heard herself described, but her smile vanished with the next few words.

"How much? Oh! Same price!"

R. F. Cowley
S. E. Qld., Australia

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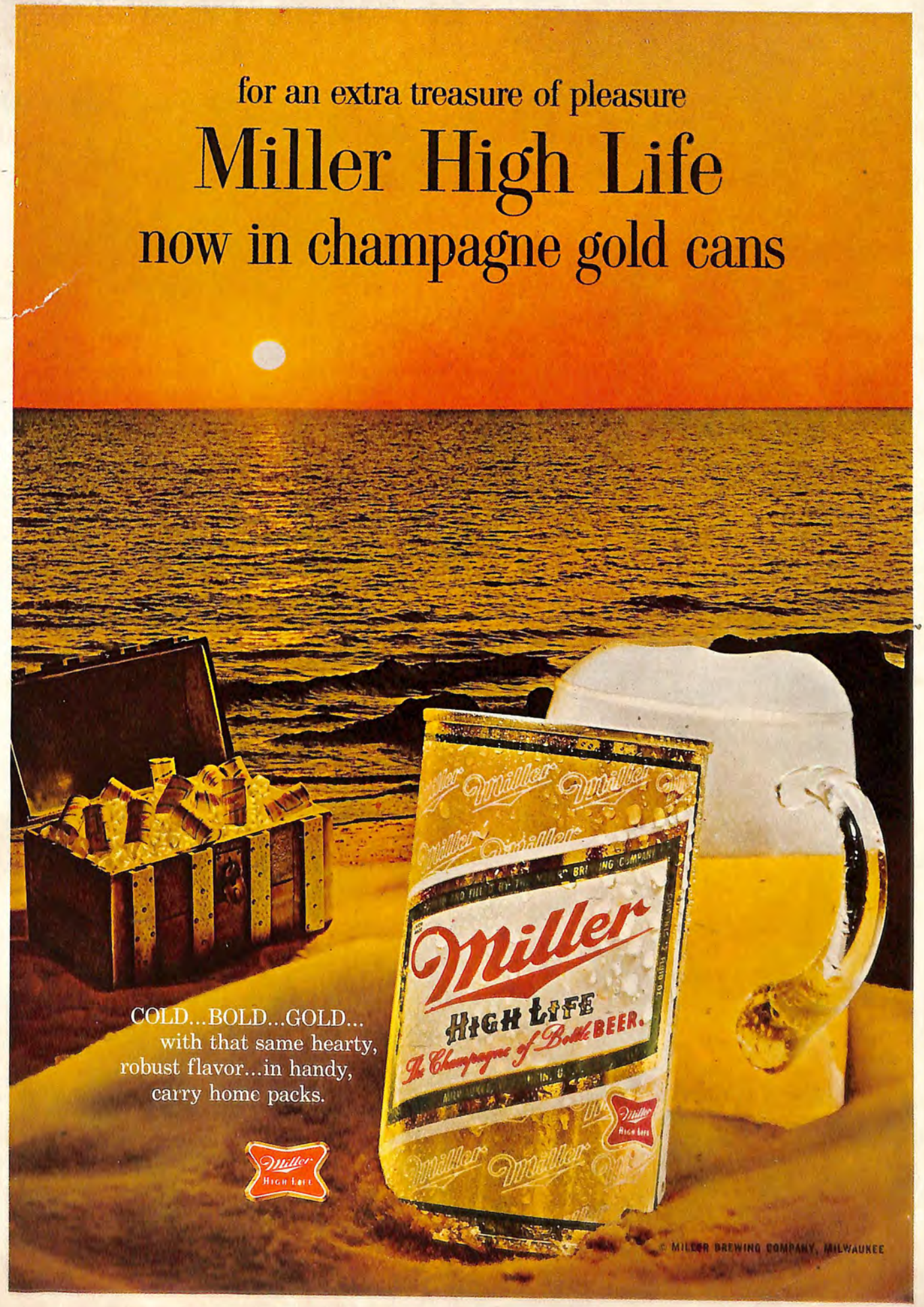
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